WEEK ENDING OCT. 6, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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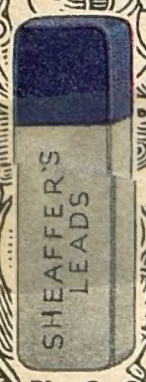

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LSB

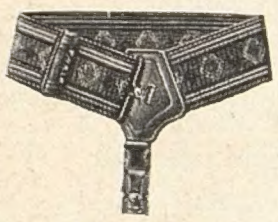
...and he wonders why

HE WASN'T PROMOTED

"I CAN'T understand why I wasn't promoted—and why a fellow like Smith was," muttered Bill. But his boss explained it to him this way: "You're a good man, but I can't recommend you for this bigger opportunity. You're so careless about the little things, I'm afraid you'd slip up and wouldn't make good. Even our President has noticed your careless (garterless) fallen socks, and insisted that I give Smith the job."

No SOX Appeal Without

PARIS GARTERS



SINGLE GRIP

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

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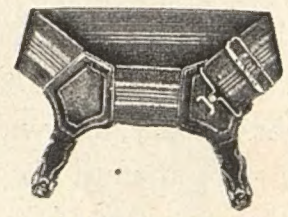

DOUBLE GRIP

Dress Well and Succeed

L-4

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. . Exercise your scalp . .

YOU know what would happen to the muscles of your arms or legs if you never exercised them. They'd become flabby and feeble, and finally altogether useless.

The same thing is true of your scalp muscles. It's these tiny muscles that hold your hair to your head. Like little purse strings they grip the base of the hair. If these muscles are weak, the grip gives way and the hair falls out.

Most men have weak scalp muscles, because they've always worn their hair short and so given their muscles little to do in the way of work. That's why men are more apt to be bald than women. Now women are running the same risk. The scalp muscles have less weight to carry, and will gradually weaken until they can hold almost no hair. *Unless* you exercise your scalp regularly by some other means.

The answer is—*scalp massage* with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. This accomplishes the three-fold purpose of exercising the scalp, cleansing it, and supplying the valuable oil it needs for healthy hair growth.

Here are "setting-up exercises" for your scalp.

Apply a very small quantity of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Work it in with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. Go over the entire scalp area, working from the back of the neck, around behind the ears, up to the temples, and finally to the crown of the head. Keep this up until the scalp feels alive and supple. It should tingle with circulation just as your body tingles after healthy exercise.

Go through this scalp exercise every other morning at least. If your hair is falling out badly, and your scalp feels tight and dry, give yourself a *daily* treatment until it improves.

Brisk brushing helps develop strong scalp muscles, too. It exerts a pull on them. Brush the hair up and out, using a stiff brush. Frequent brushing may not be so popular with women who want to keep the wave in their hair. In which case, they should be even more conscientious about regular scalp massage.

Buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic today and put your scalp through a good workout. Keep it in first-class physical condition. Don't let those muscles lose their grip on your hair!

You'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at all the leading drugstores. Two convenient sized bottles with special shaker tops that make it easy and economical to use. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 17 State St., New York.

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HAIR TONIC

OCT. 6, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 40

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

FOR SMITH AND HOOVER

The 1928 Presidential campaign is notable chiefly for two things. One is the complete fitness of both the Republican and Democratic candidates for the office both seek. The other is the absence of any real issue save one.

On the one hand we have Mr. Herbert Hoover.

As a young man he went engineering in many lands. In the war's early stages he headed—not figureheaded—numerous American relief commissions. As Federal Food Administrator he organized food conservation in this country after our entry into the war. He did the same thing for the starving nations of middle Europe after the Armistice. He has brought the Federal Department of Commerce out of a hole in a Washington wall into a building of its own where it renders service of manifold kinds to the nation's business.

Mr. Hoover's organizing and executive talents are such as politics seldom attracts into its arena.

To run against Mr. Hoover, the Democrats have nominated Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York.

Mr. Smith's rise to the governorship, and his repeated re-elections to that office, are chargeable solely to his merits as a man and a statesman. There is a great deal to the State of New York besides New York City, though many people don't realize that fact. New York has its large farm and town populations, its waterways and rivers and floods, its Great Lakes problems, as well as its seacoast and harbor problems, its own troubles over water power control and the handling of public utilities.

Alfred E. Smith as Governor has had to deal with all these things. His experience has equipped him to meet almost any question the nation could put up to him for answer.

On the issues which have divided the parties in time past, there is a beautiful reconciliation this year. Each advocates a protective tariff. Each favors immigration restriction, though there is disagreement on the minor point of quota computation. Each wants the farmer to be prosperous—and so on.

There is the hidden issue, as it has been called, of religion. We believe the common sense of the American people will dispose of that on Election Day.

But on one outstanding and fundamental question Mr. Hoover is opposed to Mr. Smith, and *vice versa*, and there can be no reconciliation.

That is the question of Federal prohibition. Shall the present liquor laws stand? Mr. Hoover is committed to the policy of preserving them unchanged. Shall they be modified? Mr. Smith is committed to an effort to have them modified if he is elected.

And this question is the only one in which practically every voter is vitally interested. This question overrides party loyalties. It replaces Democratic and Republican labels with Wet and Dry labels. Incidentally, it makes one's decision as to how to vote a simple matter.

If you favor the prohibition laws as they are written, you cannot express your sentiments on November 6 unless you vote for Hoover. If you are against these laws, you must vote for Smith or you betray your principles.

Our advice, then, is: Forget party affiliations this year and vote Wet or vote Dry as your conscience dictates.

You will be voting for a good man in either case. And—which is more important—you will be facing the issue honestly and standing by your convictions.

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Bert Green

October 6, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 40

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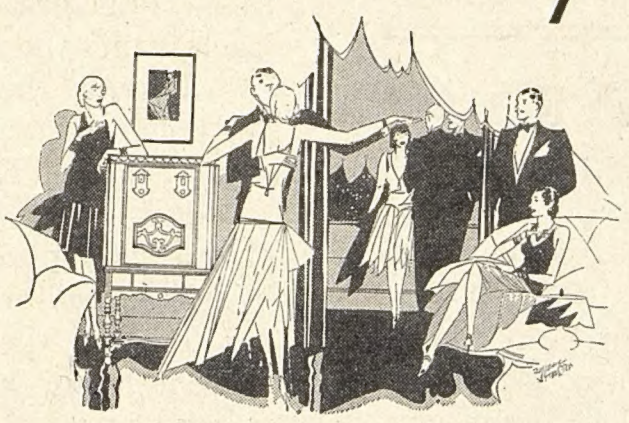
New Radiola Super-Heterodynes

with AC *electric operation*



NEW Radiolas of a quality never before known in the radio art are now on display in RCA Radiola Dealer stores throughout the country. They embody all the new refinements in radio that have been developed in the Research Laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse.

First in importance is the new "60" series of Radiolas, which incorporates two great principles of radio design:

1—The super-selectivity and sensitivity of the famous RCA Super-Heterodyne, universally recognized as the highest development in radio.

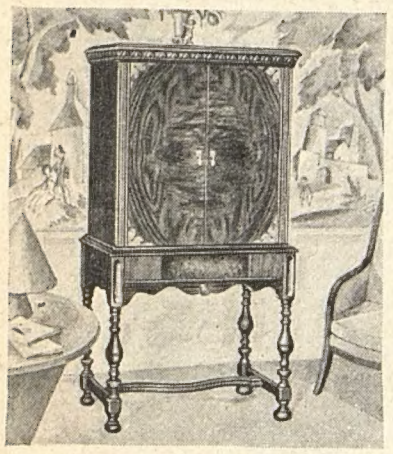
2—The simplicity and dependability of operation with alternating-current Radiotrons (direct from house current) that have made Radiola 18 the most popular type of broadcast receiver.

Super-quality receivers depend on super-quality speakers for full fidelity of reproduction. RCA Loudspeakers are the recognized standard of the industry. The new RCA line includes the expertly built 100A and 103 speakers, and the new A.C. operated dynamic reproducers providing a degree of musical realism never before achieved in radio. They mark a distinct advance in radio acoustics.

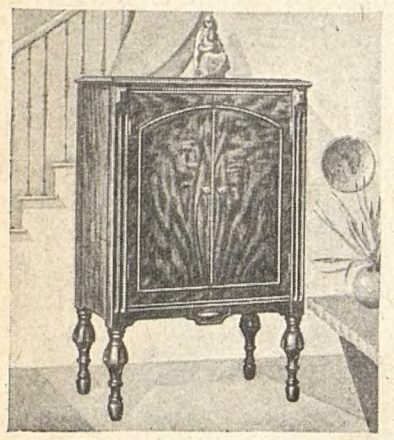
The great manufacturing resources of the Radio Corporation of America and its associated companies make it possible to offer these wonderful instruments at prices placing them within the reach of millions of American families.

Ask your local RCA Radiola Dealer to demonstrate a Radiola in your own home . . . Purchase may readily be made on the RCA Time Payment Plan.

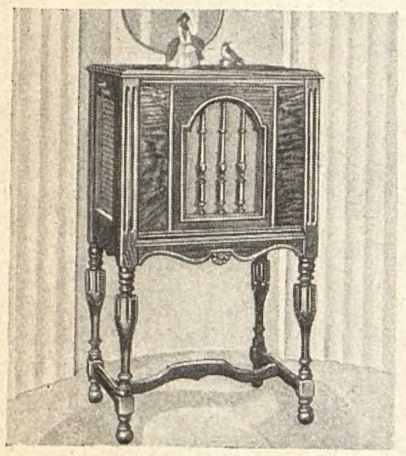
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK-CHICAGO-SAN FRANCISCO



RCA RADIOLA 62—Cabinet model of new RCA Super-Heterodyne. Enclosed Dynamic Speaker an improved model of the incomparable RCA reproducer, finest of all radio reproducing instruments. Superior fidelity of reproduction over entire musical range never before achieved in radio. Illuminated single dial. Beautiful cabinet of walnut veneer with maple inlays and ingeniously arranged doors.
$375 (less Radiotrons)



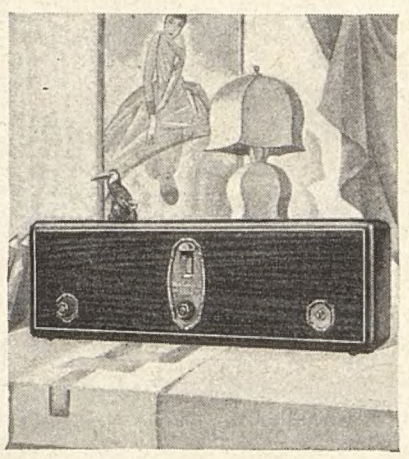
RCA RADIOLA 51—The nationally popular "18," with A.C. electric operation, in specially designed cabinet with RCA Loudspeaker enclosed. Ready to connect to aerial and ground, and bring in the best that's on the air.
$195 (less Radiotrons)



RCA DE LUXE LOUDSPEAKER 105—A super-reproducer of wonderful range, tone fidelity and capacity. Operates from A.C. house current. Will supply "B" and "C" voltages for receiver to which it is attached. Beautifully designed cabinet. $350

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103—The famous "100A" in a new dress. The speaker made a thing of beauty as well as utility. Tapestry covered. $37.50

RCA RADIOLA 60—The famous super-selective and sensitive RCA Super-Heterodyne, now with the new A.C. tubes, *for simplified house-current operation. Ideal for congested broadcasting areas—highly sensitive for locations remote from broadcast stations.*
$175 (less Radiotrons)

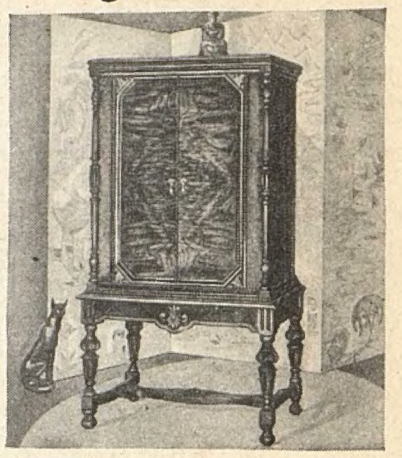


RCA RADIOLA 18—Most popular type Radiola ever built. Finely-designed receiver of broad range and capacity for simplified A.C. lighting-current operation. Wonderful tone fidelity. Solid mahogany cabinet, walnut finish.
$115 (less Radiotrons)

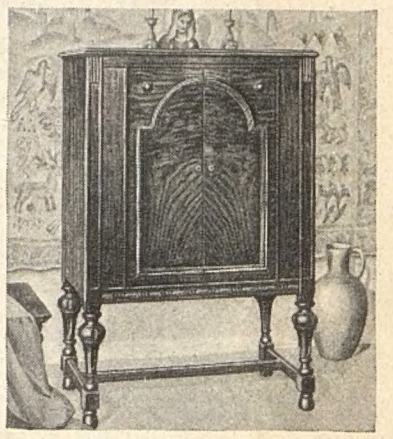
Buy with confidence Radiola Dealer RCA *where you see this sign*

RCA Radiola

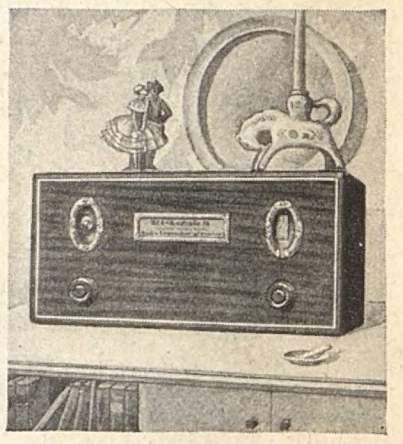
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON



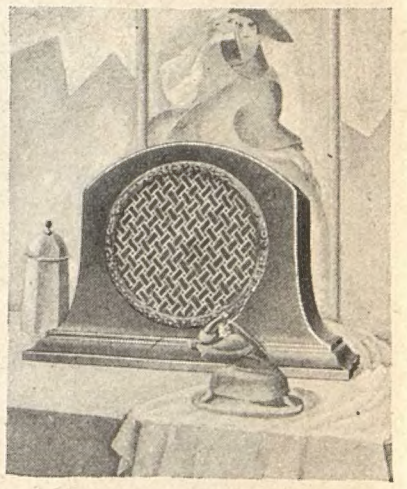
RCA RADIOLA 64—De luxe cabinet model of new RCA Super-Heterodyne with improved RCA Dynamic Speaker. Special automatic volume control bringing in weak and strong stations at any desired even degree of volume. Needle meter for accurate tuning. Special high-power output Radiotron. Amazing fidelity of reproduction hitherto unrealized in radio. This wonderful instrument is enclosed in a finely finished cabinet of rich design. $550 (less Radiotrons)



RCA RADIOLA 30A—Custom-built cabinet model of RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Loudspeaker. At the new price an unusual value in fine receivers. Operates from house current.
$285 (with Radiotrons)



RCA RADIOLA 16—Designed to give finest radio entertainment in unwired homes. Battery-operated. Known for its wonderful performance and long life.
$82.75 (with Radiotrons)



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100A—Over three-quarters of a million of this type of speaker now in use. Sturdy construction and fine performance have made them most popular of all reproducers. $29

Lord Emsworth and the Girl Friend

The Love Story of a Downtrodden Male

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"The lidy didn't like Ern biting 'er in the leg, sir."

(Reading time: 29 minutes 42 seconds.)

THE day was so warm, so fair, so magically a thing of sunshine and blue skies and birdsong, that anyone acquainted with Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, and aware of his liking for fine weather, would have pictured him going about the place on this summer morning with a beaming smile and an uplifted heart. Instead of which, humped over the breakfast table, he was directing at a blameless kippered herring a look of such intense bitterness that the fish seemed to sizzle beneath it. For it was August Bank Holiday, and Blandings Castle on August Bank Holiday became, in his lordship's opinion, a miniature inferno.

This was the day when his park and grounds broke out into a noisome rash of swings, roundabouts, marquees, toy balloons, and paper bags; when a tidal wave of the peasantry and its squealing young engulfed those haunts of immemorial peace. On August Bank Holiday he was not allowed to potter pleasantly about his gardens in an old coat: forces beyond his control shoved him into a stiff collar and a top hat and told him to go out and be genial. And in the cool of the quiet evenfall they put him on a platform and made him make a speech.

To a man with a day like that in front of him fine weather was a mockery.

His sister, Lady Constance Keeble, looked brightly at him over the coffeepot.

"What a lovely morning!" she said.

Lord Emsworth's gloom deepened. He chafed at being called upon—by this woman of all others—to behave as if everything was for the jolliest in the jolliest of all possible worlds. But for his sister Constance and her hawklike vigilance, he might, he thought, have been able at least to dodge the top hat.

"Have you got your speech ready?"

"Yes."

"Well, mind you learn it by heart this time, and don't stammer and dodder as you did last year."

Lord Emsworth pushed plate and kipper away. He had lost his desire for food.

"And don't forget you have to go to the village this morning to judge the cottage gardens."

"All right, all right, all right," said his lordship testily. "I've not forgotten."

"I think I will come to the village with you. There are a number of those fresh air London children staying there now, and I must warn them to behave properly when they come to the fête this afternoon. You know what London children are. McAllister says he found one of them in the garden the other day, picking his flowers."

At any other time the news of this outrage would, no doubt, have affected Lord Emsworth profoundly. But now, so intense was his self pity, he did not even shudder. He drank coffee with the air of a man who regretted that it was not hemlock.

"By the way, McAllister was speaking to me again last night about that gravel path through the yew alley. He seems very keen on it."

"Glug!" said Lord Emsworth—which, as any philologist will tell you, is the sound which earls always make when stricken to the soul while drinking coffee.

CONCERNING Glasgow, that great commercial and manufacturing city in the county of Lanarkshire in Scotland, much has been written.

The only aspect of it, however, which immediately concerns the present historian is the fact that the citizens it breeds are apt to be grim, dour, persevering, tenacious men—men with red whiskers, who know what they want and mean to get it. Such a one was Angus McAllister, head gardener at Blandings Castle.

For years Angus McAllister had set before himself as his earthly goal the construction of a gravel path through the castle's famous yew alley. For years he had been bringing the project to the notice of his employer.

"Gravel path!"

Lord Emsworth stiffened through the whole length of his stringy body. Nature, he had always maintained, intended a yew alley to be carpeted with a mossy growth. And, whatever Nature felt about it, he personally was dashed if he was going to have men with Clydeside

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LORD EMSWORTH AND THE GIRL FRIEND]
Continued from page seven

accents and faces like dissipated potatoes coming along and mutilating that lovely expanse of green velvet.

"Gravel path indeed! Why not asphalt? Why not a few hoardings with advertisements of liver pills and a filling station? That's what the man would really like."

"Well, I think it is a very good idea," said his sister. "One could walk there in wet weather then. Damp moss is ruinous to shoes."

Lord Emsworth rose. He could bear no more of this. He left the table, the room, and the house, and, reaching the yew alley some minutes later, was revolted to find it infested by Angus McAllister in person. The head gardener was standing gazing at the moss like a high priest of some ancient religion about to stick the gaff into the human sacrifice.

"Morning, McAllister," said Lord Emsworth coldly.

"Good morrrrning, your lorrudsheep."

There was a pause. Angus McAllister, extending a foot that looked like a violin case, pressed it on the moss. The meaning of the gesture was plain. It expressed contempt, dislike, a generally antimoss spirit; and Lord Emsworth, wincing, surveyed the man unpleasantly through his pince-nez.

Though not often given to theological speculation, he was wondering why Providence, if obliged to make head gardeners, had found it necessary to make them so Scotch. In the case of Angus McAllister, why, going a step further, have made him a human being at all? All the ingredients of a first class mule simply thrown away. He felt that he might have liked Angus McAllister if he had been a mule.

"I was speaking to her leddyship yesterday."

"Oh?"

"About the gravel path I was speaking to her leddyship."

"Oh?"

"Her leddyship likes the notion fine."

"Indeed! Well—"

Lord Emsworth's face had turned a lively pink, and he was about to release the blistering words which were forming themselves in his mind when suddenly he caught the head gardener's eye, and paused. Angus McAllister was looking at him in a peculiar manner, and he knew what that look meant. "Just one crack," his eye was saying—in Scotch, of course—"just one crack out of you and I tender my resignation." And with a sickening shock it came home to Lord Emsworth how completely he was in this man's clutches.

He shuffled miserably. Yes, he was helpless. Except for that kink about gravel paths, Angus McAllister was a head gardener in a thousand, and he needed him. He could not do without him.

"I have to go to the village now. I will see you later."

"Mphm."

"Meanwhile, I will—er—think it over."

"Mphm."

THE task of judging the floral displays in the cottage gardens of the little village of Blandings Parva was one to which Lord Emsworth had looked forward with pleasurable anticipation. It was the sort of job he liked. But now, even though he had managed to give his sister Constance the slip and was free from her threatened society, he approached the task with a downcast spirit.

It is always unpleasant for a proud man to realize that he is no longer captain of his soul—and, brooding on this, he judged the cottage gardens with a distrait eye. It was only when he came to the last on his list that anything like animation crept into his demeanor. This, he perceived, peering over its rickety fence, was not at all a bad little garden. It demanded closer inspection. He unlatched the gate and pottered in. And a dog, dozing behind a water butt, opened one eye and looked at him. It was one of those hairy, nondescript dogs, and its gaze was cold, wary, and suspicious.

Lord Emsworth did not observe the animal. He had pottered to a bed of wallflowers, and now, stooping, he took a sniff at them.

As sniffs go, it was an innocent sniff; but the dog, for some reason, appeared to read into it criminality of a high order. All the indignant householder in him woke in a flash. The next moment the world had become full of hideous noises, and Lord Emsworth's preoccupation was swept away in a passionate desire to save his ankles from harm.

He was not at his best with strange dogs. Beyond saying "Go away, sir!" and leaping to and fro with an agility surprising in one of his years, he had accomplished little in the direction of a reasoned plan of defense when the cottage door opened and a girl came out.

"Hoy!" cried the girl.

And on the instant, at the mere sound of her voice, the mongrel, suspending hostilities, bounded at the newcomer and writhed on his back at her feet with all four legs in the air. The spectacle reminded Lord Emsworth irresistibly of his own behavior when in the presence of Angus McAllister.

He blinked at his preserver. She was a small girl of uncertain age—

possibly twelve or thirteen; the type of girl you see in back streets carrying a baby nearly as large as herself and still retaining sufficient energy to lead one little brother by the hand and shout recrimination at another in the distance. Her cheeks shone from recent soaping, and she was dressed in a velveteen frock which was obviously the pick of her wardrobe. Her hair, in defiance of the prevailing mode, she wore drawn tightly back into a short pigtail.

"ER—thank you," said Lord Emsworth.

"Thank you, sir," said the girl.

For what she was thanking him his lordship was not able to gather. Later, as their acquaintance ripened, he was to discover that this strange gratitude was a habit with his new friend. She thanked everybody for everything. At the moment the mannerism surprised him. Lack of practice had rendered Lord Emsworth a little rusty in the art of making conversation to members of the other sex. He sought in his mind for topics.

"Fine day."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Are you—" Lord Emsworth furtively consulted his list. "Are you the daughter of—ah—Ebenezer Sprockett?" he asked, thinking, as he had often thought before, what ghastly names some of his tenantry possessed.

"No, sir. I'm from London, sir."

"Ah? London, eh? Everybody out of town now, I suppose? What part of London?"

" This young lady," said Lord Emsworth, " has my full permission to pick all the flowers she wants, McAllister."

" Drury Line, sir."

" What's your name, eh, what? "

" Gladys, sir. Thank you, sir. This is Ern."

A small boy had wandered out of the cottage—a rather hardboiled specimen with freckles, bearing surprisingly in his hand a large and beautiful bunch of flowers. Lord Emsworth bowed courteously and with the addition of this third party to the tête-à-tête felt more at his ease.

" How do you do? " he said. " What pretty flowers."

WITH her brother's advent, Gladys also had lost diffidence and gained conversational aplomb.

" A treat, ain't they? " she agreed eagerly. " I got 'em for 'im up at the big 'ahse. Coo! The old josser the plice belongs to didn't 'arf chase me. 'E found me picking 'em and 'e sharted somefin' at me and come runnin' after me. But I copped 'im on the shin wiv a stone, and 'e stopped to rub it, and I come away."

Lord Emsworth might have corrected her impression that Blandings Castle and its gardens belonged to Angus McAllister, but his mind was so filled with admiration and gratitude that he refrained from doing so.

He looked at the girl almost reverently. This superwoman actually threw stones at Angus McAllister, and, what was more, copped him on the shin with them. What nonsense, Lord Emsworth felt, the papers talked about the modern girl. If this was a specimen, the modern girl was the highest point the sex had yet reached.

" Ern," said Gladys, changing the subject, " is wearin' 'air oil todiy."

Lord Emsworth had already observed this and had, indeed, been moving to windward as she spoke.

" For the feet," explained Gladys.

" For the feet? " It seemed unusual.

" For the feet in the pork this afternoon."

" Oh, you are going to the fête? "

" Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

" We must look out for each other there," Lord Emsworth said cordially. " You will remember me again? I shall be wearing "—he gulped —" a top hat."

" Ern's going to wear a stror penamar that's been give 'im."

Lord Emsworth regarded the lucky young devil with frank envy. He rather fancied he knew that panama. It had been his constant companion for some six years, and then had been torn from him by his sister Constance and handed over to the vicar's wife for her rummage sale.

He sighed.

" Well, good-by."

" Good-by, sir. Thank you, sir."

Lord Emsworth walked pensively out of the garden and, turning into the little street, encountered Lady Constance.

" Oh, there you are, Clarence."

" Yes," said Lord Emsworth, for such was the case.

" Have you finished judging the gardens? "

" Yes."

" I am just going into this end cottage here. The vicar tells me there is a little girl from London staying there. I want to warn her to behave this afternoon. I have spoken to the others."

Lord Emsworth drew himself up.

" Well, mind what you say," he said authoritatively. " None of your district visiting stuff, Constance."

" What do you mean? "

" You know what I mean. I have the greatest respect for the young lady to whom you refer. She behaved on a certain recent occasion—on two recent occasions—with notable gallantry and resource, and I won't have her ballyragged, understand that! "

THE technical title of the orgy which broke out annually on the first Monday in August in the park of Blandings Castle was the Blandings Parva School Treat.

The decent sheep and cattle to whom this park normally belonged had been hustled away into regions unknown, leaving the smooth expanse of turf to children whose vivacity scared Lord Emsworth, and adults who appeared to him to have cast aside all dignity and every other noble quality which goes to make a 100 per cent British citizen.

Look at Mrs. Rossiter over there, for instance, the wife of Jno. Rossiter, Provisions, Groceries, and Homemade Jams. On any other day of the year, when you met Mrs. Rossiter, she was a nice, quiet, docile woman who gave at the knees respectfully as you passed. Today, flushed in the face and with her bonnet on one side, she seemed to have gone completely native. She was wandering to and fro, drinking lemonade out of a bottle, and employing her mouth, when not so occupied, to make a devastating noise with what he believed was termed a squeaker.

The injustice of the thing stung Lord Emsworth. This park was his own private park. What right had people to come and blow squeakers in it?

And it was always on these occasions so infernally hot. July might have ended in a flurry of snow; but directly the first Monday in August arrived, and he had to put on a stiff collar, out came the sun, blazing with tropic fury.

Of course, admitted Lord Emsworth—for he was a fair-minded man—this cut both ways. The hotter the day, the more quickly his collar lost its starch and ceased to spike him like a javelin. This afternoon, for instance, it had resolved itself almost immediately into something which felt like a wet compress. Severe as were his sufferings, he was compelled to recognize that he was that much ahead of the game.

A masterful figure loomed at his side.

" Clarence! "

Lord Emsworth's mental and spiritual state was now such that not even the advent of his sister Constance could add noticeably to his discomfort.

" Clarence, you look a perfect sight."

" I know I do. Who wouldn't in a rigout like this? Why in the name of goodness you always insist—"

" Please don't be childish, Clarence. I cannot understand the fuss you make about dressing for once in your life like a reasonable English gentleman and not like a tramp."

" It's this top hat. It's exciting the children."

" What on earth do you mean, exciting the children? "

" Well, all I can tell you is that just now, as I was passing the place where they're playing football—football! In weather like this!—a small boy called out something derogatory and threw a portion of a coconut at it."

" If you will identify the child," said Lady Constance warmly, " I will have him severely punished."

" How the dickens," replied his lordship with equal warmth, " can I identify the child? They all look alike to me. And if I did identify him I would shake him by the hand. A boy who throws coconuts at top hats is fundamentally sound in his views. And stiff collars—"

" Stiff! That's what I came to speak to you about. Are you aware that your collar looks like a rag? Go in and change it at once."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LORD EMSWORTH AND THE GIRL FRIEND]
Continued from page nine

"But, my dear Constance—"

"At once, Clarence. I simply cannot understand a man having so little pride in his appearance."

"Oh, all right, all right, all right," he said. "I'll change it, I'll change it."

"Well, hurry. They are just starting tea."

Lord Emsworth quivered.

"Have I got to go into that tea tent?"

"Of course you have. Don't be so ridiculous. I do wish you would realize your position. As master of Blandings Castle—"

A bitter, mirthless laugh from the poor peon thus ludicrously described drowned the rest of the sentence.

CONDITIONS during the tea hour, the marquee having stood all day under a blazing sun, were generally such that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, had they been there, could have learned something new about burning fiery furnaces.

Lord Emsworth, delayed by the revision of his toilet, made his entry when the meal was half over, and was pleased to find that his second collar almost instantaneously began to relax its iron grip. That, however, was the only gleam of happiness which was to be vouchsafed him. Once in the tent, it took him but a moment to discern with his experienced eye that the present feast was eclipsing in frightfulness all its predecessors.

Young Blandings Parva in its normal form tended rather to the stolidly bovine than the riotous. In all villages, of course, there must of necessity be an occasional tough egg—in the case of Blandings Parva the names of Willie Drake and Thomas (Rat-Face) Blenkiron spring to the mind—but it was seldom that the local infants offered anything beyond the power of a curate to control. What was giving the present gathering its striking resemblance to a lively reunion of *sans-culottes* at the height of the French Revolution was the admixture of the fresh air London visitors.

About the London child, reared among the tin cans and cabbage stalks of Drury Lane and Clare Market, there is a breezy insouciance which his country cousin lacks. Years of back chat with annoyed parents and relatives have cured him of any tendency he may have had toward shyness, with the result that when he requires anything he grabs for it, and when he is amused by any slight peculiarity in the personal appearance of members of the governing classes he finds no difficulty in translating his thoughts into speech.

Already, up and down the long tables, the curate's unfortunate squint was coming in for hearty comment, and the front teeth of one of the schoolteachers ran it a close second for popularity. Lord Emsworth was not, as a rule, a man of swift inspirations, but it occurred to him at this juncture that it would be a prudent move to take off his top hat before his little guests observed it and appreciated its humorous possibilities.

All civilized laws had obviously gone by the board and anarchy reigned in the marquee. The curate was doing his best to form a provisional government consisting of himself and the schoolteachers. But there was only one man who could have coped adequately with the situation, and that was King Herod, who — regrettably — was not among those present. Feeling like some aristocrat of the old régime sneaking away from the tumbrel, Lord Emsworth edged to the exit and withdrew.

Outside the marquee the world was quieter, but only comparatively so. What Lord Emsworth craved was solitude, and in all the broad park there seemed to be but one spot where it was to be had. This was a red tiled shed standing beside a small pond, used at happier times as a lounge or retiring room for cattle. Hurrying thither, his lordship had just begun to revel in the cool, cow scented dimness of its interior when from one of the dark corners, causing him to start and bite his tongue, there came the sound of a subdued sniff.

He turned. This, he felt, was persecution. With the whole park to mess about in, why should an infernal child invade this one sanctuary of his? He spoke with angry sharpness. He came of a line of warrior ancestors and his fighting blood was up.

"Who's that?"

"Me, sir. Thank you, sir."

Only one person of Lord Emsworth's acquaintance was capable of expressing gratitude for having been barked at in such a tone. His wrath died away and remorse took its place. He felt like a man who in error has kicked a favorite dog.

"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing in a cow shed?"

"I was put."

"Put? How do you mean put? Why?"

"For pinching things, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Eh? What? Pinching things? Most extraordinary. What did you—er—pinch?"

"Two buns, two jem sengwiches, two apples, and a slicer cake."

The girl had come out of her corner and was standing correctly at attention. Force of habit had caused her to intone the list of the purloined articles in the singsong voice in which she was wont to recite the multiplication table at school; but Lord Emsworth could see that she was deeply moved. Tear stains glistened on her face, and no Emsworth had ever been able to watch unstirred a woman's tears. The ninth earl was visibly affected.

"Blow your nose," he said, hospitably extending his handkerchief.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"What did you say you had pinched? Two buns—"

". . . Two jem sengwiches, two apples, and a slicer cake."

"Did you eat them?"

"No, sir. They wasn't for me. They was for Ern."

"Ern? Oh, ah, yes. Yes, to be sure. For Ern, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why the dooce couldn't Ern have—er—pinched them for himself? Strong, able bodied young feller, I mean."

Lord Emsworth, a member of the old school, did not like this disposition on the part of the modern young man to shirk the dirty work and let the woman pay.

"Ern wasn't allowed to come to the treat, sir; thank you, sir."

"What! Not allowed? Who said he mustn't?"

"The lidy, sir."

"What lidy?"

"The one that come in just after you'd gorn this morning."

A FIERCE snort escaped Lord Emsworth. Constance! What the devil did Constance mean by taking it upon herself to revise his list of guests without so much as a— Constance, eh? He snorted again. One of these days Constance would go too far.

"Monstrous!" he cried. "Did she give any reason?"

"The lidy didn't like Ern biting 'er in the leg, sir."

"Ern bit her in the leg?"

"Yes, sir. Pliying 'e was a dorg. And the lidy was cross, and Ern wasn't allowed to come to the treat, and I told 'im I'd bring 'im back somefing nice."

Lord Emsworth breathed heavily. He had not supposed that in these degenerate days a family like this existed. The sister copped Angus McAllister on the shin with stones, the brother bit Constance in the leg. It was like listening to some grand old saga of the exploits of heroes and demigods.

"I thought if I didn't 'ave nothing myself it would make it all right."

"Nothing?" Lord Emsworth started. "Do you mean to tell me you have not had tea?"

"No, sir. Thank you, sir. I thought if I didn't 'ave any, then it would be all right Ern 'aving what I would 'ave 'ad if I 'ad 'ave 'ad."

His lordship's head, never strong, swam a little. Then it resumed its equilibrium. He caught her drift.

"God bless my soul!" said Lord Emsworth. "I never heard anything so monstrous and appalling in my life. Come with me."

"The lidy said I was to stop 'ere, sir."

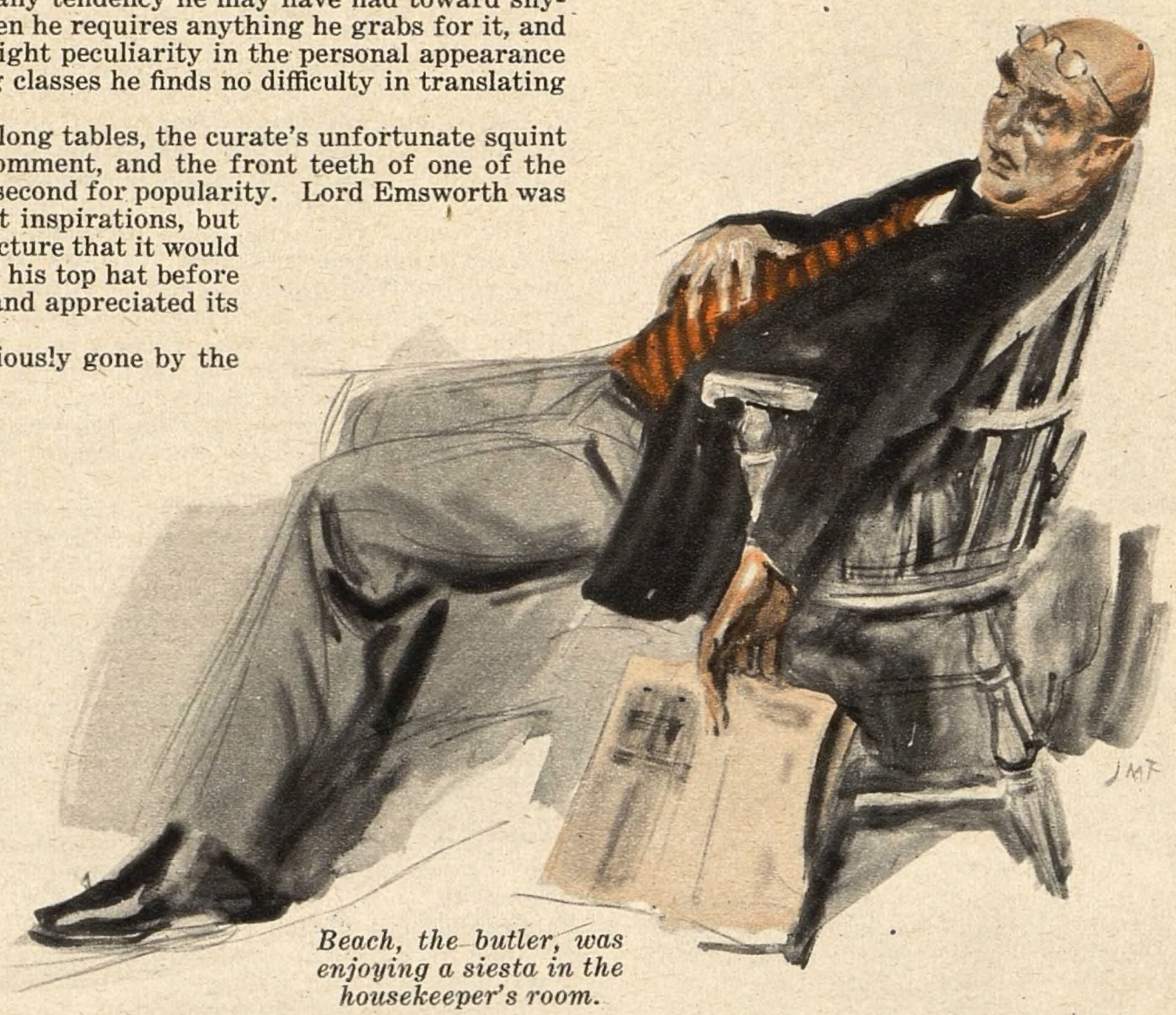
Lord Emsworth gave vent to his loudest snort of the afternoon.

"Confound the lidy!"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Five minutes later, Beach, the butler, was enjoying a siesta in the housekeeper's room. He was roused from his slumbers by the unexpected ringing of a bell. Answering its summons, he found his employer in the library, and with him a surprising young person in a velveteen frock, at the sight of whom his eyebrows quivered and, but for his iron self restraint, would have risen.

"Beach!"



Beach, the butler, was enjoying a siesta in the housekeeper's room.

"Your lordship?"

"This young lady would like some tea."

"Very good, your lordship."

"Tea, you know. And apples, and jam sandwiches, and cake, and that sort of thing."

"Very good, your lordship."

"And she has a brother, Beach."

"Indeed, your lordship?"

"She will want to take some stuff away for him."

Lord Emsworth turned to his guest. "Ernest would like a little chicken, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"And a slice or two of ham?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"And—Ernest has no gouty tendency?"

"No, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Capital! Then a bottle of that new lot of port, Beach. It's some stuff they've sent me down to try," explained his lordship. "Nothing special, you understand," he added apologetically, "but quite drinkable. I should like your brother's opinion of it. See that all that is put together in a parcel, Beach, and leave it on the table in the hall. We will pick it up as we go out."

A welcome coolness had crept into the evening air by the time Lord Emsworth and his guest came out of the great door of the castle. Gladys, holding her host's hand and clutching the parcel, sighed contentedly. She had done herself well at the tea table. Life seemed to have nothing more to offer.

Lord Emsworth did not share this view. His spacious mood had not yet exhausted itself.

"Now, is there anything else you can think of that Ernest would like?" he asked. "If so, do not hesitate to mention it. Beach, can you think of anything?"

The butler, hovering respectfully, was unable to do so.

"No, your lordship. I ventured to add—on my own responsibility, your lordship—some hardboiled eggs and a pot of jam to the parcel."

"Excellent! You are sure there is nothing else?"

A wistful look came into Gladys' eyes.

"Could he 'ave some flarce?"

"Certainly," said Lord Emsworth. "Certainly, certainly, certainly. By all means. Just what I was about to suggest my— Er—what *is* flarce?"

Beach, the linguist, interpreted:

"I think the young lady means flowers, your lordship."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Flarce."

"Oh?" said Lord Emsworth. "Oh! Flarce?" he said slowly. "Oh, ah, yes. Yes, I see. H'm!"

He removed his pince-nez, wiped them thoughtfully, replaced them, and gazed with wrinkling forehead at the gardens that stretched gayly out before him. Flarce! It would be idle to deny that those gardens contained flarce in full measure. They were bright with Achillea, Bignonia radicans, Campanula, Digitalis, Euphorbia, Funkia, Gypsophila, Helianthus, Iris, Liatris, Monarda, Phlox drummondii, Salvia, Thalictrum, Vinca, and Yucca. But the devil of it was that Angus McAllister would have a fit if they were picked. Across the threshold of this Eden the ginger whiskers of Angus McAllister lay like a flaming sword.

"I—er—" said Lord Emsworth.

He stopped. In a sudden blinding flash of clear vision he had seen himself for what he was—the spineless, unspeakably unworthy descendant of ancestors who, though they may have had their faults, had certainly known how to handle employees. Of course, they had possessed certain advantages which he lacked. It undoubtedly helped a man in his dealings with the domestic staff to have, as they had had, the rights of the high, the middle, and the low justice—which meant, broadly, that if you got annoyed with your head gardener you could immediately divide him into four head gardeners with a battle ax and no questions asked.

But, even so, he realized that they were better men than he was, and that, if he allowed craven fear of Angus McAllister to stand in the way of this delightful girl and her charming brother getting all the flowers they required, he was not worthy to be the last of their line.

Lord Emsworth wrestled with his tremors.

"Certainly, certainly, certainly," he said, though not without a qualm; "take as many as you want."

SO it came about that Angus McAllister, crouched in his potting shed like some dangerous beast in its den, beheld a sight which first froze his blood and then sent it boiling through his veins. Flitting to and fro through his sacred gardens, picking his sacred flowers, was a small girl in a velveteen frock. And—which brought apoplexy a step closer—it was the same small girl who two days before had copped him on the shin with a stone.

The stillness of the summer evening was shattered by a roar that sounded like boilers exploding, and Angus McAllister came out of the potting shed at forty-five miles per hour under his own steam.

Gladys did not linger. With a horrified yelp, she scuttled to where Lord Emsworth stood and, hiding behind him, clutched the tails of his morning coat.

"Oo-er!" said Gladys.

Lord Emsworth was not feeling so frightfully good himself. We have pictured him a few moments back drawing inspiration from the nobility of his ancestors and saying, in effect, "That for McAllister!" But truth now compels us to admit that this hardy attitude was largely due to the fact that he believed the head gardener to be a safe quarter of a mile away among the swings and roundabouts of the fête. The spectacle of the man charging vengefully down on him made him feel like a nervous English infantryman at the Battle of Bannockburn.

And then something happened, and the whole aspect of the situation changed. It was, in itself, quite a trivial thing, but it had an astoundingly stimulating effect on Lord Emsworth's morale. What happened was that Gladys, seeking further protection, slipped at this moment a small hot hand into his.

It was a mute vote of confidence, and Lord Emsworth intended to be worthy of it.

He drew himself up and adjusted his pince-nez. He felt filled with a cool masterfulness. If the man tendered his resignation, let him tender his damned resignation. There were other head gardeners in the world.

"Well, McAllister?" said Lord Emsworth coldly.

He removed his top hat and brushed it against his sleeve.

"What is the matter, McAllister?"

He replaced his top hat.

"You appear agitated, McAllister."

He jerked his head militantly. The hat fell off. He let it lie. Freed from its loathsome weight, he felt more masterful than ever. It had just needed that to bring him to the top of his form.

"This young lady," said Lord Emsworth, "has my full permission to pick all the flowers she wants, McAllister. If you do not see eye to eye with me in this matter, McAllister, say so and we will discuss what you are going to do about it, McAllister. These gardens, McAllister, belong to me, and if you do not—er—appreciate that fact you will, no doubt, be able to find another employer—ah—more in tune with your views. I value your services highly, McAllister, but I will not be dictated to in my own garden, McAllister. Er—dash it," added his lordship, spoiling the whole effect.

A long moment followed in which Nature stood still, breathless. From far off in the direction of the park there sounded the happy howls of children who were probably breaking things; but even these seemed hushed. The evening breeze had died away.

ANGUS McALLISTER stood glowering. His attitude was that of one sorely perplexed. It had never occurred to him that his employer would voluntarily suggest that he seek another position, and now that he had suggested it Angus McAllister disliked the idea very much. He fingered his whiskers, but they gave him no comfort.

He made his decision. Better to cease to be a Napoleon than be a Napoleon in exile.

"Mphm," said Angus McAllister.

"Oh, and by the way, McAllister," said Lord Emsworth, "that matter of the gravel path through the yew alley. I've been thinking it over, and I won't have it. Not on any account. Mutilate my beautiful moss with a beastly gravel path? Make an eyesore of the loveliest spot in one of the finest and oldest gardens in the United Kingdom? Certainly not. Most decidedly not.

"Try to remember, McAllister, as you work in the gardens of Blandings Castle, that you are not back in Glasgow, laying out recreation grounds. That is all, McAllister. Er—dash it—that is all."

"Mphm," said Angus McAllister.

He turned. He walked away. The potting shed swallowed him up. Nature resumed its breathing. The breeze began to blow again. And all over the gardens birds that had stopped on their high note carried on according to plan.

Lord Emsworth took out his handkerchief and dabbed with it at his forehead. He was shaken, but a novel sense of being a man among men thrilled him. It might seem bravado, but he wished—yes, dash it, he almost wished—that his sister Constance would come along and start something while he felt like this.

He had his wish.

"Clarence!"

Yes, there she was, hurrying toward him up the garden path. She, like McAllister, seemed agitated. Something was on her mind.

"Clarence!"

"Don't keep saying 'Clarence!' as if you were a dashed parrot," said Lord Emsworth haughtily. "What the dickens is the matter, Constance?"

"Matter? Do you know what the time is? Do you know that everybody is waiting down there for you to make your speech?"

Lord Emsworth met her eye sternly.

"I do not," he said. "And I don't care. I'm not going to make any dashed speech. If you want a speech, let the vicar make it. Or make it yourself. Speech! I never heard such dashed nonsense in my life."

He turned to Gladys.

"Now, my dear," he said, "if you will just give me time to get out of these infernal clothes and this ghastly collar and put on something human, we'll go down to the village and have a chat with Ern."

THE END

Ten Years Ago THIS WEEK

The Meuse-Argonne: 46 Days in Hell

By

FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 23 minutes 26 seconds.)

WE come to America's greatest battle. If you were one of the more than a million men who, first and last, were in it, or if you were with the Twenty-seventh or Thirtieth against the Hindenburg Line, you have the password to understanding. You remember how you fell across the tape, the goal gained, the war won.

"Ten years ago this week!" Articles on an anniversary date would mean one for every week for six weeks if the Meuse-Argonne were to keep its proportion in the story of our army in France.

From 5:30 A. M. September 26 until 11 A. M. November 11, 1918—forty-six days five hours and thirty minutes—the Meuse-Argonne lasted. I am thus exact because of the amount of hell pressed into each minute in that unceasing struggle. On the forty-seventh day the Armistice was signed.

All that time men were being killed and wounded. Others were dropping like felled trees as something within them snapped, which was supreme human will when there was no longer an ounce of strength left to support it. Others who had been patched up and rested took their places. There was ever more grist for the mill as we kept swinging the hammer-head of human flesh.

I wish that those summer tourists who walk in the lanes between the crosses of the National Cemetery of Romagne, where the dead of that field are buried, could have been with me on a winter visit. Then they would appreciate the difference between warm weather fighting, when you sleep in the open, and fighting in fall rains in that villainous climate.

It would bring home to them better how we won the battle; and how if we had not won it in 1918 we would have had 500,000 dead in France in 1919, and we should be paying double our present taxes on double our present national debt.

To give the tourist further atmosphere I should like him to dig a hole under the fall rains in the moist earth and spend the night in the hole. Just one night—not weeks of nights—on half a can of beans for a day's ration.

I found some of the fox holes ten years afterward, still visible on the reverse slopes. Here and there the weed covered trenches had not been filled in. It is a grazing land; the peasant's plow and harrow have not yet obliterated all battle signs.

In a car, the distances seem incredible. Is Varennes no farther than this from Cheppy? Or Forges Brook from Brieulles? Or Fléville from Apremont? Or Cierges from Gesnes? Or Nantillois from Montfaucon?

The only satisfactory way is to walk. But still the distances are unbelievably short when you are not being shot at by everything in the

U. S. Official photos

Battery C, 130th Field Artillery, with short "Schneiders" at Varennes.

enemy's locker, as you go over famous ground, every foot of which was brutally and cruelly fought for.

The hosts of fighters reappear. The battling planes overhead are having their part in the tumult. The infernal, unending racket is again in your ears. Associated with every patch of woods, every ravine, every hillock, every rebuilt village which was then in ruins, is a definite struggle which was a part of the prodigious whole.

Then to start the story from the beginning you are back in Bar-le-Duc. Quite a town, Bar-le-Duc. Its main street leads into the Sacred Road, so called because along it marched the rescuing force against the German drive on Verdun in February, 1916.

In that schoolhouse at Souilly where Pétain directed the "They Shall Not Pass" defense and Nivelle planned the brilliant stroke which recovered lost Fort de Douaumont, Pershing has come from St. Mihiel to establish new headquarters.

Again I see the Sacred Road gorged with soldiers. Every foot of it occupied. All the equipment of war, from guns and tanks to sausage balloons, being assembled. Truck drivers being bawled out by military police who are being bawled out by superiors for not keeping traffic on the move. One stalled truck might hold up many batteries of artillery; the food of a division.

But this time the movement turns off the Sacred Road short of Verdun, to make a new battlefield neighbor to the old. And this seemed like madness then. It does ten years afterward.

From Romagne Heights, where our white crosses are, any soldier with half a tactician's eye who had never heard of the battle, as today he looks down on the panorama of new villages set on the new roads, would exclaim:

"What cover for artillery! What nuts for machine gunners! What a position to defend step by step!"

On Romagne, where the tower of the American battle monument is to rise, you look across to the summit of the famous Le Mort Homme (Dead Man) Hill. It is crowned by an emaciated figure in stone, skin drawn tight over skull, facing forward, bony chin up in defiance, the French colors resting on the bony arm—France's tribute to those who made good the phrase, "They Shall Not Pass."

Silent, that figure of a death's head triumphant. The folds of the flag ripple over the white crosses—there in sight of the scene of prolonged and vicious fighting rivaled only by the shambles of the flat Ypres salient, or the Somme country, or the Chemin des Dames. But surely from no one vantage point is in sight a field where so many men fell in action.

FROM Le Mort Homme the day before the battle began, as our divisions went into position, it was as clear what they had to do as the wall the "human fly" has to scale.

Past the foot of Le Mort Homme the old battle river, the Meuse, asked its way among ruins and shell pestled banks. To the east of the river were the battle scarred hills of Verdun. And looking west from the Meuse, in the distance on a ridge crowned with foliage, was the bastion of the Argonne Forest. This stretch of

German prisoners taken by the Thirty-fifth Division on their way to Boureuilles.

twenty-five miles was our front—hence the name of the battle, the Meuse-Argonne.

The Argonne Forest falls away in wooded rocky escarpments, like flying buttresses—bear these in mind, although you do not need a reminder if you were in the First, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-fifth, Seventy-seventh, or Eighty-second—to the little river Aire.

The trough of the Aire and the trough of the Meuse! Between the two rises a whaleback of one hill and slope after another, cut by irregular ravines and spotted with small forests. Nature had done her best to make this teasing uphill fighting ground.

So the Germans made sure of it in their retreat from the Marne in 1914. That is the way of an army when it falls back to chosen positions. It always seeks positions for a plunging fire on the other fellow who would dislodge it.

THE French knew as well as the Germans how strong this position was, flanked by that forest bastion, the rivers, and the Verdun hills. They knew it so well that in all of the offensives they undertook it never entered the mind of the French staff to try a drive in this sector. Through all the Verdun fighting this sector was quiet.

There was rarely even a trench raid. The enemies only kept tapping each other with shellfire which gradually flattened all the villages near the front. The Germans used some of the stones from the ruins to build paved roads. They had the last word in artificial defense of barbed wire and trench systems as the outwork of the natural defenses. So they held the line lightly, comfortably.

Visible for many miles was a white tower in the village of Montfaucon, on a hill midway between the troughs, like a guiding point to our attack. From here the Crown Prince of Germany, behind thick walls, watched the Verdun attacks in which his soldiers died for him in vain. There were always enough live French among the dead on Le Mort Homme to hold it.

Beyond Montfaucon was still higher ground. But when you did come to the crest of the whaleback, it was downhill all the way to the Sedan-Mézières railroad line. From the first, Pershing had built his army to strike at this railroad line that fed the German armies in Belgium and eastern France.

He had been on his way to that goal after the victory of St. Mihiel. But, reasoned Foch, the Germans would concentrate in front of us there after our victory of September 12, thinking that we would continue our offensive. There was a shorter way to the same end: Give up the advance from St. Mihiel; strike between the Meuse and the Argonne Forest; take the Germans here by surprise; sprint hard—and the dream was that we would make a rush of it over the crest of the whaleback and reach the railroad in an unbroken advance. A dazzling prize. We might cut off a large portion of the German army. A German surrender would be revenge for the French surrender at Sedan in 1870.

A map showing the opening phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, which started on September 26, 1918. The red line indicates the American front line, with the various divisions shown in their relative positions. Lieutenant General R. L. Bullard (upper left) commanded the right end of the line. General Hunter Liggett (upper right) held the left, with Cameron's corps in the center.

BUT this was taking it for granted that old Father Hindenburg and his right hand man, Ludendorff, were very simple minded. As long as one German division had to get away on that railroad they would have the rest of the German army defending the exit.

The Americans had shown such impetuous ardor that they might succeed. Anyway, Foch set us shooting at the stars in the hope that we would take some of the hills. The more Germans we kept busy, the fewer to withstand the series of attacks with which he was now to press on the long front from the Argonne to Belgium.

We were to keep on fighting; and there would be fighting for us as long as there were any Germans in the mood to fight. The last German to make a stand would make it against us. We took the arrows to our breast and we were certainly well pinfeathered before the six weeks were over. Single divisions were to have greater casualties than our whole army at St. Mihiel.

Hard to understand, battle plans—but I hope this one is clear: uphill of a whaleback between river troughs under plunging fire. Fighting your way up greased stairs studded with spikes.

WOULD we ever get through the trench system that first day? Would we take the Germans by surprise? These questions came to a head at midnight of September 26, when our guns began lashing the barbed wire and the trench systems before we went over the top on a foggy morning. The weather was with us anyway. Fog was a screen.

We gained a surprise at first, and then got one. The Germans weren't expecting us. On general principles they did not think we would be so foolish. A concrete reason was that they had captured a prisoner of the Seventy-ninth. That prisoner did not know much; but he did tell his captors that it was the first time the Seventy-ninth had ever been in a trench.

Quite clear to the Germans, as a result, that we were putting the Seventy-ninth in for training in a quiet sector. We would use only experienced divisions for a great offensive. Obviously so, as Pershing had been a stickler for thorough training. Moreover, we could not have Americans enough in France to undertake a second great offensive action right after St. Mihiel.

Wrong. We had been coming over faster than the Germans realized. A million and three-quarters of Americans in France now; more than half the population of Paris. While the Germans had the ball, Pershing had wanted quiet trench training, and then active training, before heavy battle.

Now, when we had the ball, force the fighting with all he had. His veteran divisions had been at St. Mihiel. Out of the nine divisions now given the job of shock divisions, six had never been under serious fire. Many divisions had untrained artillery; others the artillery of other divisions, which, in the hurry, was more easily connected up with them than their own.

And which were our divisions on the jump off that first day? This is quite as important, I think, as mentioning "those present" at a headlined reception for the society page. In the list may be units that come from your own community. If not, you will find that they were later in the battle in which there was room for all and not places enough to go round. Not exclusive, this party. No section of the United States but was represented by its best youth before it was over.

Bullard's corps on the right of the line, Meuse bank. Divisions right to left: Thirty-third, Illinois National Guard (Major General Bell); Eightieth (Kronkhite), National Army, draft men from the Blue Ridge region; and the Fourth (Hines), regular, a division really seasoned by battle experience.

Cameron's corps, the center, had, in order, the Seventy-ninth (Kuhn), National Army, from Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia; Thirty-seventh (Farnsworth), Ohio National Guard; Ninety-first (Johnston), National Army, from the Pacific coast. Not one of these three had ever been under serious fire. From the sand lots they were stepping right into major league stuff before the big crowd.

Liggett's corps, the left, had the Thirty-fifth (Traub), Missouri National Guard, in its first action; the Twenty-eighth (Muir), Pennsylvania National Guard, which had long since sharpened its teeth; the Seventy-seventh (Alexander), which, after the Fourth and Twenty-eighth, had had the most battle experience. Only three real shock divisions in the whole, according to army standards.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page thirteen

The divisions had been hurried from as far away as the Swiss border and from back of the British front. They were put in line in the order of their arrival and at the points where the roads brought them, without regard to how well each was fitted for the task before it.

Otherwise, perhaps the Seventy-ninth, never before in the trenches, would not have been given the goal of the white tower of Montfaucon in the center; and the Seventy-seventh, from city streets, would not have been assigned to forest fighting.

Trained or untrained, battle hardened or not, there's the barbed wire. Mind your lessons in camp exercises. Break through the trench system. Forward into the unknown! And keep on going all day and all night and so day after day.

And they broke through the trench system. But, since the war had become one of movement, that did not mean so much as of old. Defense now depended upon supple infantry units, supple machine gun play and artillery fire, rushing reserves to dangerous points and pinching exposed portions of the advance.

For this the Germans had been trained in many recent actions. Every German officer knew the game from practice. Every squad knew its teamwork; every player was quick for a double play, nailing the runner both at first and second. And for this kind of tactics the Germans had perfect cover in the woods and ravines and the reverse slopes of the whaleback.

U. S. Official photos

Battery C of the 108th Field Artillery firing a salvo from the ruins of Varennes after the retreating Germans.

So it was after we were through the trench system that we really struck the unknown which so soon showed what kind of monster it concealed; after that each division understood the nature of the gamble.

The fog rose. The sun came out in the course of the day, making the Yankee targets clear. I always remember that, because it seems to me the only day that the sun did shine in the Meuse-Argonne Battle. Of course, I'm wrong. There were occasional breaks in that gloomy, overcast sky under which the grim business went on.

A BIG hill might be easier than a little one. A forest might be easy when there were no machine guns in it; but you might be sure they were waiting to greet you as you came out of the woods into the open.

Soon one was not listening for the first break of machine gun fire in front. The rat-tat was becoming a chorus. We must make the most of every minute to gain more ground as resistance kept banking up.

And the farther we advanced the harder to keep that twenty-five mile wave of men on schedule; the harder liaison became. Parts against little resistance shot ahead of those against heavy resistance. Divisions were getting out of touch with divisions. The very eagerness to get there was messing up formations.

"Why isn't the other fellow up?" rose the cry of those who were ahead and getting fire on their flanks.

Young "looies" had been shot from training camp maneuvers into battle's hard lessons. On the drill ground the problem tells you what the enemy is doing. In battle he tells you himself with his sudden bursts of fire from unexpected places.

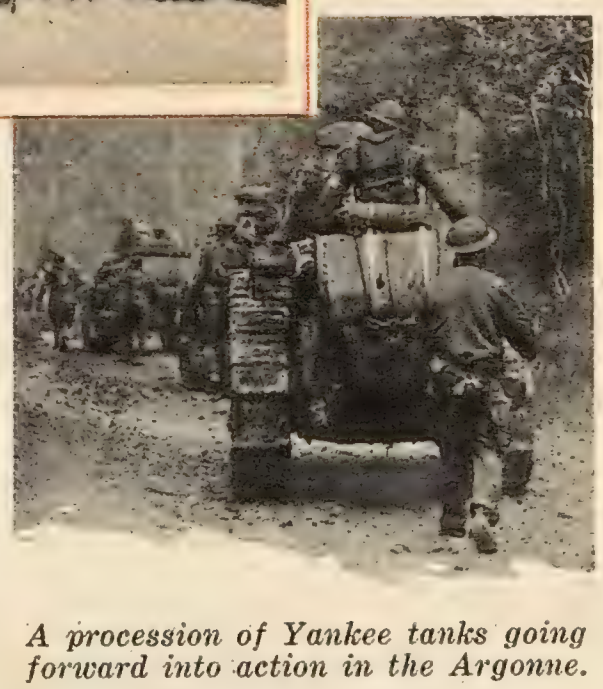
Top kicks, who taught the rookies their military manners, could jump in front to lead a charge; but how could they tell whether the machine gun was behind any one of a dozen bushes or in the edge of a woods? Airplanes could not see it unless they flew low and got a bath of its fire. Doughboy, you'll know where it is if you are still alive when you get close to it.

Shooting at the stars, the men of the green Seventy-ninth, with the farthest to go, pointing toward the white tower, were set to take Montfaucon on the first day. The reason being that they had open ground on their front—that is, no woods. But a winding valley, though open, is not so good when the man on the hills with a gun wants to hold up traffic. He can see what to shoot at and just how much of it there is.

The Seventy-ninth kept on plugging—you can do that even if you have had no previous battle experience—and on the second day after a bloody fight it had Montfaucon and the Crown Prince's observation post.

To the naked eye this seemed the key point to the crest which was our goal. The dream stuff might come true after all. But when you studied the map the situation was quite different.

Up at the front no study was required by wise map readers. The Germans were right on hand to enlighten you on this subject of local military topography. They intimated with shells and bullets that after Montfaucon was taken it had to be held. It was a better target for Heinie from the higher ground at the rear than it had been for us down the ascent.



A procession of Yankee tanks going forward into action in the Argonne.

We had developed the battle. The Germans knew what we were after. They mustered more machine guns. Their artillery was getting in action, too. On the first day we had taken many of their guns; others had to retreat to save themselves, leaving their ammunition behind. Batteries in support had come galloping up overnight from Sedan and Mézières. On the first day it was estimated that 5,000 shells were fired into Bullard's corps; on the second, 65,000.

As if frontal fire, gas included, from those interlocking hills were not enough, Bullard's corps got an assassin's surprise from another direction. A surprise for three divisions. The veteran Fourth, profiting from its previous experience in preparation and battle wiseness, kept on taking its objectives both on the second as well as the first day. It stuck to its gains with bulldog grip.

NEXT to the Fourth the Blue Ridge men of the Eightieth were against belts of woods. One belt taken, they had to cross the open against the machine guns in the next belt. They fought off a hot German counterattack; in charge after charge they battered at the hills beyond the woods. Put in for one day in the plan, to be squeezed out in a swinging movement as the front narrowed, they had three days of it.

And the Fourth and the Eightieth—the bitter portion of it!—with their own artillery unable to get up to protect them, were naked to that surprise. There was even some of the surprise to be shared on the river bottom by the Thirty-third, which had been able to do what it had to do in first class fashion. This was to swing around facing the river Meuse through the swamps and over Forges Brook.

The surprise was from the height of Hill 378, on the other side of the Meuse. From its crest burst the fire of long range guns which sent big shells raking the line of our advance on the eastern slope of the whaleback.

A gunner's delight, making a hell for infantry. Perched on that crest the German gunners saw our men as clear against the slopes as flies on a tablecloth. All they had to do was to swat. We could not reach them with our artillery. If there be a test of doughboy fortitude it is to keep on attacking in the face of machine guns when you are being stabbed in the ribs.

Soon these shell blasts from Hill 378 were no surprise. They were a set feature of the battle. No escape from that assassinating flanking fire except by retreat. The farther our men advanced the better targets they were. And they kept on advancing. Many a man under a white cross in Romagne was put out by a shell from Hill 378.

The fire from Hill 378 was just one incident of what we had bargained for in bucking the heights of the whaleback. Another was back on the old German defense system. Here was a different kind of battle, that which strains to turn a wheel in the mud.

"When do we eat?" was the cry coming from the front. "And where are those guns that were to help us with shellfire?"

Be it said again that an army lives on its belly. The empty gut does not make for fighting guts. There must be food for rifles as well as for men. Wheeled transport brings it.

There were only two roads leading to our front; only two to supply all those divisions. The pressure at the front was the piston head driven by the steam of the rear. If we had tried to build additional roads before the jump off, the enemy planes would have served notice to the German command that we were to attack in great force for a prolonged action.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Why many a meal is made on vegetable soup!

A glance at all these ingredients of Campbell's Vegetable Soup shows you how hearty and substantial it is.

Women have discovered that it is often just the sustaining, nourishing luncheon or supper they want. Food of such splendid quality so easily and quickly prepared!

Thirty-two different ingredients blended and cooked by skilled French chefs. All you have to do is to add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer for a few minutes. Serve it today!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

A dash of style, a winning smile
Give me a jaunty air.
But it's when I dine, I really shine
For Campbell's Soup is there!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

PACKARD

Serves the second family with distinction

When a Packard owner disposes of his car it is usually to buy another Packard.

So his previous Packard comes upon the market again in the hands of the Packard dealer. And again it is bought by a discriminating motorist —one who realizes that a good used Packard is a better investment in looks, performance and prestige than an ordinary new car of like price.

The Packard Six Sedan pictured below, for example, was owned first by a Long Island sportsman. Driven as a family car for twenty-two months, largely over Long Island roads but occasionally in New York, it showed but seventeen thousand miles on its speedometer when turned in on an Eight Limousine, and then reconditioned for resale.

It was purchased within a week by a young bank cashier who expects from it many more years of distinctive family transportation.

Packard dealers in all cities have similar attractive offerings in used Packard cars.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

All the army's wheeled strength was trying to get through two funnels that were clogged in the old trench system.

To get the effect of a sea of shell craters, imagine a dirt road and the earth on both sides dynamited and dynamited to a depth of from six to twelve feet until mealy soft. Also saturate it with rains, intersperse it with brooks and springs. Then you have an idea of the transport job after the battle in the open was joined. For, first, the infantry had to put the trench system out of the reach of enemy shellfire, which, when it is heavy, is no help at all in turning shell craters into a roadbed.

In this battle of the rear we were fighting among ourselves. The artillery, with heavy caissons of shells, which wanted to get forward to support the infantry, bulldozed its way forward, even past roadbuilding material.

WE filled in the sloughs with rocks, with bushes, with the steel posts on which the barbed wire was hung. When it seemed at last as if the going should be solid then—blankety blank!—(I asked a chaplain if the oaths hurt him, and he replied, "They are justified, even sanctified")—a three ton truck sank up to its axles.

This blocked gunners who found voice for fresh curses and were trying to reach a position to answer the shells of the German artillery which had come up over good roads. It blocked the eats for the fighters. No rolling kitchens were rolling. Ambulances could not get forward to bring back the wounded. As an example of the work required in roadbuilding, that farseeing Fourth Division had 40,000 sandbags, and filled them all.

And do not make the mistake of thinking that the divisions on the left, out of reach of the guns on lofty old Hill 378, were not getting any cross fire. It must be said that, in the mean way that he took advantage of the ground, Heinie was quite impartial in scattering his favors. There were times when his thought seemed to be, "You fellows do not seem to be getting your share. Here is a titbit for you, too."

"The ——s are shooting us in the flank!" was about as common on that battle line as "When do we eat?" Frequently it made the hungry forget famine and sent men where they would hunger no more. There were the Ohio men of the green Thirty-seventh, not asking any odds of anybody, with Heinie making sure they got none. They knew what big ravine stuff was as well as woods stuff.

The tanks which were to support them had troubles of their own, even running out of gasoline, and filling stations five miles to the rear. This helped make it more interesting, as the Ohioans had not men enough alive to hold on. The heaviest casualties of any division in the first stage of the battle.

In drawing the numbers from the hat, men of the Thirty-fifth had got thirteen and the Aire bank—and fought like devils.

It was soon clear that it did not mean much to hold Montfaucon if we were held up in the trough of the Aire. Here was the crux of the battle. Here we were to pile up our dead. Here pay for every foot, sometimes lose it, and then pay again.

The Pennsylvanians of the Twenty-eighth, who had the west bank of the Aire across from the Thirty-fifth, were battlewise. They had been in it, repulsing the fifth great German offensive and closing the Marne salient. But that was relatively straight fighting; this was crooked, sinuous, snake and ferret fighting.

But somebody had to get the Aire, I thought, as I went over the ground again. No advancing on the river bottom. That was just suicidal. It was asking for it, from the wooded shoulders that descended from the high bastion of the Argonne Forest, which is the shape of Manhattan Island set up like the Palisades of the Hudson.

Climb up and take those shoulders. Get one and there is another behind. Germans slipping through the thickets with machine guns, hidden in the foliage, covering every approach. The fighters hung up on the ridges, cut off from food and ammunition by barrages of machine gun fire. It was like fighting your way down an alley, not only getting it in front, but from the doorways, and having it dropped on you from the windows.

And somebody had to take the big forest itself. That was the little outing of the city men of the Seventy-seventh on the bounty of Pershing's fresh air fund. They learned woodcraft fast, working their way through thickets and around tree trunks, losing sight of their neighbors in the maze.

U. S. Official photos

German prisoners carrying in American wounded at Boureuilles, on the Meuse. A detachment of the Seventy-seventh Division (at the top) returning to an ambulance in the Argonne.

It was no use for the artillery to lob shells to suppress machine gun nests; they were prematurely burst by the tree trunks. On the west side of the forest the French were not getting forward so very fast. The Seventy-seventh's advance was dependent partly on them, partly on the advance over the shoulders in the Aire valley. But the Seventy-seventh could help the Twenty-eighth and the French by edging forward in turn as they edged forward—that was the teamplay of it.

DRIVE, drive, ever the word of iron command from on high. "There's your objective!"—penciled on the map. "Take it!" The battle had become gouging strokes from the forest to the Meuse for tactical points as the pawns of battle answered the call.

Colonel Whittlesey's men kept faith with the iron command as they beat their way through the forest—and then the world heard of the "Lost Battalion." Losing touch with the troops on their right and left in the dense thickets, they had kept on going. The Germans got around them, forcing them in siege in a deep ravine.

Not lost! We knew where they were. How break through to them? How to find a lever to pry them out? There they were, however. It would give Heinie a lot of bounce to gobble them—and he might any minute. Not good, that, to lose a battalion that way.

A good deal that was not good as the month of October was ushered in and our attack wore down. We had gained an average of five miles. Men too tired, too weak from want of food, to attack further, but damned if they would give up that hard earned ground. Every man dug a fox hole immediately he halted, and soaked in it in the chill rains and smelled the phosgene gas that saturated it.

The wonder is what these green divisions achieved and how they stuck.

Divisions that had to do it raw because our guns could not get up at first; cut down by casualties and sickness; sometimes eating raw meat and vegetables because they had no fire to cook them; having to carry their wounded three or four miles back under shellfire because there were no roads for the ambulances! Night after night without sleep under continual fire! And it was thought that the three days at Gettysburg was a very long battle!

The worst mauled of the divisions must go out; fresh divisions take their places. The army must have food and ammunition nearer man mouth and rifle mouth before another attack. The first stage of the Meuse-Argonne, with worse to come, was over. Much work yet before it was downhill to Sedan.

Meanwhile the front in France had become a roaring live battle from the forest to the English Channel. Ours was the first blow of Foch's general offensive at the end of September. We were not only drawing off troops from in front of our allies, but from two of our divisions which were still with the British.

Haig's tribute to the two was the way that he clung to them. The Twenty-seventh (O'Ryan), New York National Guard, and the Thirtieth (Lewis), Southern mountaineers, were given as their stint on September 27 the breaking through of the Hindenburg Line at one of its worst parts.

I SAW all our divisions which were engaged in the Meuse-Argonne, when they were in action, but not these two. I only went over the ground and realized what they went into as, supported by terrific gunfire and many tanks, they charged that great acreage of trench warrens.

It was the Twenty-seventh that got into the thickest of them—hand to hand, bomb, bayonet, and fist—through the endless traverses. They fought gallantly to finish the job, but had to leave the mopping up to the fresh Australians.

The Thirtieth, which had easier going—easier, not easy—swept through to its objective in a movement like a field maneuver. Faithful soldiers, born fighting men, they did everything in the book. They did not have to join the army to learn how to shoot.

As Foch kept pressing his attacks, the cry of "Hurry, America!" in the spring crisis became, "Keep at it there on the flank in the Meuse-Argonne, Americans!" And we were to continue, as we shall see, until November 11, feathering our breast with the arrows.

THE END

Greta Nissen and Jack Mulhall in a real closeup from The Butter and Egg Man.

An Imperial Madman

Emil Jannings at His Best, and Some Other Pictures in Brief

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 28 seconds.)

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★

EMIL JANNINGS violates all the sacred traditions of Hollywood. He is no svelte and handsome film idol, he is accused of lacking the requisite IT necessary to celluloid success, he plays repellent characters in all their sordidness—and he leads them all at the box office.

Jannings' newest, The Patriot, is a story of Russia in the dying days of the eighteenth century. The Teuton star plays the imperial madman, *Czar Paul I,* and his performance is one you will never forget. To me the mad *Paul* is Jannings' best work.

Paul I, son of Catherine the Great, was czar of all the Russias for four and one-half years, his reign immediately preceding the invasion of the empire by Napoleon. Paul was a maniac, a ruthless killer, and a suspicious coward, an ugly primitive savage, a clumsy sensual bear torn between docility and bloody whims—and a pitiful, friendless child continually fleeing before the fear of assassination.

Jannings makes the demented autocrat all this. He plays the czar with enormous power and superb subtlety. It will hold you from the first foot of film—when *Paul,* in his royal curtained sleigh, gallops to his palace surrounded by Cossacks who shoot at every head to appear at any window in the deserted streets—to the last seconds of his reign, when he flees from the palace, with the gathering circle of conspirators closing about him.

The Patriot is not the emperor, of course, but the crafty *Count Pahlen,* the one man the maniac czar trusts. *Pahlen* betrays his mistress and his emperor, thrusting love and loyalty aside for his country. *Pahlen* uses his mistress to amuse *Paul* for a moment, whips the conspiracy into action—and ends his mad benefactor's bloody régime.

Lewis Stone is *Pahlen* and Florence Vidor is the pawn, *Countess Ostermann.* Both give performances away above their average, but, even so, they are dwarfed by the matchless Jannings.

The Patriot is based upon a stage play by Alfred Neumann, the West Prussian novelist dramatist. This failed on Broadway last year. It was developed into a strongly knit film drama by Hans Kraly, the expert German scenarist who gets $25,000 a scrip, and it was directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

The Patriot is full of typical Lubitsch thrusts at amour. The mad czar's passions, as Lubitsch mocks at them, are hardly the thing to parade before little Willie's eyes. But they will intrigue your family physician. The Patriot is probably the best picture of the year.

★ ★ ★

Hollywood is continuing its noble experiment with the sound films. The newest all talkie is The Terror (Warners). This is a shocker, with its scenes laid in a moldy old deserted house, full of trapdoors, secret panels, windows that fly open, and mysterious cloaked figures. The subtitles are spoken (for the first time) and all the characters talk—when they are not screaming. This melodrama isn't perfect by any means, but it is something of a bloodcurdler in its way. A spooky movie this—if you like that sort of thing. Yes, and a three star film.

★

Sawdust Paradise (Paramount) was obviously inspired by Aimée Semple MacPherson, the Los Angeles evangelist and desert hiker. Esther Ralston plays a tough girl of the carnivals who becomes a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. This isn't up to her standard.

★

Colleen Moore is back with another film, Oh Kay (First National). It is slender entertainment, as are most films based upon musical comedies. Miss Moore is a slapstick British peeress who becomes a stowaway on a rum runner. If you like Miss Moore, you'll find this mildly soso.

★ ★

The Butter and Egg Man (First National) may be only a pretty good film story, but you will have to ask someone else about this tale of a hick who backs a show, for it has the blonde Greta Nissen as the lovely heroine of the troupe. Thus our perspective is distorted. Three stars for Greta and two stars for the film.

Countess Ostermann (Florence Vidor) warning the Mad Czar Paul (Emil Jannings) of his danger. A scene from Jannings' latest picture, The Patriot. Above: a scene from The Terror with May McAvoy doing the cowering.

Do you know that—

King Vidor, maker of The Crowd and The Big Parade, is to direct a Negro story without a single white in the cast? . . . Ernst Lubitsch has selected an unknown Mexican girl, Mona Rico, to play a leading rôle in John Barrymore's next? . . . Lars Hanson is playing in Swedish films and may not return to Hollywood?

Never Before—Such Smiles!

Gain Them by Removing Dingy Film from Teeth

Keeping teeth white this new way curbs tooth and gum disorders

Now remove "off-color" film on teeth as urged by the foremost dental opinion of the day. See how quickly teeth brighten and grow whiter

(*Above*) THE LURE OF THE NAVY is not limited to men alone. Misses Marie Hunley and Marion Guest are seeing how it feels to fire a new-type gun. Please note their Pepsodent-bright smiles.

GLISTENING, white teeth simply mean film-free teeth. If your teeth are "off color," dull, lustreless, they are film coated.

Properly protected teeth and gums mean the same thing—film-free teeth. According to present-day dental findings, if your teeth are film-coated, both your teeth and gums are left unguarded against bacterial attack.

Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film. And that is why, largely on dental advice, thousands are adopting Pepsodent. For Pepsodent is a *Scientifically Developed Film-Removing Agent*, different in formula, preparation and effect from any other dentifrice.

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Pepsodent has largely changed the tooth-cleansing habits of the world. It removes that film completely—*thoroughly*, and in safety to enamel. It acts to firm tender gums. It alkalizes the mouth's saliva to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses the teeth as no old brushing method has ever done.

(*Above*) McCLELLAND BARCLAY, famous illustrator, and his model, Miss Helen Goebels, pause for a moment to show the part Pepsodent plays in making smiles so charming.

DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why Pepsodent is recommended.

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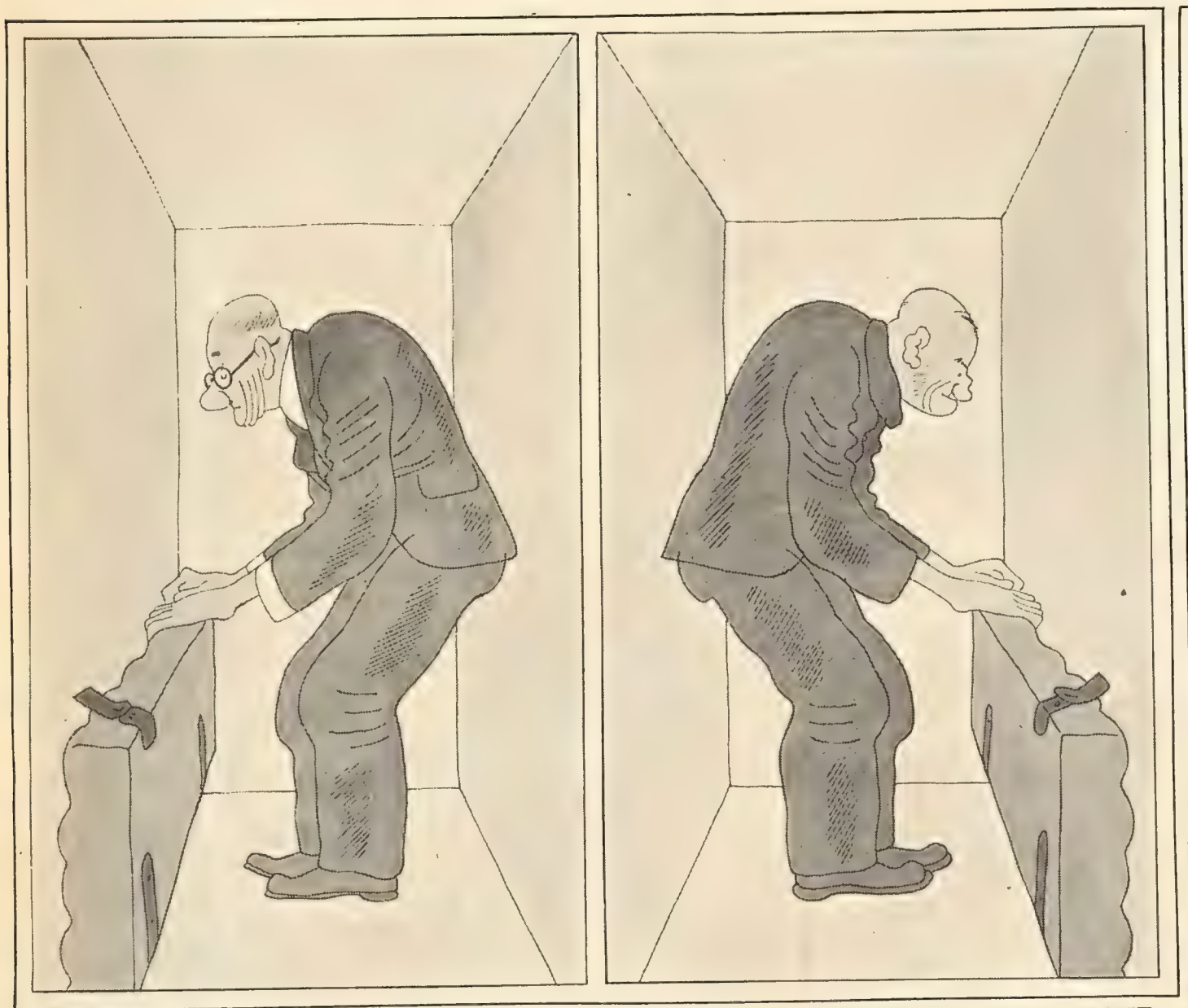
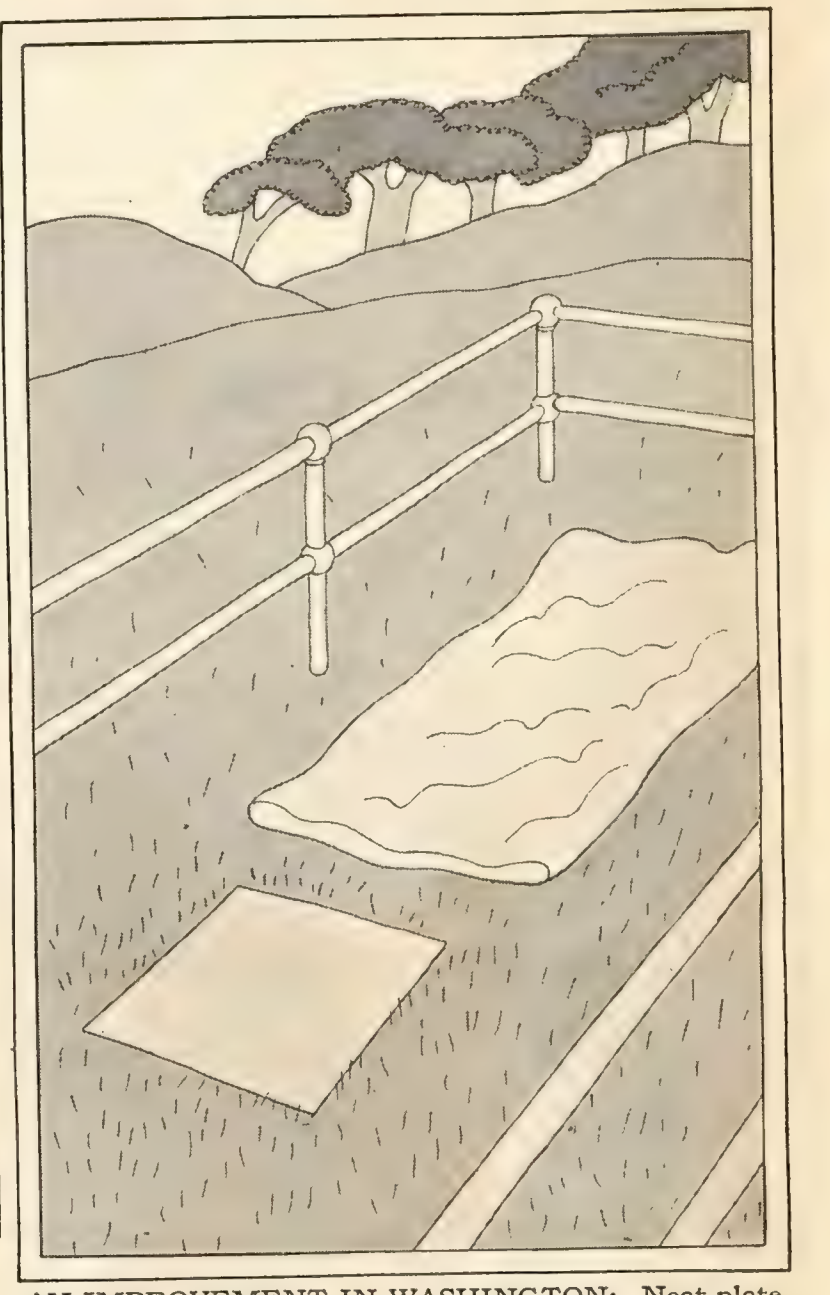
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

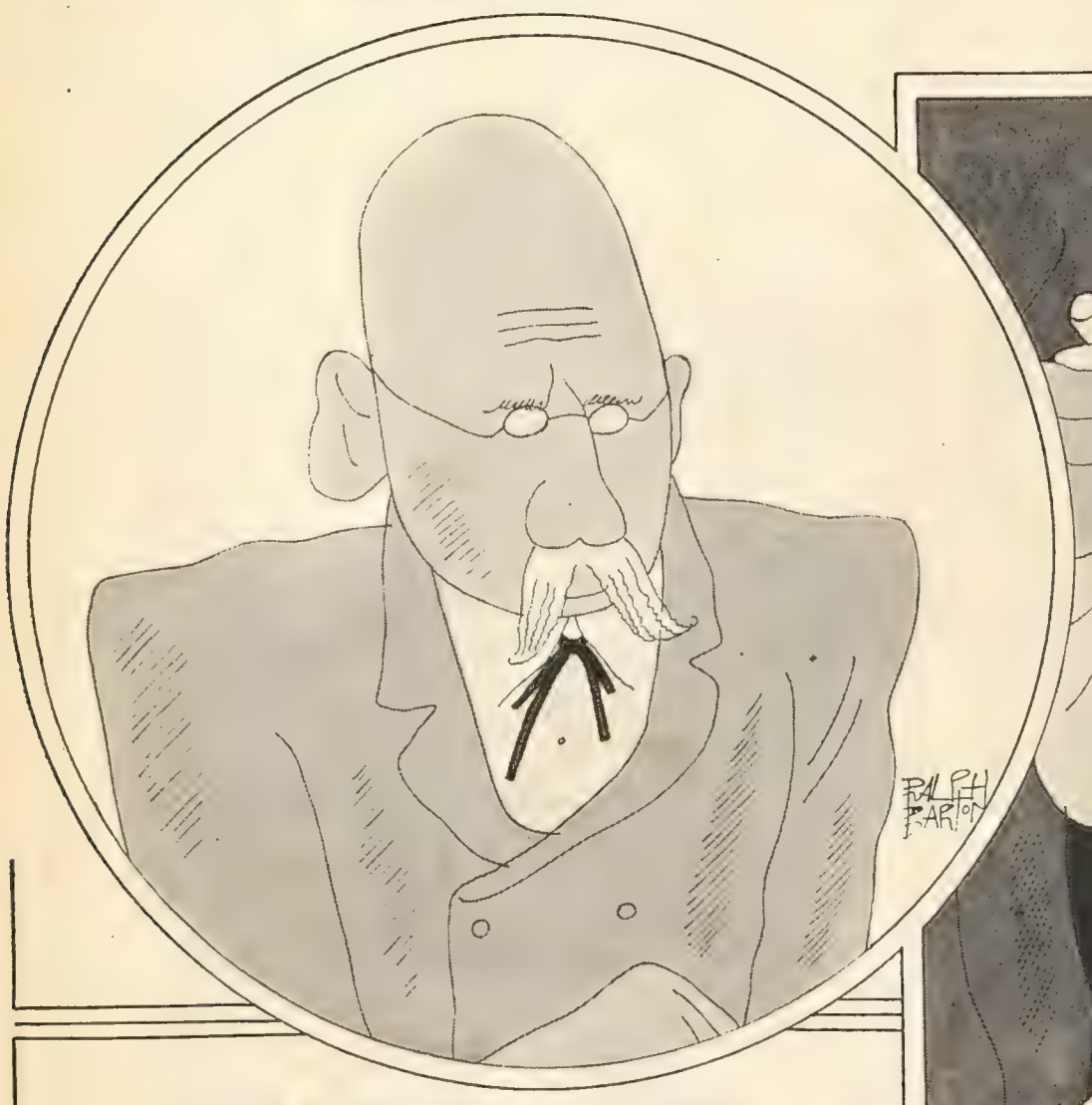
By RALPH BARTON



THE UNDERLYING CAUSE OF THE CRIME WAVE, OR, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF YOU ARE CAUGHT? Left: a citizen going to bed in the bedroom of his $7,000 apartment, and, right, a prisoner going to bed in his cell in the penitentiary.



AN IMPROVEMENT IN WASHINGTON: Neat plate in Rock Creek Park for the use of politicians who wish to put their ear to the ground without being soiled.



ABNER K. PERKINS, a citizen of New Cheshire, New Hampshire, who possesses papers to prove that he not only voted on the tariff issue in the election of 1896, but that he understood perfectly what it was all about. He is generally thought to be a unique specimen.

REFUTATION OF THE CHARGE that Americans do not know how to drink. Our dry agents, with their unlimited means and constant practice, now rank with the world's first connoisseurs.

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LIFE ,, ACTION ,,

The vivid realism of the new Sparton *EQUASONNE* instruments will picture this year's big games as never before. The gasps of the frenzied crowd; the yell master . . . the cheers . . . the songs . . . the bands! Reach out . . . this year . . . and thrill to a NEW KIND of radio reception . . . the true-as-life completeness that only the *EQUASONNE* circuit gives . .

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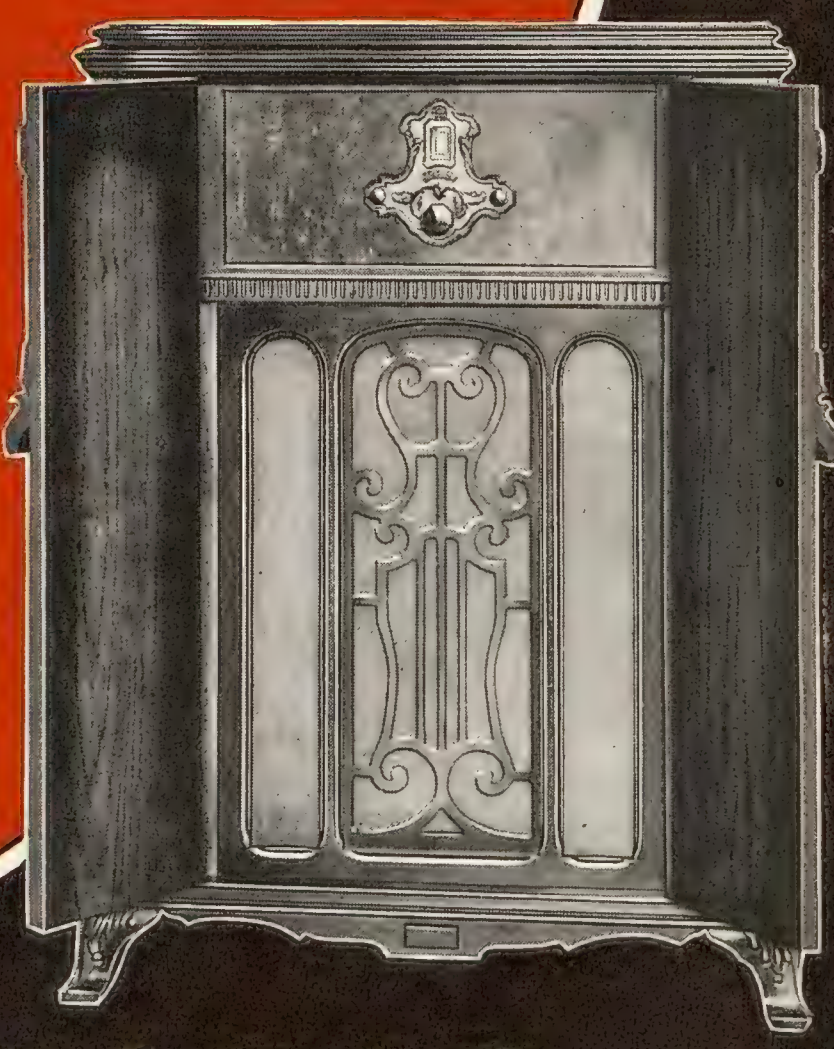

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The best investment a freshman can make...

IT takes a sturdy typewriter to stand four years of student life—and Corona is *sturdy!* It is the only portable typewriter with a twenty-year durability record. That's one reason why every college freshman should own a Corona.

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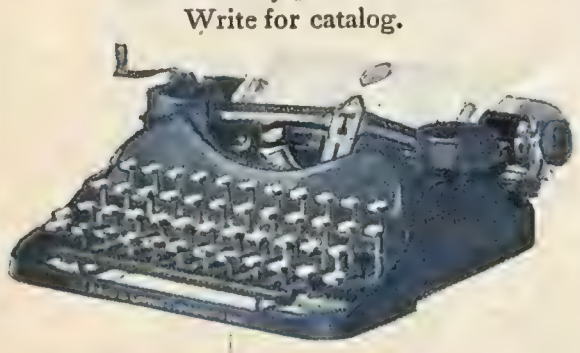

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Established 1903

Sales offices in principal cities of the world

1003 E. Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

He stood up in waistdeep water, lifting Beth in his arms. "She must have been taken with cramps," he said.

A Substitute for GOLF

A Story of This New Generation

By RUTH CROSS

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

(Reading time: 23 minutes 44 seconds.)

TERRY twisted herself about at the dressing table to survey the back of her gold dusted head in the mirror. "You'll wish you hadn't," she murmured.

Drake surveyed *her* with disillusioned eyes. As recently as ten years ago he had been very much in love with her. "But I don't see anything so unreasonable about wanting to get acquainted with my own children."

"You might as well try, at this late date, to get acquainted with a trio of South Sea Islanders."

"Have you tried?"

She shrugged. "It's no good."

Drake took another turn across the room, lean body bent a trifle forward, jaw set in the line which his wife always distrusted. "They might as well have had no parents at all. A father nowadays is a lay figure who goes off in the morning before his children are awake and comes home after they are asleep—"

"And plays golf on Sundays."

"And stays in town and works during the summer while his wife takes the children to the country."

"Works *and* plays golf."

"They might as well have been brought up by the servants. Buddy has been. And that's one thing I'm going to put a stop to—his hanging around Bartles—"

"All children of well to do parents are brought up by servants—in a way."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you."

"Well, anyhow"—Terry was far more occupied with her hair than with the subject in hand—"it's too late to do anything about it."

"I don't see— Beth may be difficult at eighteen, but Buddy's only nine, and Ronald—"

"What do you propose?"

"I'm going to take this summer off—I can afford to at last—and cultivate the acquaintance of my own children."

"Golf won't leave you much time."

"I shan't play golf."

"My dear! I give you two weeks."

"You can give me three months."

"Where, may I inquire, is this wonderful experiment to take place?"

Drake hesitated. The success of his plan hinged on that, and she was certain to oppose him. "We're going up to the farm in New Hampshire."

She turned to stare at him. "Excuse me if I don't see fit to join the back to the farm trek. I shall go to Bar Harbor as usual."

"I hope you won't, but anyway I'm taking the children to the farm."

"They'll hate it—and you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WITHOUT careful combing she cannot have lovely hair. As it grows longer more attention must be given to combing, to preserve that glorious sheen. The Ace Pocket Comb with its polished rounded teeth and smooth action is carried with her for use at all hours. A large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb used the first thing in the morning, gently separates and untangles the strands and sets the contour of the coiffure. Ace Hard Rubber Combs are almost indispensable to that well-groomed look.

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Name.....

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The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLF
Continued from page twenty-three]

"Perhaps. But I don't understand your aversion to the place." He added, after another hesitation, "We were very happy there once."

"Maybe that's why." She smiled, an unpleasant line about her otherwise lovely mouth. "There's no golf course within forty miles."

Drake moved toward the door. "We're leaving tomorrow. I've wired ahead. You can be very comfortable—and have as much company as eighteen rooms will accommodate. I hope you'll decide to come."

. . . .

She did, and with very good grace. She never sulked. The forty mile distant golf course had something to do with it, though.

The children showed none of her sweet reasonableness. Beth, a modern, athletic replica of her mother—except that she would never be half so pretty—sulked pettishly. She adored swimming, but not in fresh water.

Ronald, fifteen, dark like his father, abnormally tall and weedy and in a continuous state of semitrance, sulked morosely.

Buddy, who was fair like his mother—not a very wholesome looking child—sulked because he was forbidden the run of the servants' quarters. Next to Charlie Chaplin, he admired Bartles, the chauffeur, above all living men.

Drake looked round him at the spacious house, all New England white and green—wide, cool porches, the river winding past, the rampart of hills behind, lake set like a turquoise in the encompassing verdure. Meadows, gardens, orchards. What was wrong with this family of his that they couldn't be happy for a few weeks in such a place? Why had he let them come to such a pass?

"HOW'D you like to go fishing?" he inquired of Buddy some days after their arrival.

The boy fidgeted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Can Bartles come along too?"

Buddy was one of those family accidents. Terry had been distinctly put out about it. To Beth and Ronald he was an unqualified nuisance. He had all the disadvantages with none of the advantages of an only child.

Two weeks passed, three, four. Drake found himself nowhere at all. Maybe Terry was right. As well try to get acquainted with a trio of Zulus. He didn't even speak their language. They were polite but restive under his prolonged presence. Oh, well, a man couldn't neglect his duty—and privilege—for eighteen years and expect to pick things up where they would have been otherwise. Meanwhile, the weather was perfect for golf.

"What are you reading?" He dropped down on the grass beside the semirecumbent form of his elder son.

"If you ask me, I think mother's just about the limit! Going off with Larson Colby—pretending she likes to walk!"

Ronald gave a resentful flop to the lurid book jacket.

"A Young Man in Love with Death. Is it—thrilling?"

"I don't read for thrills."

"What do you read for?" Drake glanced toward the pond where Beth, who had at last forsworn her aversion for fresh water, was just going off the springboard.

"Does it matter?"

Quintessence of boredom, that, but his father decided to ignore it. "At your age I read for thrills. Ivanhoe—"

"Ivanhoe!" Ronald's scornful bass made a two octave jump on the "hoe." He flamed with embarrassment.

"What's this book about?"

"It's about a young man in love with death," sullenly.

"But why?"

"Because life is so piffling and stupid."

"I don't remember thinking it piffling and stupid."

"You wouldn't. You were too occupied with the Immediate and the Trivial." Drake inferred that he had but confirmed the opinion already held as to his mental caliber.

"I was occupied about this time of year hoeing potatoes. Which reminds me—we're going to be short of hands for the haying next week. I expect to help. I hope I can count on you."

Ronald brought himself reluctantly to a sitting posture. "Excuse me father, I am *not* an agrarian. I have none of the instinct for the soil which seems to cling to you."

A heat wave surged up over Drake's body. Insolent puppy! What he needed— He bit his lip. Because he seemed beaten on his own ground was no pretext for falling back on antediluvian methods. "Why," he inquired, controlling himself, "does your young man find life so piffling?"

"Because everything in it is putrid—politics, business, religion, marriage." Ronald gave him a level glance.

Drake winced. If his marriage wasn't all it should be, at least he and Terry had tried to hide that fact from their children.

Had they, with their devilish modern ingenuity, found it out anyhow?

"As institutions," his son went on, "they're all flivvers."

"That's a pretty broad statement."

"It's facing facts."

Drake walked back to the house in a chaotic frame of mind—convinced one minute that he ought to thrash the opinionated young prig to within an inch of his life, the next that here was something which deserved to be dealt with seriously. It did not improve his humor to see Terry watching him amusedly from the front porch. She was expecting daily an announcement of the return to civilization—and golf.

ONE of her young men—she always kept a small queue in attendance—came out of the house and took her off for a walk. "Come along, Mart dear?"

He shook his head, amused in his turn. Terry loathed walking. This young man must be more than usually desirable. He was tall and dark—good looking in a broad

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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This is the world's lowest priced AC Electric power speaker radio

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HERE is a radio designed exactly as the most costly receiver. New features that have marked radio advancement this year are incorporated in this 1929 set. The improved AC tubes! Shielding! Low voltage that promises long life to tubes! Volume control! Illuminated dial! Power speaker operation! And Crosley manufacturing methods have kept the price LOWEST of any genuine AC electrically operated radio. Crosley economies in production and marketing are directly responsible for the unmatchable price of $65.

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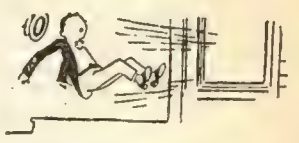
Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and is featured in the most expensive sets.

Crosley Radios are selective
In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find means of listening to ONE at a time.

Fearlessly Crosley led the radio industry to home trial before buying. On such a broad selling policy Crosley has won first place in the industry because buyers found Crosley radio outperformed many far more expensive sets. A home demonstration will satisfy you that Crosley is a GREAT radio.



Crosley Radios have volume
Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion.

The FIVE DAY FREE TRIAL offer is copied on every hand but don't let anyone deter you from comparing the Crosley with ANY set made. You need not be a radio expert to judge the VALUE Crosley gives you.

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operating the new dynamic ~ power DYNACONE

$25

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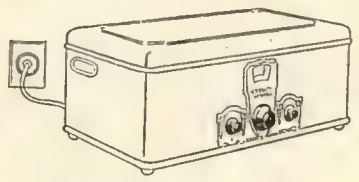

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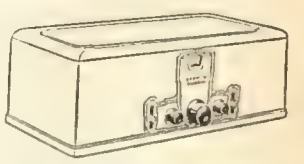

6 tube Battery Operated BANDBOX $55

For places where electric current is not available for AC receivers. Genuine Neutrodyne. Convertible for use from the power lines by means of a suitable power supply unit. The 5 tube Dry Cell Operated BANDBOX, JR., at $35 is the ideal set for use where recharging of storage battery is inconvenient.

Be sure you have the new Crosley dynamic power speaker. For the first time in the popular price field is deep, resonant tone from dynamic power available in a speaker at $25. No one has even imitated it.

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When Lucas strums the opening chord on his guitar, Romance is in the air. "The Crooning Troubadour" puts a new sentimental quality into his instrumental work as well as into his singing. Maybe you've heard Nick in his vaudeville appearances. Whether you have or not, you'll enjoy "Without You, Sweetheart" (No. 3773).

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"The Red-Headed Music-Maker"

Wendell Hall's new version of "Polly Wolly Doodle" (No. 4024) is fast making history in songdom. Those who know his version of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" will not want to miss "Polly Wolly."

HARRY RICHMAN

Star of Geo. White's "Scandals"

No rise to fame has been more meteoric than that of the debonair Richman. The critics are scarcely less ardent in their approval of him than are his many feminine admirers. Voice, magnetism, vitality, explain Richman. Hear him sing "I'm Riding to Glory" (No. 3889).

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[A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLF Continued from page twenty-four]

shouldered, negligent, and somewhat British fashion.

As the two skirted the lake, Beth climbed out of the water and made a dash for the springboard. She stood poised in her scrap of bathing suit, arms high above her head. As a girl, she had been chubby. She was thicker now than Terry, who kept her girlish figure at the awful cost of semistarvation. Beth would never have her mother's sheer feminine allurement, but she was firm and sound from the soles of her feet to the crown of her also gold dusted head.

She waved to Terry and the young man, then leaped—made a gleaming black and white crescent of herself in the air. One tip of the crescent cleft the blue water. Beautiful—and Terry's young man couldn't choose but see. Terry herself didn't swim a stroke.

AS the girl came up again and sat sunning herself on the bank, Drake strolled toward her. Bare brown knees hugged up against her, she looked like a charming, rebellious boy. Her whole face had a tiptilted effect—slim brows slanted upward, the slightly pug nose more upturned than usual. Her eyes, the same dazzling blue as Terry's, were stormy.

Drake seated himself on the nearby springboard. "Why are you making such awful faces?"

"Well, if you ask me, I think mother's just about the limit!"

"Anything special?"

"Going off with Larson Colby—pretending she likes to walk!"

"Is that his name?"

"Of course. Didn't you know?" She stared.

"I forget their names."

"I don't see how you could forget his name, it's so famous!"

"Let me see—he's not a prize fighter or a—"

"Father! Larson Colby's a college professor, though he's only twenty-eight, and he's written the most marvelous and talked of book of the year."

"It's not by any chance called A Young Man in Love with Death?"

"Certainly not. His book is called Quinlan in Quest of His Soul."

"Have you read it?"

"Well—in spots. It's very deep. Father"—she leaned toward him earnestly—"I don't see how you can go on shutting your eyes to mother the way you do."

"Really, Beth—"

"Dad, you know and I know there's nothing more pathetic and ridiculous than a middle aged flirt."

"But she doesn't look middle aged."

"No; that's the trouble." She was silent a moment before she burst out with suppressed violence: "Terry's just plain female, that's what she is! In my opinion, she and the thousands like her are no better than kept women!"

"Beth!"

"Don't be prudish, dad. Just having a marriage ceremony mumbled over you doesn't make it decent to let a man support you in luxury and idleness for the rest of your life."

"But your mother has had children."

"That's all she did do—have us. I'm not beautiful like mother and I know it." Tears trembled on the curving lashes. "But I'll make a better wife. Anyhow, I'll be loyal to the man who's sweating his heart's blood out for me. I won't go vamping every nice, interesting man, young enough to be my own son—taking him away from the girl he belongs to!"

The husband of the middle aged flirt was silent.

"I should think," his daughter raged on, her voice passionate with resentment, "you'd put a stop to Terry's snatching off every presentable young man."

"I don't mind much. And it amuses her."

"That's positively immoral. It's collusion, that's what it is."

"Do you like Larson Colby?"

"Yes, I do." Her blunt honesty was characteristic—one of the hopeful signs of her generation. "He's the most wonderful man I've ever met, but he can't even see me when mother's around."

"He might, though, if she weren't around."

Beth gave him a quick glance. "Yes, he might."

LATER in the day Drake overheard a colloquy between his daughter and his elder son:

RONALD: How much longer do you think he's going to stick?

BETH (absently): Who, father?

RONALD: Sure. He gets on my nerves. Why doesn't he go on and play golf or something?

BETH (dreamily): He's not so bad—I've seen worse. Frightfully medieval, of course, poor dear.

RONALD: Well, I wish to goodness he'd go on somewhere. I'm pretty sick of this father, home, and heaven stuff myself. Haying—!

. . . .

Some days later Terry went down to New York for her sacred biweekly engagement with Doris Aiken, Inc., her favored and outrageously expensive beauty specialist. She took back with her all the guests save Larson Colby, who was apparently staying on forever.

The limousine had scarcely disappeared down the road when a disreputable looking old truck turned in through the stone pillars. It was driven by Pete Hanson, a guide who lived in the vicinity.

"What do you say to a picnic?" Drake proposed to the little group left behind.

"Goody!" Buddyclimbed into the carryall without asking whether Bartles was going along.

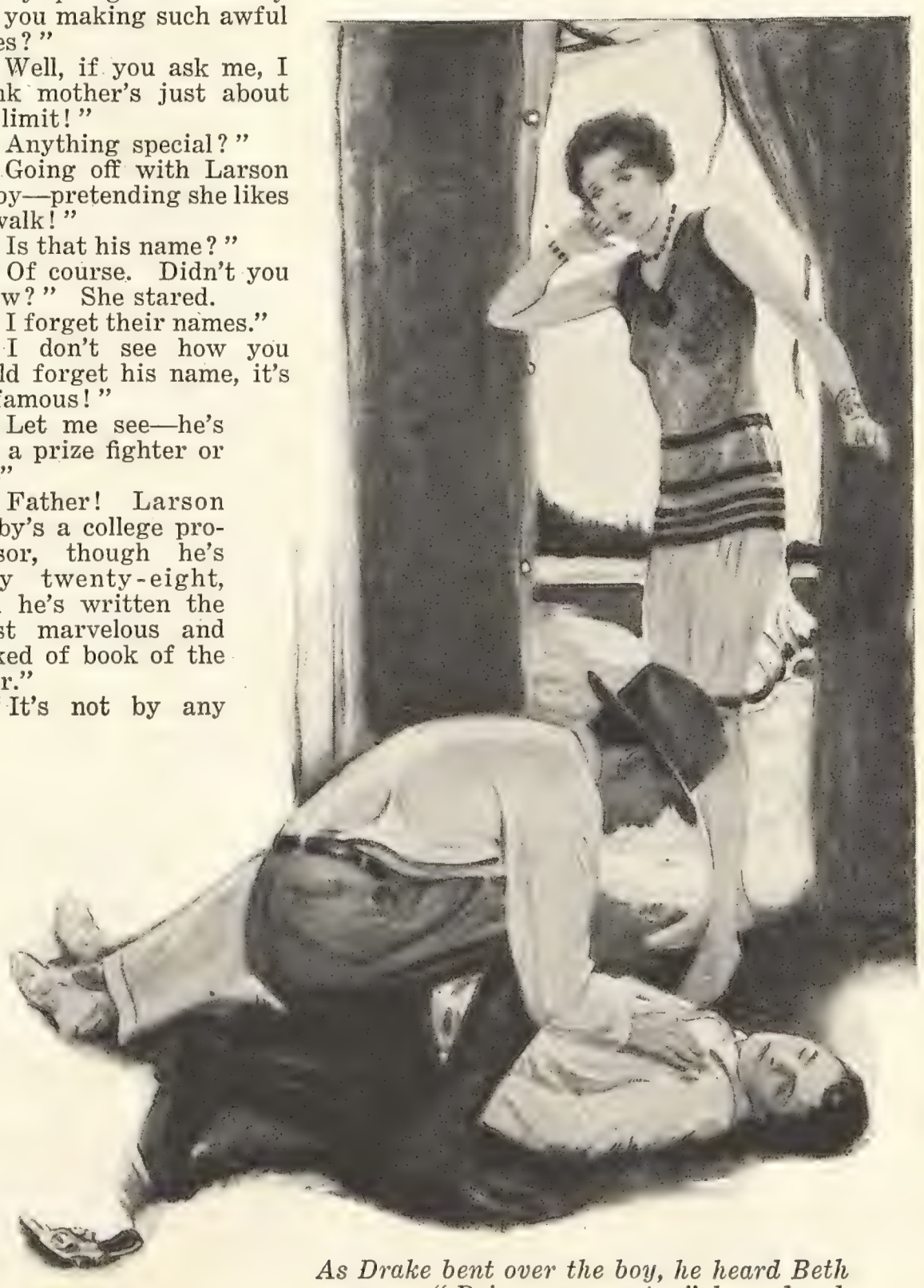
Beth turned to Larson Colby. "Will you come too?"

"Surest thing you know!"

He didn't look like a college professor and he had lost something of his British air of negligence. Drake liked him—much better now that Terry was gone.

"Picnics—ghastly bore," Ronnie muttered. But he didn't refuse to go.

The picnicking place was high up in the mountains. There was a very sporty trout stream, a nearby



As Drake bent over the boy, he heard Beth scream. "Bring some water," he ordered.

spring, a lake about ten times as big as the one at home and walled in with evergreens, save for a small clearing at one end where they pitched their camp.

AT 5 o'clock Drake and Buddy were coming in with a string of fish. Hanson had gone ahead to make ready for departure. Ronnie was lying in the grass with his book. Beth and young Colby were out toward the middle of the lake, swimming for shore.

Suddenly Beth disappeared. She came up choking and strangling. As she went under again, Colby turned and swam quickly toward her. Ronnie—he could exert himself in emergency—made a dash for the boat. Colby grasped Beth by her bobbed hair, flung her over on her back, shouted that he didn't need the boat. As Drake and Buddy came in on the run, he stood up in waistdeep water, lifting Beth in his arms.

"She must have been taken with cramps," he said, as he put her down on the grass and started administering violent first aid.

Drake looked down at his daughter, who had been swimming like a porpoise since she was five. Her mouth and her eyes were screwed up very tight. "Ouch!" she screamed, when she could endure the combined efforts of Colby and Ronnie no longer. "Have a heart!" Then, carefully avoiding her brother, she let herself sink back into Colby's arms.

Ronnie snorted with disgust, but Drake smiled. Beth had more of her mother in her than he had thought!

Buddy, who had wandered off after the first excitement was over, raced back now, shouting, "What do you know? The truck's gone!"

"Maybe Hanson has parked it somewhere else," Drake said, as they all—Beth included—leaped to their feet.

"No, it's gone. He's gone. Oh, boy!"—Buddy's blue eyes sparkled—"it's like a story where the guide sneaks off and leaves the hero high and dry! Oh, boy, I hope he doesn't come back!"

Where the truck had been was an astonishing supply of provisions, blankets, tents.

"Looks as if we're in for a camping trip," Drake observed.

Beth, very spry for a young lady who had just escaped drowning, gave him a suspicious glance. "I think it's a grand lark. Hope you don't mind *too* much, Mr. Colby?"

"I'm strong for it." There was a newly kindled admiration in his eyes. In a drawingroom Beth was no match for Terry, but here she could hold her own against anybody.

Colby helped Drake to set up the tents and construct a stone oven. He and a resentful Ronnie chopped firewood for supper. But when it came time to start the meal, they had all vanished. Drake, after hallooing vainly in every direction, sat down on a log, feeling about as sore as a man well could. These spoonfed youngsters of his shirked even the law of the woods, He who won't work shall not eat. "Let 'em go hungry. That'll teach 'em!" he muttered.

Buddy hove in sight from the lake, carrying some bark contraption filled with—yes, actually—cleaned fish. "Learned it from the Scout Manual," he declared proudly. "I brought a copy along, just in case."

Thank heaven, Drake breathed to himself, he had one child with some sand in him!

"Well, of all the rummy tricks!" Buddy took in the significance of the deserted camping site. "Never mind, dad, I know how to make a fire—"

He rushed around importantly, brought up the wood, opened tins, sliced bread, cut a forked stick to broil the sausages on. "Oh, boy, this is the greatest thing ever happened to me!"

He stood first on one foot, then the other, broiling himself along with the sausages. His face was livid, his fair hair tousled, his eyes glittered with satisfaction. "Can't we stay all summer? I won't have to be scrubbed on every minute and I can just wear the same clothes—like *Huck Finn*."

With coffee and sausages smelling to high heaven, the shirkers trailed in, sniffing. Beth had grace to gasp at sight of the abundantly furnished table. "Oh, father, I never once thought about supper!"

"I guess you're thinking about it now," he said grimly, as they all gathered round.

"I say, that *was* a snide trick." Young Colby glanced across at Beth. "Suppose we cook the breakfast?"

She turned almost white under her cherished tan. "But—I don't know how to—"

"Never learn any younger," her father said curtly.

That night, long after the rest were asleep, a candle burned in her tent.

Strolling past, Drake saw her sitting crosslegged on the cot, Buddy's manual in her lap. One didn't have to be a mind reader to know that it was open at the section on Camp Cooking. He began to think of the author of Quinlan in Quest of his Soul in terms of a son-in-law.

THREE days passed. Food, with the addition of fish, was sufficient. Nobody, unless it was Ronald, cared whether they were rescued or not. He for the most part lay around in the grass, not even reading. Sometimes he stared at the sky; sometimes with tragic, embittered eyes out toward the lake. Drake still tried at intervals to draw him into conversation, but the boy always shut up like a clam at his approach, gazed at him with hostile, suffering eyes. Perhaps, after all, it had been a mistake to bring him up here.

He lent half hearted help, though, with the wood chopping and dish washing; grumbled that he didn't see why people with

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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[A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLF
Continued from page twenty-seven]

brains should do such menial work.

"Who said you had brains?" Buddy demanded. "If gobbling up all the food the rest of us can catch and cook—"

"Catch!" Ronnie growled scathingly.

Buddy wilted. He had with the aid of the manual devised certain snares for enticing rabbits; but, though he made hopeful twice daily rounds, no bunny had yet been obliging enough to blunder into one of them.

AS Drake was coming back to camp the next afternoon with a string of trout, Beth ran toward him, trembling and out of breath. "Buddy's gone!" she announced.

"Gone—?"

She nodded, one hand over her heart. "Since lunch. He went off to look at his traps and he hasn't come back. Mr. Colby and I were in the boat and I—he—well, we forgot all about Buddy. And, of course," she burst out as if it were a relief to blame part of it on somebody else, "you can't depend on that moon eyed Ronnie for anything!"

"Where is Ronnie?" They were walking swiftly back to camp.

"Goodness only knows."

Drake noted the late afternoon sun glistening on the wall of evergreens which barricaded the lake and remembered that tonight there was no moon. "I told Buddy never to go farther than the traps—"

"But he did. Larson"—she used the name unconsciously—"found one of the traps had been dragged off. He located it, but no sign of Buddy. He *couldn't* have been near the lake or we would have seen him."

She averted her eyes as she hurried along.

A pistol shot rang out from the direction of the camp.

"Oh, maybe Larson's found him!" She started to run.

Drake dropped the trout and ran too. There was only one firearm on the place, the clumsy old pistol which Pete had left. At the camp, no Larson, no Buddy. Beth stood, hand to heart, staring round her. But Drake hurled himself toward the men's tent — jerked aside the flap.

Ronnie lay huddled on the ground. A small stream of blood oozed from his shirt. A few feet away lay the pistol. As Drake bent over the boy, he heard Beth scream. "Bring some water," he ordered, as he tore open the blood stained shirt. There was only a small flesh wound in the shoulder. The heart, doubtless aimed at, was untouched.

Drake stared down at him. He had read of such things in the papers—young boys, college students— He had considered them fantastic, extraordinary cases. But Ronnie—surely that youthful and rather amusing *Weltschmerz* of his—

Where had *he* been all these years that this son, who was certainly more dear to him than all his achievements and accumulations, should have grown up so entirely beyond his ken? Perhaps a man either grew with his children or grew away from them. But was there no bridging the gap?

Beth came back with the water, doused it in Ronnie's face. When he sat up, staring vacantly around him, she went quickly out of the tent and let the flap fall.

He gave a resentful kick to the pistol. "Damn it all! Might have known I'd make a mess of it with that thing!"

"Did you have to do it with anything?"

"Yes." He fixed his eyes sullenly on the ground. "Everything was rotten enough before, but up here—dish washing!" His voice cracked, made the two octave jump. He turned a dark brick red. Damnable his most tragic moment had to be burlesqued, his whole existence made ludicrous!

But Drake felt little inclination to smile. "Buddy's lost," he said. "Colby's been hunting him for hours."

"Buddy lost?" Ronnie repeated—not more dazedly than usual.

"It's too bad you should have seen fit to incapacitate yourself."

"I'm not incapacitated." The boy got to his feet.

COLBY returned. Knowing nothing of the near tragedy, he insisted they make a complete circle round the territory into which Buddy might conceivably have strayed; insisted also on taking the lone sector himself. When the manpower of the camp left—Ronnie looking rather white and shaken, but not otherwise the worse for wear—Beth stood with her back to the fire and waved to them. She was to keep the blaze going in the hope that Buddy might see it.

Her small, taut figure put Drake in mind of the great-grandmothers who had braved the perils of these same woods, perhaps alone. Beth had just as good stuff in her, but she'd never had a chance before to show it.

All night long the search went on. Drake and Ronnie plodded along side by side in silence or separated for a time to come together again — in silence. Drake yearned over him, but he wouldn't risk just now another rebuff. He recalled, too, the agonizing shyness he himself had felt at Ronnie's age in discussing certain things. Adults forgot too soon those tortures.

Sometime toward morning the boy began to talk. The darkness, the ominous hush of the woods, the suspense about Buddy—something—loosed his tongue. Drake had for the most part only to listen like a priest in the confessional—throw in a question or a murmur of assent now and then.

"Nobody, not even the teachers at school, believed in anything." Ronnie came at last to that. "And then I got hold of some books that made me think life was just vile and futile. After that I joined one of the atheist societies. Well,

you know you and mother don't believe in anything particularly—God and all that—and your marriage is a good deal of a farce.

"Of course, mother doesn't count much anyhow—she's a featherweight. But even at that, to see her smiling at those sapheads not much older than I am, basking in their silly admiration—gosh, it makes you sick right to the pit of your stomach!"

Once more Drake reflected that there was plenty he ought to say, and again couldn't lay hold on just the right thing.

"And you were always so busy—or somewhere else. If I could have talked to you sooner. I tried—oh, you don't know how hard I tried—but I couldn't nerve myself up to it. Thought I'd be making a fool of myself—" He gulped. Even in the darkness he couldn't yet bring himself to look at his confessor. Those agonies of bashfulness. "If I'd realized you'd been through the same things, that I wasn't abnormal or—or different. You were just about everything I thought I'd like to be when I was a man—I couldn't imagine you'd ever been any other way—"

Drake accepted that unconscious tribute in silence. He knew he didn't deserve it, but that didn't make it any the less grateful.

"I know lots of fellows at school in the same fix. They can't talk to their fathers—or maybe their fathers and mothers are divorced—and they won't join in the filthy discussions with the other boys. It's hard to get by if you don't happen to like filth—"

"Maybe it's not as hard as you think. We'll have to figure out some of those things together. I'm going to have more time from now on—"

Later, Ronnie added, "Father, I'm going to help with that haying next week. I guess work's what I need all right, all right." They fell silent again, a shrived, companionable silence.

AT 8 o'clock the searchers returned to camp, and still no Buddy. Beth, who had cried most of the night, had breakfast ready for them. Only disaster, it seemed, could weld a sadly disunited family. Buddy all his nine years had been the bane of Beth's and Ronnie's existence. Now they both hovered round Drake, hoping from his stoical calm to gain some assurance that the "family nuisance," as they often called him, would yet be found.

"What's that?" Beth jumped up nervously as a strange noise smote the stillness of the woods.

"It's Pete with the truck." Drake started down the trail, followed by the others. He hadn't expected Pete today, but thank heaven he was here. If anybody could find Buddy, he could and would.

They saw Pete. Then—Drake's heart sank into the ground at his feet. Terry was with him! More beautiful than ever, thanks to Doris Aiken, exquisitely gowned in the kind of sports clothes never meant to be worn off a veranda—and all unsuspecting. If she was angry, she concealed it. But her eyes narrowed at sight of Beth standing very close to Larson Colby with an air of challenging proprietorship.

"Hello, runaways!" she cried, waving her scarf at them. "Next time, Beth, you'd better take at least a change. You're a sight to behold. And blood on Ronnie's shirt—and Mart— Well, I must say you're a bedraggled bunch of *Crusoes!*"

They were, too, though they wouldn't have known it but for the contrast with her perfection.

"How do you do, Mr. Larson Colby!" Ironic amusement flickered in her eyes. "Did they bring you along for the man *Friday?*"

Colby flushed. But it was Beth who stepped forward, chin in air. "Mother, Mr. Colby and I are engaged. And—I don't think it's very nice of you to call him a man *Friday!*"

"Engaged—so that's it?" Terry's satirical laughter rippled on the quiet air. Her eyes sought her husband's. "That's what you brought them up here for, was it?"

"Father"—Beth turned to him—"I was going to tell you last night, but I couldn't after Buddy—" She broke off.

A hush settled down on the little group.

TERRY glanced round with an alert but not yet suspicious movement. "By the way, where *is* Buddy?"

Beth burst into sobs and dropped down on a soap box. Terry waited ominously. "Where is Buddy?" she demanded again harshly.

"We don't know," Drake managed at last to say.

"You mean you've brought *my* child up here and let something happen to him?" All the brilliance faded from Terry's face.

She might be a middle aged flirt, but she was also—when you got down to rock bottom—a mother.

"We don't know," Drake said again mechanically.

"He's lost," Colby supplied. "We've been searching all night."

Terry didn't even look at him. She concentrated all her fire on her husband. "*My* child—*my* baby—you've brought him up here and let him get lost!"

She glanced round at the encompassing forests and shivered. She had always hated woods and this justified her aversion.

"He's my child, too, you know."

There was an intolerable silence. Only Beth's stifled sobbing could be heard.

Then—Buddy Drake himself marched into camp. Triumphant,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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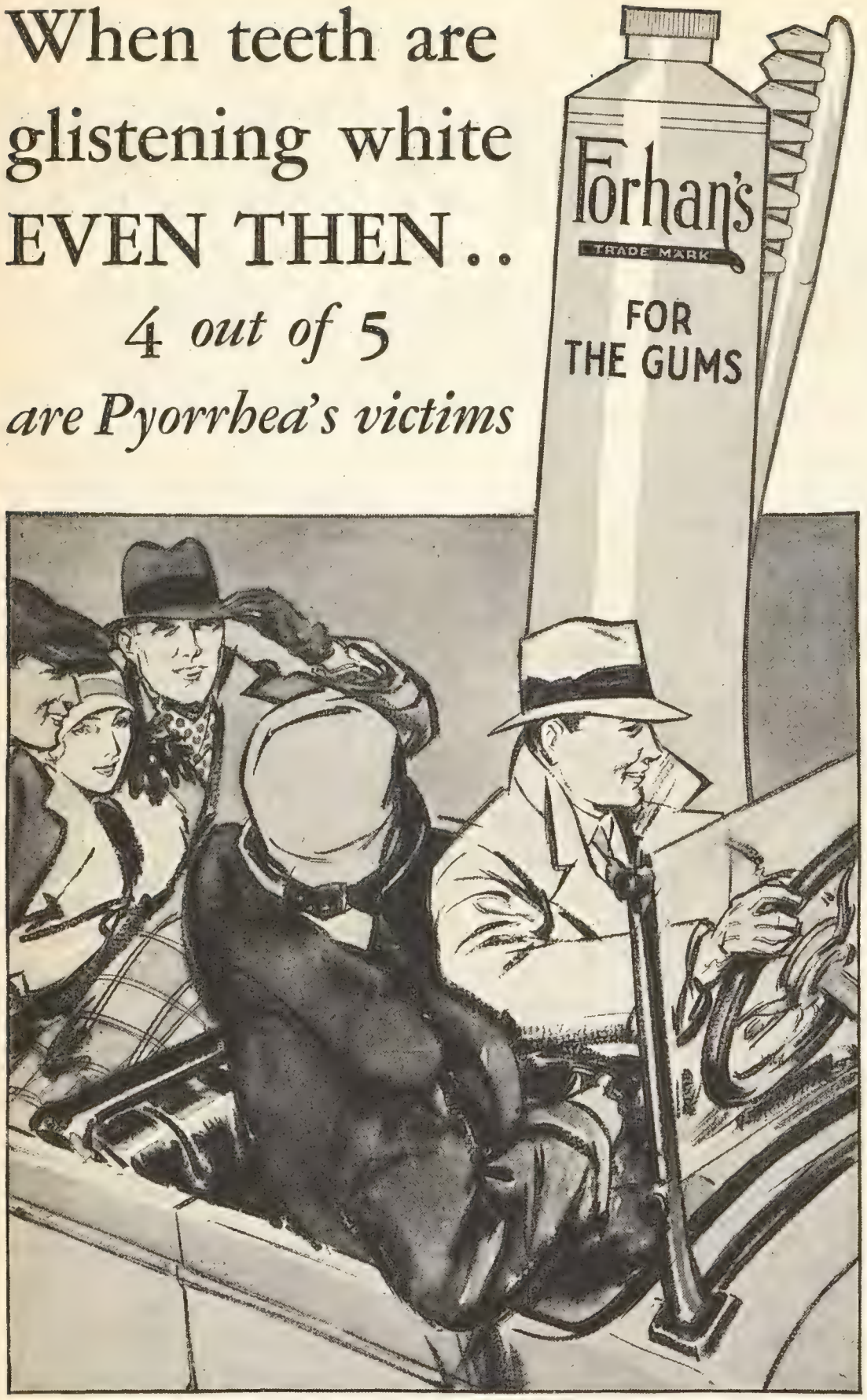

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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLF
Continued from page twenty-nine]

a rabbit slung over his shoulder, the trusty manual protruding from his pocket. Barefoot, hatless, smeared from top to toe with dirt and blood.

"There"—he threw his precious trophy on the ground and eyed his elder brother defiantly—"who says I can't catch anything?"

The first excitement over, he sat complacently occupying the center of the stage while he stowed away incredible quantities of breakfast and related his night's adventures. He insisted he had never really been lost at all.

"You must come straight and wash yourself and put on some of the clean things I brought," Terry said when he had finished.

Buddy gave her a despairing glance. His tone was patient but firm. "Can't now, mother. I've got to skin this rabbit."

Beth deserted Colby for a moment—they were going out for a farewell row—and ran over to her father. "Dad, I'm so happy about Buddy and—everything. Larson and I just want you to know we think this was the grandest and cleverest scheme!"

She gave him a tempestuous hug, then sped off to join her lover. Soon their laughter came back across the water.

What did it profit a man if he gained the world—including all its golf tournaments—and lost his own children? Drake glanced from Buddy, intent on his hard earned rabbit, to the tent where Terry had withdrawn.

If only he could make her understand that this had been another successful calamity. If only—he walked slowly toward the tent—but perhaps that was too much to hope.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

Requiescat

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

[Matthew Arnold, son of the famous head master of Rugby, was born at Laleham, Middlesex, 1822. He studied at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford, and was a fellow of Oriel. In 1857 he received the appointment of professor of poetry at Oxford. He died at Liverpool in 1888. He wrote Empedocles on Etna, Essays in Criticism, and other books of poems and essays.]

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did, too.

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined ample Spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death.

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The Wail of a Fan Who Likes His Fighters Rough

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Pictures by REA IRVIN

(Reading time: 15 minutes 27 seconds.)

ONE night not long after the fight between Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney, I strolled into one of those oases so popular along Broadway. The Queen of the Hostesses came over and shook hands in her forthright fashion.

"Evening, my boy," quoth she in her throaty tones. "What willst thou have? Er—I mean, what wouldst thou have had if that dry agent hadn't just oozed in? He's plastered now, going around the night clubs absorbing evidence; but he looks thirsty, so I'll trot over and disconnect him from some of the taxpayers' dough he's blowing. All these dry agents are disguised as gentlemen, but they can't fool me. I'll be back presently, so just sit tight and maybe you'll get a draw. Meanwhile, here's one of your playmates barging in."

As the fascinating hostess departed to dampen the dry agent's palate, I looked toward the entrance. Tacking between the tables, nodding to everybody, and heading in my direction, was none other than James Aloysius Durk, bon vivant, night lifer, fight fan for thirty years, scofflaw, poker wizard, spicy yarn spinner, and inside expert on most of Broadway's amusingly shady deals. A waiter grinned, pulled out a chair, and the Durk sat down.

"Tunney wins in Philadelphia. And he suddenly high hats the whole world, going in for culture and two dollar words."

"Wine," he said to the hovering hired hand. "And never mind that rechristened pale ginger ale you slip the hicks, the college kids, and the Volstead ferrets. When I say wine I mean wine; and I mean wine at fifteen dollars a quart, not twenty-five."

The waiter nodded and hurried away, and Durk turned to me.

"I saw you perched in the press box at the fight the other night," he said, playfully blindfolding himself and lighting a cigarette. I nodded. When Jack Dempsey had come into the arena and found his number in the first row of the ringside seats, I had turned to shake hands with him across the narrow aisle that separated the working press benches from his section.

Next to Jack sat James Aloysius Durk, and next to Durk sat Harry Sinclair, and next to Harry Sinclair sat a slightly pickled gent with a polished cow's horn over whose tooting he quarreled with the head usher; and next to the gaga gent sat one of Al Capone's torpedoes.

"Yes," I replied, making whoopee with Durk's wine. "How'd you like our Gene? You told me on the train after the Philadelphia bout that that scrap was a fake; that Dempsey sold out to the gamblers; and you mentioned the gamblers by name and how much they made, and a lot of other broadcasting that occurred to you.

"Also you told me Tunney couldn't fight; that he was just a big, conceited, second rate, orthodox boob, that led with his left and crossed with his right while lamming round on his little bicycle.

"Well, you saw what he did to Heeney, didn't you? Do you want to take a plea, or are you going to sit here guzzling this bunk champagne they just made out in the garage, and take it on the chin as a false prophet and a nitwit expert?"

"Don't squawk to me about nitwit experts," snorted James Aloysius, plunging his beak in the bubbling goblet again. "You should talk about nitwit experts, sitting up there at ringside among 'em—where you belong after predicting Firpo would lick Dempsey in the thirteenth round!

"Well, what about our Gene? What's what he did to Heeney got to do with it? If I didn't know you'd been following the fight game for more than twenty years and know what it's all about, I'd think you was going to join the chorus of experts who've suddenly turned into loudspeakers as to what a great champion Tunney is.

"You know, one of the troubles with the boxing racket in New York is a two time defect: first, except for about two old-timers, there isn't a one of the fight writers that has any background. I mean, most of 'em are around thirty or forty years old. Their whole lives has been spent around the East. Not one of 'em ever saw a heavyweight champion before Dempsey. They never saw a heavyweight championship fight before Jack stopped the wilted lily of France, unless maybe it was that junk that Willard and Frank Moran staged.

"Not only they don't know anything about heavyweight fights and fighters, but most of them are on the fight pay roll. I mean they collect heavy for getting all excited in print about some joke heavyweight bout Rickard's about to stage. You ought to see poor innocent Tex lose big bank rolls shooting craps with the experts!

"Take that ridiculous elimination tournament that dragged on for a year or so while Tex was trying to dig up some avoirdupois to toss in there with Gene. Maybe Jack Sharkey of Boston had the makin's of a heavy in him, but the rest sure was palooka strain, prime and unadulterated. Yet the papers was filled with two dollar words and jitney logic about what a great contender was going to emerge from the tournament.

"Well, everybody eliminated themselves and Tex thought they were going to eliminate him. So he goes down to Miami to mingle in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[A GENTLEMANLY BRUTE Continued from page thirty-one]

society where Tunney's going big, and they get together and talk about which lemon to squeeze.

"Gene picks Heeney. He says, all solemn, that Heeney's the survivor of the tournament; that he's a popular Britisher and will give the bout the proper foreign angle; and besides he can whip Heeney, which is probably the most important angle of all.

"Tex is wise and knows that Gene and Heeney are terrible, that it won't draw much more than a good lightweight scrap, and he asks Gene to wait till fall comes so's most of his six hundred millionaires will be back in town. And maybe he can talk Dempsey into trying it once more. But Tunney insists on Heeney and he insists on a July date and he insists on going up to Speculator to train where nobody can see him.

"So they agree on July 26 in the Yankee Stadium and on Heeney. You saw for yourself what a historic flop the whole thing was.

"WELL, before I talk about that Gorgonzola cheese scrap, let's take a look at our friend Gene since the night he romped away with the decision in Philadelphia.

"I told you several things that night on the train, didn't I? I told you to watch all the second raters try to coax Gene into a bout. Did they or didn't they? Didn't Sharkey, for example, foam all over the mouth for two years trying to get Rickard to match 'em? See what happened to him when he gets in there with Dempsey!

"I told you that when the time came for the Tunney-Dempsey return bout ballyhoo to start that the papers would be filled with stories of how Jack had disappeared into the California mountains to train with grizzlies and rattlesnakes and chop down redwoods and keep the world in suspense till he was satisfied he could make the grade in a comeback.

"Well, it all happened like I said, didn't it?

"And I told you that Dempsey owned twenty-five per cent interest in all of Tunney's earnings while he was champ, didn't I? You didn't seem to believe this, and Tunney denied it, and all his personal press agents who run columns in the New York papers—there's two of 'em especially on the knee to the champ—laughed at what I said and denied it. I never heard of Dempsey denying it, though.

"Well, what happened to that statement of mine? About nine months after the Philadelphia frame up, didn't Boo Boo Hoff come out with a signed contract saying he was to have twenty per cent of all Tunney's earnings? The New York *Daily News* spilled the story; it was a clean scoop on the country. But it was only a confirmation of what I told you, wasn't it?

"I did miss it by five per cent, but what in hell's five per cent so far as the principle of the thing is concerned, or the truth of my statement? Of course, as I told you on the train that night, Dempsey probably didn't do business direct about that percentage stunt, and I wondered how it would be arranged.

"I never thought of Boo Boo, but there it comes out later that it was through him the scheme was agreed on. I've seen the contract with my own eyes. Of course, Tunney says he has repudiated it, and Boo Boo threatened to go to court. But they put a lot of pressure on Hoff, and being a good fellow he laid back till they could put on that Tunney-Heeney laugh the other night.

"Unless they get to Boo Boo some way, or unless Boo Boo hasn't got clean hands to come into court with, there ought to be some interesting testimony about that contract before it's all over.

"Well, Tunney wins in Philadelphia and becomes unpopular. And he suddenly high hats the whole world, going in for culture and two dollar words, which he gets all balled up when he springs 'em, and he mingles with the amused society people in Palm Beach, who're all bored and wishing some new court jester would romp in, and he decides to meet Dempsey again.

"Tunney trains in the seclusion of a sylvan dell—he would—and the reporters hate to be assigned out there."

"Gene gets awful sore if you talk to him about Dempsey's color and drawing powers, thinking himself the biggest box office magnet the world ever saw. He simply can't realize that compared to the old scowling mauler from the underworld he's about as colorful and popular as a sick codfish.

"But Rickard knows. He knows he's got to get the biggest arena in the world, so he takes the scrap out to Soldiers' Field in Chicago, and Dempsey draws that joint full of people and the box office snags about two and half *big* grand. He trains down at one of the race tracks—he would—and he's popular as ever. Tunney trains in the pretty seclusion of a sylvan dell—he would—and the reporters and photographers, save for his personal column conductor press agents, hate to be assigned out there.

"Somebody whispers a hint to Tunney that he's a washout with the writing boys to whom Tex Rickard loses such interesting amounts, and Tunney tries to be a good Indian, talking to children he hates and glad handing visitors he despises and being nice to newspaper men he loathes, especially feeling contempt for the lads who stare at him with open mouthed awe and veneration.

"A GOOD Indian! I'll say he was an Indian, all right; and they ought to call him Chief Long Count from now on. He gets knocked dead in the seventh round and sits there stupid and out, like all poor lads who get one caromed off their chins; and the gamblers, who was cheated by the Illinois Boxing Commission when they stuck stiff legged Dave Barry in there as referee, have to sit and watch a sap referee fail to pick up the count after he gets Dempsey to his corner and lets Tunney rise and mount his bicycle and pedal away till Dempsey damn near falls dead trying to catch him.

"It's all mixed up, all right; but it ain't any more mixed up than this fight racket as Broadway plays it.

"So Tunney goes on back to his society playmates, and begins to believe that he was conscious all the time he was on the canvas in Chicago, and tells how alert he was and how Napoleonic he figured out his next move and how he retreated strategically until he had Dempsey where he wanted him.

"I saw Tunney in Miami last winter and he'd take a couple of working fellows into a beach speakeasy I frequented and buy 'em a drink, and while they was drinking proudly with the champion I'd watch Tunney's sharp gray eyes. And all I could see in his eyes was contempt for his guests. He hates boxing and the boxing world and everything connected with it save the do re mi do, and he can't get much of that until another Dempsey comes along to box him.

"After the Chicago fight Dempsey laughs and keeps his trap shut and don't alibi and goes on

back to his lovely home on Los Feliz Boulevard in Hollywood. He does a little private gymnasium work and a few miles on the road, and being a little better than half smart he realizes he's through with the racket, that Tunney's too good for him at last, and that his poor old legs won't work fast enough and long enough to make it possible to whip the champ.

"Now that thing with Heeney. I see the boxing writers has all blowed up since it happened and are talking about the marvelous champion and how he defended his title so nobly and how Tunney now ranks with the great champions of the past — none of which they ever saw or know anything about.

"Well, what happened? Nothing except a two legged punching bag walked in wide open and took a lacing. Heeney hasn't an ounce of brains; he can't hit; he can't box; he's just another Ed Dunkhorst, a human freight car.

"For nine rounds he chased Tunney around the ring, and Tunney back pedaled and tore him to pieces with about eighteen thousand lefts and rights to the face and ribs. He hit the big dub with everything except the microphone, and it had about as much effect on Heeney as if I'd socked him.

"First one eye goes, and then the nose, and then a cut under the chin, and then a lot of raps under the heart, and finally Tom falls down exhausted and bloody.

"Tunney's supposed to be the gentleman of boxing, the scholar, the cultured baby who's going to uplift prize fighting. As a matter of fact, he put on the bloodiest, most brutal exhibition I ever saw —the most futile, second rate performance any heavyweight champion ever staged. It was sickening to watch Heeney's features disappear one by one until it looked as though he was wearing a liver instead of a head above his shoulders.

"HOW many times do you suppose Dempsey would have had tc sock that wide open target? When did Dempsey ever beat anybody till he was a sickening scarlet clot? All Jack did was sock 'em and let the count begin.

"When did Jim Jeffries ever batter anybody to pieces without failing to drop him cold and out? 'How about Tom Sharkey?' Gene's press agents will scream if you write what I'm telling you tonight. Well, how about Sharkey? I wonder if said press agents will have the crust to compare Tom Sharkey to that ham Heeney? Let me tell you, brother, if it had been Sharkey in there the other night getting flicked across the face with those lefts of Tunney's, he'd have tore in and broke Gene in two.

"When did old Fitz, one sixty-two pounds and skinny, ever need eleven rounds to pummel a heavyweight to bloody fragments before the sucker fell exhausted but perfectly conscious and not knocked out at all? When Fitz landed they were asleep before they started to topple! 'How about Corbett, and Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil?' Gene's pals will scream. 'It took Fitz longer than eleven rounds to stop those two.'

"Well, I wonder if they'll have the nerve to compare Heeney to the Nonpareil or to Gentleman Jim?

"It's all a lot of hooey, brother, trying to compare Tunney to the great champions, the John L. Sullivans, the Corbetts, the Fitzsimmonses, the Jeffrieses, the Johnsons, and the Dempseys. Would Tex Rickard—or the fight fans—rather have another Gene Tunney develop and come along, or would they prefer a Dempsey or a Bob Fitzsimmons?

"A sap referee lets Tunney rise and mount his bicycle and pedal away."

"IF Gene Tunney is a gentleman and is uplifting the boxing game, I wish personally they'd bring another Jack Dempsey who would degrade the sport.

"Everybody's lost his perspective. I guess that ain't a two dollar word, eh, doc? Everybody's gone blah. Why, some officer in the navy or the marines or something just wired Gene the other day that now that he had retired he'd be glad to know that he had conferred a great boon and uplift on amateur sport. What sense is there in such a crack as that? What the hell did Tunney do to uplift amateur sport? If he couldn't uplift his own professional gang, what did he have to do with the amateurs?

"And in just what way has he uplifted boxing? Has any boxer taken a vow to be more like Gene? Have the promoters changed any? Have the gamblers solemnly decided never to be naughty again and bet on a sure thing? Has boxing been changed a tiny fraction because Gene Tunney came along, won a title from a great champion who lay down, and defended his title twice, once in a bout where he was knocked cold and once against a fatheaded punching bag who finally had to lie down because he was so tired he couldn't carry on?

"And now he's retired—Gentleman Gene has left the ring flat! He's going to hike around with a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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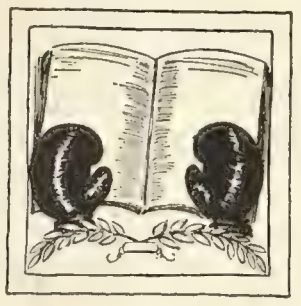
[A GENTLEMANLY BRUTE Continued from page thirty-three]

novelist and acquire more culture and two dollar words. Not satisfied with retiring and telling the truth—that he's quitting because there's nobody to fight who can draw a decent gate—he has to hand out a lot of junk about fearing he was going to lose his mind because a year ago a sparring partner butted him and he became unconscious with a brain fever or something for a long time.



"He says he was haunted by the fear of insanity. Well, I'll bet the young man who listened credulously to Gene spin his yarn is going to be haunted by that interview in a year or so when Tex Rickard digs up a colorful contender and Gene gravely announces that he has decided to return to the ring in defense of the title he's now laying aside.

"Of course Tunney will fight again. He knows deep down inside that he himself isn't a drawing card; but let Dempsey knock off a few contenders and claim the crown, and watch Gene come back and explain that he can't let Dempsey be champion because he whipped Jack twice—and also because Jack can pull a million or two dollars into the box office any time he starts."

James Aloysius Durk wound up his monologue with his seventh signal to the waiter.

"I take it you don't like Gene Tunney," I remarked.

"Like him!" exclaimed Aloysius. "What's that got to do with it? Of course I like him. I've won a lot of jack on him since he crawled into the ring at Philadelphia. I bet on him then because the sure thing gamblers were stringing with him. I bet on him in Chicago because, when they refused a first rate referee like Davy Miller and put in a bounding gazelle like Barry, I figured that the scandal would be too great if Dempsey won after the Philadelphia flop and that Gene was slated to win unless Dempsey crossed everybody by knocking him out.

"And of course I bet on him this last time because if I drink much more of this champagne I could whip Heeney myself. I'll bet on Tunney against all of the tripe in the ring today except one man."

"Who's that?" I inquired.

"Jack Sharkey. If Sharkey has one of his lunatic nights, one of his inspired performances on tap, such as he had when he whipped Harry Wills and Jack Delaney, he can kick Tunney's head off.

"Well, here it is after four o'clock," said James Aloysius Durk, beckoning for the check. "I see our lady friend has got her third dry agent pickled. What a lot of pests these politicians are, trying to show up Al Smith's town by raiding Broadway night clubs! I hope they don't catch this gal and park her in some nice clean jail.

"So long, skipper. I'm on my way now to bed. See you at ringside when Tunney reconsiders his retirement and comes back to defend his title against Dempsey or Sharkey or some other lad now out in the sticks getting ready to lay down a leather barrage against the bums masquerading as heavyweights today."

NOTE: The views in this article are those of Mr. Durk, and perhaps of Mr. Sutherland. They are not those of the editors of LIBERTY, who think on the contrary that Mr. Tunney is about the cleverest and most admirable of all prize fighters. He had the good sense to use the pugilistic world and not to be used by it. He employed his boxing ability to the utmost, got to be champion, and quit at the pinnacle of his career, with a million dollars—some say two million—in his bank account. We wish to say that we don't quite see why Mr. Durk should assume this lofty tone. We also wish to extend our felicitations to Mr. Tunney and the lady who, as these lines were written, was to become his bride.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Would They?

Billy, on a camping trip in the mountains, grew lonesome for the city and his playmates.

"Papa, I'm sick of these mountains," he complained. "When are we going home?"

"Why, don't you think it's nice to be way up here all by ourselves?"

"Yes," replied Billy; "but suppose the world should come to an end. We'd be the last ones to know it."—Charles Brown, San Quentin, Calif.

* * *

Small Talk

It was a hot day, and just before the rice pudding was set before him the young man had been slightly reproved. His expression indicated he didn't deserve it at all, but no attention was paid him. Presently, as if to shoot a little ginger into the conversation, he remarked genially:

"The raisins say they like to be eaten."

Still no attention. His face fell. With one more spoonful there was nothing left but rice.

"The rice," he said sadly, "don't say nuffin."—Howard Humiston, 28 Greenwich Ave., New York City.

* * *

That's a Stepmother

Gordon was listening to a story.

Aunt Bess (reading): "'Mary has a stepmother.' I will explain to you what a stepmother is."

Gordon: "I know, Auntie Bess, I know: it is a hen with ducks."—Mrs. Charles Loring, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Within the SAFE

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

"She went nearly crazy begging him then to run off with her, but he stuck to his guns."

A Story of Hidden Happiness

By

ERNEST POOLE

(Reading time: 22 minutes 36 seconds.)

RIGHT out upon the village street, in a pile of boards and broken timbers, lay a small black iron safe. Nobody noticed it at first; the neighbors were busy making repairs in the wrecked homes on every side. For, about a week before, on a black, wet, windy night, the waters of the Connecticut River had roared up through the lower part of that sober old New England town, and, with snap and crash of timbers, roofs and walls of houses had sagged in or toppled down and been whirled off into the night.

Scurrying lights and shouts and screams! On that brown and angry water, men and boys in boats, on rafts, worked all that night and the next few days, rescuing and salvaging. An old man and a crippled girl were drowned. Lapping, sucking, rending, tearing, the river kept on with a low, grim roar as though it would never have enough.

But at last the waters began to recede; and now, in the mud and desolation, incongruous objects were revealed—and among them that small safe.

Somebody spied it and pried it out, and others stopped to look at it. Its black paint was dull with age and the gold lines on the little door were so faint as scarcely to be seen. No name, no initials. Who was the owner? It lay in front of old Dan Twitchell's ruined frame house, while old Dan, with a broken rib and arm, lay in the hospital up on the hill.

Old Twitchell's married son came to look over his father's house; and when asked about the safe, he answered that his father had never had one in his life. Then old Judge Lewis came one day, and with the help of his chauffeur lifted the safe into his car and drove off with it up to his home.

"It belongs to a client of mine," he said; "and when he heard that it was here he asked me to take care of it."

Day by day and week by week, the steady life of the old town settled back into its regular channels, like the great river down below. The flood was a thing of the past, thank God. Yes, but what a flood it had been! Now began a grand old gossip on those long November nights! And among the stories of the antics of the flood this one about the safe was told.

"It took a great big iron safe"—for the safe had become a big one now—"and tore it out of somebody's house and dumped it out on to the street! Who's the owner? An' what's the judge keepin' it a secret for?"

Inquisitive questions were asked of the judge. He only smiled and shook his head. But then his youngest daughter, Jane, confided to a friend at school that she had heard her father tell her mother that the safe belonged to old Dan Twitchell sure enough! And the friend went home and told her mother, and soon it was all over town.

"What's he want a safe for?" the excited

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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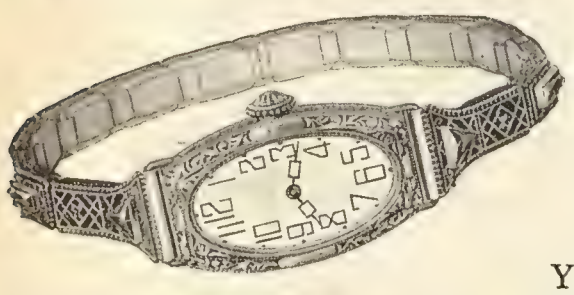

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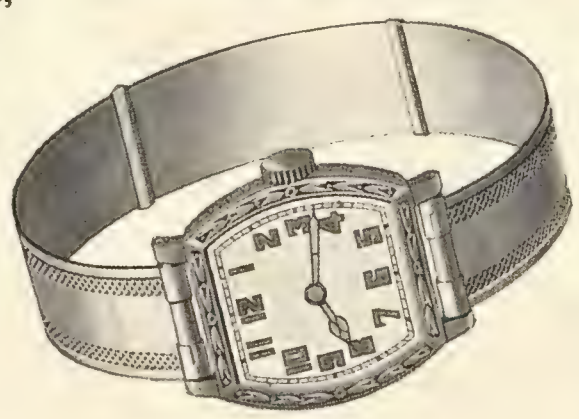

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[WITHIN THE SAFE Continued from page thirty-five]

gossips asked. "How long has he kept it hid in his house? He never even told his own son! What's he got in it, anyhow? Where'd *he* ever get enough for a big, heavy safe like that?"

And so, while old Dan Twitchell still lay in his bed at the hospital, eagerly his neighbors went back over the fifty-eight years of his life to find how he had gathered such treasure as to make a safe worth while! His had been such an uneventful life.

Only fourteen when his father died, Dan had left school to help his mother, and in the course of time had become the best carpenter in town.

He could drive miles up the river and look at some lovely old doorway there, and then come back and copy it from memory—and get it right.

He was good at old mantels and cabinets, too, and at fixing up old tables and chairs. Several times he had repaired the organ in the Baptist church, where he had been the organist.

"There's been a tolerable lot of talk about this safe of yours."

A lonely, silent figure, he had kept pretty much to himself ever since his wife had died. She was a thrifty, quiet sort, prim even for that sober town. They'd had only one child, a son. Yes, he might have saved up quite a lot of money in all those years—but he must have spent most of it on his boy. He had put young Dan through Dartmouth, and later had helped him start in business, and again in building a home.

Suddenly one old woman asked: "But how 'bout those trips of his?"

And that started them all over again. For, ever since the death of his wife, he had often gone off for a week or so; and where he had gone nobody knew.

"Did them trips he's been takin' all these years have anything to do," they asked, "with him needin' a big safe like that?"

WHEN old Dan came home from the hospital, at once he was an object of inquisitive interest. He had always been a slender man, with a narrow face and prominent cheek bones, thin, wide lips, and big, dark, nervous, twinkling eyes. A sensitive face, all lined with strains that his neighbors knew nothing about. And he certainly didn't look up to this job—for the front of his frame house was a sagging ruin still.

But, refusing all offers of volunteer aid, he hired a man and a husky boy to help him with the heavier timbers, and he started work that week. As to the safe he had little to say. When a friend inquired about it, he answered:

"I got it from old Mattie Grant, nigh on to thirty years ago, the winter that her husband died. She had no use for it any more, so she traded it in for some work I did there. I just took it to help her out. Thought maybe I could sell it some day. Do you want to buy it, Sam?"

"Why, no, Dan—I can't say that I do."

Old Twitchell grimly smiled at that, and rejoined in his low, rather musical voice:

"Dunno as I'd buy it if I were you. This whole blamed town would want to know: 'What's he want a safe for?'"

Sam gave a little start at that; but, carefully drawing a line on a board, old Dan continued, with that smile still faintly curling his thin lips:

"'He must be a miser,' they would say. 'Or maybe he has found a gold mine an' he's workin' it at night. There's somethin' mighty queer about this. If he needs a safe like that he must be quite a millionaire.'"

Old Twitchell then took up his saw and worked on without another word. He had little to say even to his son, when young Dan came down to offer his aid.

In his early thirties now, young Dan was a good real estate man and already pretty prosperous, shrewd, and careful, rather hard. He had a wife and three young children, he was a pillar of his church, and he had been keenly annoyed of late by all this gossip about old Dan — annoyed and sharply curious.

The two had never got on very

well, and they made a decided contrast now—the father thin and slightly stooped, the son so florid and large of build, with a genial, cheerful voice and smile.

"Hello, dad," he started in. "How you making out down here?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"You don't look it, dad, and you oughtn't to tackle this job at all. Why not let me look after it, and come up and stay with us awhile?"

"I like *my* house," old Twitchell said.

"I know; but you're a sick man still. It's bad enough on a day like this; and with cold weather just ahead—"

"Oh, we'll be indoors by then. We'll finish the outside work next week."

"Yes; but, I tell you, you're a sick man!"

"I KNOW—you told me that before! But if there's any chance I'll die, I propose to leave you this house in good shape! So I'll finish it up jest as quick as I can! I got something else I want to do!" And a sudden gleam of impatience, and of anticipation too, showed in his big, dark, twinkling eyes. His son's expression slightly changed to one of curiosity. "You got money enough to pay these men? Sure you need no help from me?"

"Not a dollar." There was a pause.

"Look here, father," asked young Dan. "About how much *have* you got saved?"

Old Twitchell shot up at his son a look ironic and amused. "You mean in that big safe of mine? Oh, I've got a fortune there!"

Young Dan forced a little laugh at this.

"No; but, joking aside," he persisted, "what in the name of common sense made you go and buy an old safe like that? It put me in a queer position, knowing nothing about it at all. Why didn't you ever mention it?"

"Because I took a notion that it was my own affair!" He added, in a kinder tone: "You better jest drop me off your mind. I got nothing at all against you, Dan. I did my best to start you off—an' you've done well; you've got the kind of life you like. But it ain't my kind. I'm different. An' I want to be alone awhile."

He kept to himself for the next two months. As soon as they finished the work outdoors, he paid off his helpers and moved inside. There were countless smaller repairs indoors and he kept at them steadily.

Early in March he finished his task, and took a long careful look around. Nothing left to be done. He was satisfied.

"Neat," he said in a low tone. Then he went to the telephone and called up his old friend, Judge Lewis.

"Hello, Tom. It's Dan," he said. "I've got the house fixed up down here, an' I'm 'bout ready for that safe—an' that other little thing of mine. I'd meant to come up an' get 'em myself, but I ain't so well as I might be, Tom—"

"Oh, that's all right. I'll bring 'em right down."

And the judge came down in his car that night. Together they brought the small safe indoors and set it down in the same closet where it had stood so many years. That whole corner of the house had been torn away by the flood, but it was all rebuilt again, and the new closet door had a Yale lock.

Judge Lewis smiled at sight of it.

"There's been a tolerable lot of talk about this safe of yours," he said.

"How about that other thing?" old Twitchell asked in a low tone. "Anyone got sight of it?"

"No; I've kept it hid away. It's out there in the car, wrapped up. I'll bring it in."

He did so. Old Dan, meanwhile, had cleared the table and moved the lamp off to one end, so the judge could set his burden down. About the size of a small soap box, it was wrapped in heavy paper. Judge Lewis smiled again and said:

"There'd be quite a buzz if they ever saw this!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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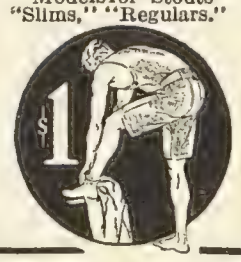

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[WITHIN THE SAFE Continued from page thirty-seven]

"They never will," was the curt reply.

The judge threw a curious glance at his friend.

"It's a lovely piece of carving, Dan."

"It ain't quite finished yet," was the answer.

"How'd you come to make it, though? What put the notion into your head?"

For a moment old Twitchell made no reply. Then, with his eyes on the package, he said:

"I'm go'n' to have to tell you quite a lot before I die."

With a slight start, the lawyer asked, "Why put it off as long as that?"

"It won't be long. If you don't believe me, ask Doc Jameson," Dan replied. And his face showed such impatience then, such an evident wish to be alone, that reluctantly his visitor left.

Then Dan went to the windows and pulled down the shades. Next, to the closet—and from the shelf he took down a bag, which he brought to the table. He opened it quickly and laid out a set of little carving tools. He had put out all other lights in the house, and from the shadows came no sound—only the deep, soothing murmur of the river below, with occasional grinding little noises made by ice cakes floating by. He drew close to the package on the table, deftly removed the paper wrappings, and stood intently looking down.

It was a little model of a theater—unfinished as yet. No curtain and no wings or drops, only the proscenium arch, with a slender frame behind. And even the proscenium had not been completed yet. But what an exquisite piece of work! Carved out of dark, smooth satinwood, with colonial pillars on either side, the low, wide arch gave an effect of being a lovely old doorway to some sedate New England home.

Old Dan unscrewed the frame behind, laid the arch on the table and clamped it down, and then picked up a carving tool and very carefully set to work. He worked far into the night; and, though his eyes were intent on his task, their whole expression had strikingly changed to a look of poignant, deep relief, and his dark, sensitive face was transfigured by a kind of inner glow.

OLD TWITCHELL was happy in those next weeks. He lived a grand life in this silent room, his imagination ranging far into the new and radiant life of the only person in the world that he really cared about. And then, about two months later, he died. And on the evening after his death, his son Dan and old Judge Lewis sat in this room, with the door closed.

"Here's your father's will," said the judge.

He had never been very fond of young Dan, and with dry, keen eyes he watched him now. As the young man read the document through, a sudden frown of annoyance came on his big, florid face.

"Now what does he mean by this?" he exclaimed.

The judge feigned not to understand. "Oh, I think he has treated you pretty fair—giving you this house of his, which he worked like a dog to leave in good shape."

"Yes; but this part about the safe. He wants it buried with him!" said Dan.

"Well, what of it?" the other rejoined. "A man has a right to a notion or two."

"It'll cause an awful lot of talk!"

"Maybe it will," the judge agreed. "But I've seen an awful lot of talk die right down in a week or so. Folks are too busy to gossip long."

"I don't like it, though, and I want it stopped!"

"How you go'n' to stop it, Dan?"

"By common sense," the son replied. "Just try to look at this my way! My father had been sick for months, and was queer in his head toward the last. When did you draw this will for him?"

"Only last night," the judge replied.

"Then you must know as well as I do that he wa'n't in his right mind! This notion proves it anyhow—it'd make him a joke all over town! So the kindest thing to him is to turn the safe right over to me and say nothing about it," urged the son.

"A will's a will," the old lawyer said.

"I'm named as the sole heir in it, judge!"

"But I am named executor."

YOUNG Dan flushed angrily at that.

"I'm go'n' to insist on this!" he cried. "I can't let dad be made a fool of! I've got too much family pride."

"Have you, Dan? Then let me give you a little advice," the old jurist imperturbably said. "I've been pretty close to your father of late—and I know what's in that safe—and I advise you to leave it there."

"Why?"

"Because you won't like it," the judge replied.

Dan gave him a look in which alarm and curiosity were mixed. But the curiosity won out.

"Have you the combination?" he asked.

"Yes. Your father gave it to me last night—in case you should insist." The old man looked up with a dry little smile. "And I'll open it if you say so, Dan."

"All right, judge—now we're sensible!"

But when the old lawyer unlocked the closet, and lifting out the little safe, they brought it to the table, young Dan looked far from sensible. His face was set, his eyes were bright. When the little door swung open, quickly he began to take out the small bun-

dles of papers there. He looked at them in blank surprise.

"Only letters?" he exclaimed.

Then his disappointed eye lit on a package of photographs; and as he untied it with nervous hands and looked at the pictures, one by

one, first a very little girl, and then a girl in school and in college, and last of all a young woman appeared—lovely and slender, with brilliant eyes smiling gayly up at him.

Young Twitchell's face wore a scowl of amazement.

"Who is she?" he demanded. But old Judge Lewis took his time.

"Why," he drawled, "if we're to believe your father, Dan—and I don't see but what we might—she's about the most successful rising young actress in New York."

"An actress? Dad?" exclaimed the son.

The old lawyer gave him a leathery smile.

"Well, not the way you mean," he said.

"When did he tell you?"

"Last night," said the judge. "People tell me a lot of things. They have to. A lawyer sometimes hears so much, in a little town like this, that he kind of wonders, sometimes, when city people call it dull. For life in the large is a queer thing, Dan—a good deal like that old river down there, with mountain brooks for its ancestors, its grave the wide uncharted sea. Quiet and steady, it flows along—and so does life, as a general thing.

"And yet, in floodtime it can rise and grab a man—grab him up and tear him loose and rush him suddenly off downstream. It did that to your father once—when he was about thirty or so. He'd been married for about eight years. He didn't get on very well with your mother; the marriage had kind of petered out. He'd fixed up this house for boarders by then, and that summer he had quite a few. One of them was this girl here."

"This actress?"

"NO." The judge picked from the pile a small, old fashioned photograph of a girl in her early twenties. "A music teacher from Boston," he said. "She'd come up here with a girl friend, and they both boarded in this house. It caught her fancy at the start. When she first saw it, she stopped short. 'What a lovely old doorway!' she said to her friend. And your father heard that and was pleased as Punch. So he took the two girls in, and they were here right on till fall.

"She knew the theater was her line."

"She could sing like a lark—at least, so he said; and he got her into the church choir. He never heard a voice like hers, and it did things to him right away—did things that scared him some, I guess; for he told me he clamped the lid right down and left her alone—as much as he could.

"But then," said the old lawyer, "that river of life I was speakin' about came right up under your father's feet—and the ground of his convictions began to crumble fast away."

"You're talking to the jury, judge!" broke in young Dan impatiently. "For God's sake, talk to me!"

"All right; I will," the judge

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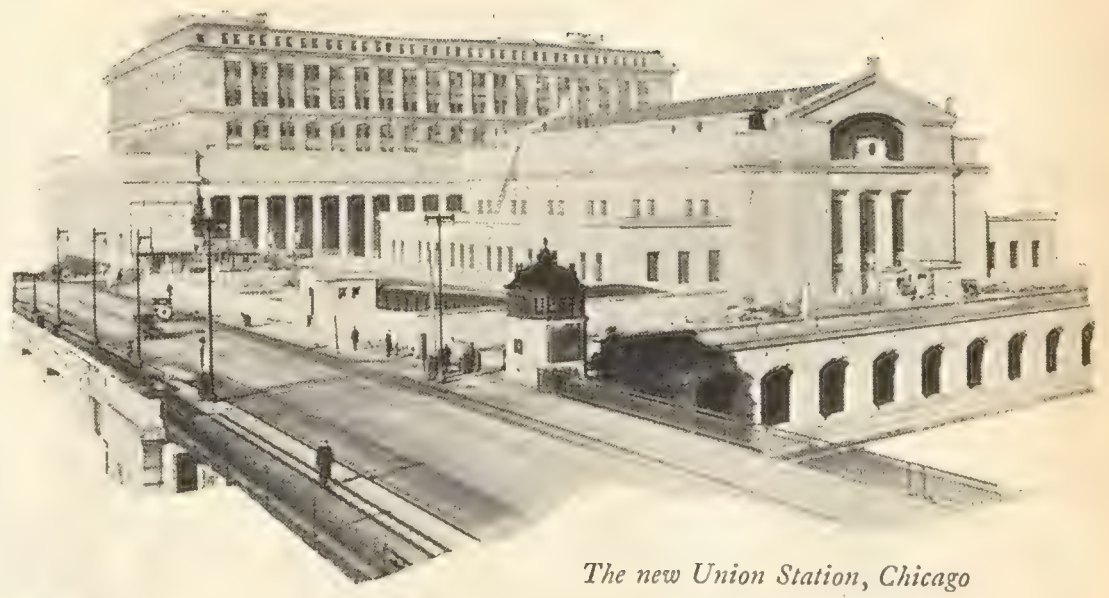

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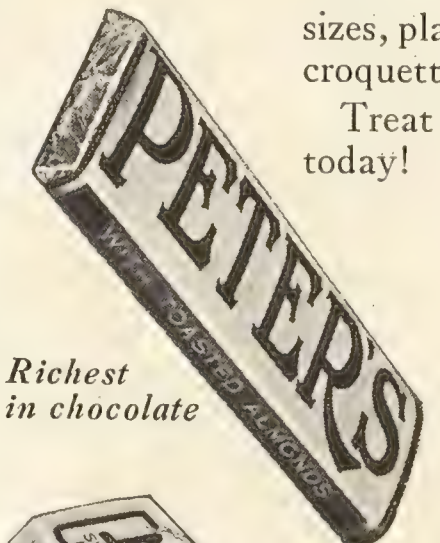

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[WITHIN THE SAFE
Continued from page thirty-nine]

replied in a curt, offended tone. "I'll put the rest of this in terms that you can understand, my boy. Things soon went from bad to worse. The girl got interested, I mean in fine old doorways, cornices, mantels, and old chairs, out there in your father's shop. She was struck by his love for such things. She called him an artist in his line, and she was right about it, too. She said he was lonely. Right again. You can see it in this photograph."

The old man picked one from the table and held it before the son's bewildered gaze.

"She took it," he said, "and it shows him just as he looked at that time. There's a lot in this picture you might miss. You take after your mother more than your dad, so you've never showed much interest in your father's family—reaching back and branching off and up into the mountain streams of New England's oldest life.

"THE Twitchells had some queer streaks in 'em. Doctors, preachers, governors, sea captains, soldiers—a mixed crew. Two or three church organists, too, and a good many builders of fine old homes. A beauty streak ran down the line and kept cropping out at times. All that was in your father's blood. And when that girl called him an artist and a mighty lonely man, even though he laughed at her your father knew that she was right.

"I don't suppose you have any idea what a lonesome life he led, those days. It was good to be with her, to see her at mealtimes and at singing practice in church. Your mother didn't like it, though, and pretty plainly told him so. So he quit, and the girl left in the fall.

"But the next summer back she came—and, to cut a long story short, toward the end of that second summer Dan Twitchell got torn loose from his moorings, swept with the current off downstream. Only a little distance, though, and then his conscience pulled him back. He had your mother and you on his mind—your bread to earn. Some of the Twitchells had been pretty wild, but few had ever deserted their posts, in war or peace time.

"So Dan stuck. He broke with the girl one August night. He said to her, 'We'll quit right here.' She went nearly crazy begging him then to run off with her, but he stuck to his guns. So she went alone to Boston that fall; and the following spring she died in childbirth—leaving his small daughter— Here."

Once more the judge's lean brown hand reached out and picked a photograph.

"But, luckily for this small girl, her mother had a woman friend; and she got her to promise, in case she died, to give this child a name and a home. She wrote a good-by to your father, too. It's in one of these packages here."

Dan Twitchell, Jr., sharply frowned. "It's a wonder he couldn't have burnt 'em!" he said.

"I don't quite see it that way," said the judge. "He felt he'd done his duty by you and your mother—more than enough; for he felt it had cost that girl her life. He got so lonely in those days, it was all he could do to keep out of the river. He did, though; he stuck to his job — but he needed those letters to bolster him up, and to keep what he could of her alive. So he didn't burn 'em; he got this safe."

The old lawyer paused again, and glanced about the room as though he felt some living presence in it still.

"So that's the story!" muttered the son.

Judge Lewis looked up with a slow smile.

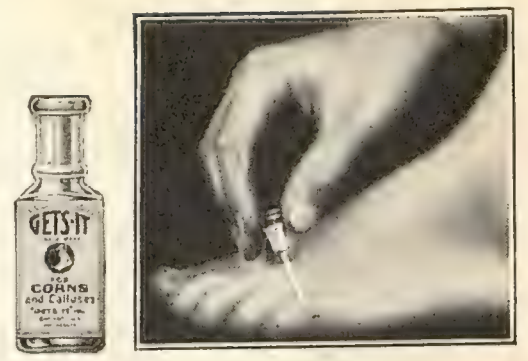
"Oh, no, it isn't—we've just begun. For from that time until last night came the happiest part of your father's life. He hadn't a notion of it at first. When he went down to that woman in Boston, arranged that she adopt the child, and promised to send her money each month, he told me he wa'n't interested. In fact, he almost hated the baby, as being the cause of her mother's death. But, when she had started to school, he began to notice things; and the girl's new mother told him more. She was a teacher, that woman was, the kind who is patient and looks pretty deep.

"'I don't know what she'll ever do or be, but I think it's go'n' to be something in the artistic line,' she said.

"'Creative' was the word she used—and creative the little thing became. There was nothing she didn't want to try. Now she was drawing, now she was painting. She'd sit by the hour somewhere outdoors, forgetting the whole world and her dinner, trying to make a picture of a pet dog or a friend. Then she dropped it and turned to music. Later on she gave that up and took to mimicking people she'd seen.

"SHE was well along in high school now, and she made a great hit in a play they gave. Your father went down to see it and was mightily tickled at her success. He was getting down to Boston about twice a year by then. Your mother had died and you was in college. Why not go and live in Boston? No, he didn't like it down there, nor he didn't want to stand in her way. She knew him as her Uncle Dan.

"He sent young Ruth to college then; and by the time that she got through she knew the theater was her line. There was never an opening night of any play that Ruth was in, that old Dan Twitchell didn't attend. He'd go to New York about twice a year and stay there for a week or two. He'd put up at a cheap hotel she found, and she'd come there every day for him



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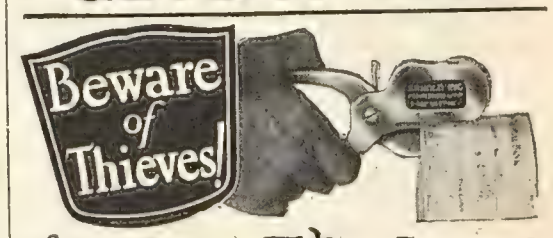

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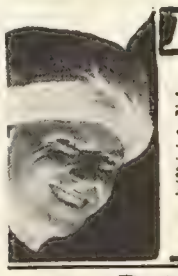

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and take him all around the town —to antique shops and auction sales, to concerts too, and to big churches where he heard the organ played as he'd never heard it played before.

"And she'd take him to supper with some of her friends, and he'd watch her at the theater. And all he saw and heard down there gave him so many new ideas, to stir him up and puzzle him, that he said it felt good to get back to his home. But she'd grown so mighty fond of him now that she begged him, on one of his trips to New York:

"'Uncle Dan, why don't you come down here and live with me? We'll take an apartment.'

"'Oh, no, my dear,' he answered. 'It might cause a lot of talk.'

"She threw back her head and laughed at him then, and Dan Twitchell blushed to the roots of his hair. When he could take notice of her again, he caught her watching him in a way that made his heart forget to beat.

"'You belong here. You're really an artist,' she said, 'and you must get mighty lonely up there in those cold granite hills.'

"He felt like her mother was speaking, he told me, begging him to run away! He let her talk on. She knew he would never live on her money, so she began to tell him what a salary he could get in one of those big antique shops that they had often visited. But old Dan felt steadier now, and a twinkle came into his eyes.

"'That's just the trouble,' he told Ruth. 'Down here the old things are

"There was never an opening night of any play that Ruth was in, that old Dan Twitchell didn't attend."

antiques—it's only back there they can feel at home. And I guess I'm like that, too, my dear. I'm used to those cold granite hills. I'll never leave.'

"'Well, perhaps you're right,' she said. But then she looked away and said, 'I wish you *could* live with me, though. I'm as fond of you as if you were my dad.'

"And when he showed, despite himself, the start that she had given him, all of a sudden she came up close and put her arm around him tight. 'I don't know who my father *was*,' she whispered, 'but I know who he is *now!*'"

Sharply the old judge broke off, and there was a brief silence. Then he said:

"She gave your father a joy in life he'd never thought could come his way. Dan Twitchell died a happy man. There's a good deal more he told me—but I guess you wouldn't understand."

SLOWLY he picked up the photograph of that young woman with radiant eyes. "He looked at this last night and said, 'I just can't believe it, Tom, that such a life could come from mine!'"

Then, with a slight sardonic gleam, the dry, shrewd eyes of the old lawyer turned from the smiling face of the daughter to the hard, frowning face of the son. And young Dan caught the meaning of his glance.

"Where is she now? Will she come up here?" he demanded harshly. "For the funeral, I mean."

"Oh, no—no cause for you to worry. She's playing this winter in London, my boy."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the son.

The judge threw another look at him. "Oh, she won't ever bother you. You and she may be brother and sister, but you ain't exactly twins."

"I hate to think of it, though!" muttered Dan.

"Why, I don't see that you have cause to complain. The only girl he ever loved he sacrificed on your account. Then he worked like a dog to put you through college and give you a start, and now he has left you his property."

"Still, it's a shock! I just can't understand it!"

"I didn't expect you would," said the judge. "But it's just as I told you at the start. A lawyer sees enough of life not to be fooled by the river down there. No matter how quiet it may seem, it can get right up on its ear at times—and grab a man, and his home too, and bust it up and scatter his secrets right out there into the mud."

Young Twitchell gave a nervous start. Listening, he heard the voices of his wife and some friends outside. He quickly began to cram the small packages into the safe.

"Well, *these* will go back where

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

An exile in her own home town—A CONSTIPATIVE

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Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. Some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an underactive thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings, with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of results which so delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. With lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

This is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

Try a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets—*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

[WITHIN THE SAFE
Continued from page forty-one]

they belong!" he said in a low, anxious tone.

"I thought maybe you'd feel that way about it," said the judge. "Then we'll bury it with him, eh?"

"We will! Have you anything more to tell me?"

"Why, no. But before I take it away there's one more thing I'd like to show you—the only other thing in this house your father didn't leave to you."

The son and heir looked quickly up.

"There's no mention of anything else in the will that was to be held back from me!"

"I know; but I guess you'll take my word."

The old lawyer rose. He went to the closet and came back with the little theater. The carving was all finished now, and even the wings and drops were in place.

Old Twitchell must have sent to New York for the setting of that scene. It was of a garden on a river, with the pine clad hills behind. All framed by that low, wide, gracious arch with colonial pillars on either side.

"It's queer, when you look at it," murmured the judge. "One minute it's a theater, and the next it's the door to some fine old home."

"And he left this to you?" demanded the son.

"No; he asked me to send it to her. It's the only thing he's leaving her."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(*Answers will be found on page fifty-one.*)

1—What is the birth stone for October?

2—What is called the Garden State?

3—How many letters in the Greek alphabet?

4—Where is the Mare Island Navy Yard?

5—Who is the President of Germany?

6—What is a board foot?

7—What was called the Battle of the Three Emperors?

8—What is the capital of Chile?

9—What are the only mammals capable of true flight?

10—What mountain chain is between Spain and France?

11—What two celebrated English poets were man and wife?

12—What is fiat money?

13—What is the capital of Norway, and what was its former name?

14—What chieftain led the Indians in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, in which General Custer was killed?

15—In the reign of what Egyptian monarch was the greatest of the pyramids built?

16—What two cats of Irish fable fought till nothing was left but their tails?

17—Who is president of the American Red Cross?

18—What is a semester?

19—What is a reptile?

20—What is a road runner?

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Dissolve a little in a glass of cold water. Apply with soft linen or absorbent cotton. You need not massage it in. MU-COL is refreshing, soothing, and economically priced.

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THE WOLF AND THE FOLD

A thrilling story of a dog and the open range.

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

In Next Week's LIBERTY

A Second to THINK

Princeton 13, Yale 6— A Last Minute Victory in 1919

First of a Series of Football Reminiscences

By WALTER ECKERSALL

International photo

Kempton of Yale, who started the play that beat his own team.

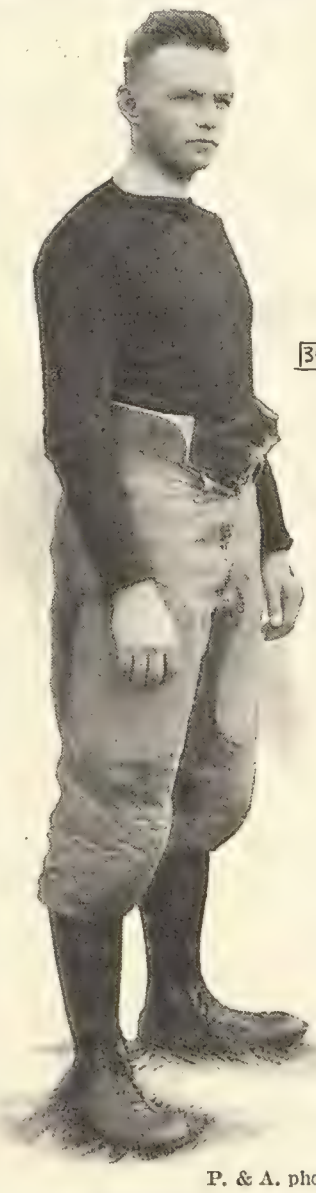
(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

THERE is heard the peculiar thud that accompanies the kicking of a football. In the stands 100,000 persons are yelling as though possessed.

On the field half a dozen young huskies are converging on one man. Other men, equally young and equally sturdy, are trying to hurl themselves in the way of the eager half dozen.

Meantime the ball is nearing the player upon whom the ends and tackles are bearing down. Not a situation to induce clear thinking, certainly. And yet in less than one second the young man whom the ball is nearing must not only think but act.

Instinct, bred of years of coaching and playing, prompts him to catch the ball and run with it. But it may be the wrong thing to do. It may be better to let it strike the ground and roll, in hopes it will go over the goal line for a touchback. Or it may be better to let it pass over the side line. Perhaps conditions might even make it advisable for the catcher to return the kick immediately.



P. & A. photo

Parrisette, the Tiger tackle, who saved the day by quick thinking.

There are many things to be considered. The score at the time the play is made, the length of the time that remains to play, the player's own speed and sureness as a catcher of punts, the speed of the tacklers bearing down upon him, and the ability of his own men to block them.

All these considerations run through his head in a fraction of a second. He makes his decision and a second later he may be either a hero or a goat.

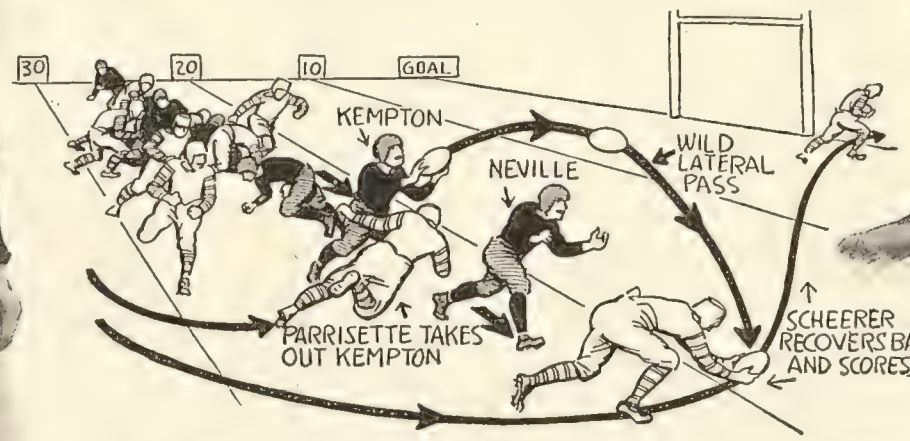
The situation depicted is not an unusual one. Several similar ones occur in every football game. It is the ability to think quickly and think correctly that makes the great player and produces the great plays which are remembered years after the game is played.

Football struggles which have been won and lost by stupid or clever work in the brief period of one second are numerous in gridiron history. I have officiated in games in which players realized a fraction of a second after making a play that they had done the wrong thing. But it was too late.

If the reader of this article will only place himself momentarily in the position of the player who must think and act at the same time, he will not be so ready to ridicule the warrior who must face situations as they arise and make the most of them. Only those who have played the game can really appreciate the predicament.

Princeton and Yale having been gridiron rivals for so many years, it is only natural that many a play in which men had only a second to think should have occurred during their games.

One such play happened in 1919. A week previous the Tigers had played Harvard to a 10 to 10 tie. Princeton had gone down in defeats earlier in the season before Colgate and West Virginia. But the old Tiger spirit asserted itself against the Crimson and a tie score resulted.



The play that decided the game—Kempton's attempted lateral pass to Neville was grounded. Scheerer of Princeton scooped up the ball and scored the winning touchdown when Parrisette's brilliant strategy took Kempton out of the play.

Then came the annual battle with Yale on the Saturday following. Old Eli had been defeated by Boston College earlier in the season, 5 to 3. But, as everyone interested in football knows, the big games on Yale's schedule are those with Princeton and Harvard. The same applied to Princeton when Harvard was met annually in addition to Yale, while Harvard always points to the struggle with Old Eli.

In 1919 Princeton was at the peak of its game when it met Yale, which had yet to meet Harvard on the Saturday following. Old Eli also was coached and trained to near perfection.

When there were only three minutes left to play, each eleven had scored six points. The ball was on Yale's thirty yard line. The Princeton goal was too far away for Yale to score by a drop or place kick. Yale was not content with a tie score, and for that matter neither was Princeton. In sheer desperation, Old Eli resorted to a dangerous play.

International photo

Neville of Yale, whose failure to get under a lateral pass opened the way for Scheerer of Princeton (at left) to scoop up the ball and dash across the Yale goal line.

The lateral pass was known in those days, but the play did not have the protection against failure by rules which it has at the present time. Old Eli resorted to the lateral pass. Kempton, a Yale back, started an end run. As he was about to be tackled, he tossed the ball laterally toward Neville, a teammate.

Princeton had hurried the play and Kempton had to make the pass before Neville reached the designated point. The oval struck the ground and finally came to a stop for a moment. Under present rules, if the ball is thrown clearly through the air for two yards, it is dead at the point of recovery. Under the 1919 rules it was ruled a fumble.

Parrisette, the Princeton tackle, and Scheerer, the Tiger fullback, had crashed across the line of scrimmage the moment the ball had been put in play. There was the ball—and the game—on the ground. Two Princeton players and one Yale warrior were in positions to retrieve it. To all appearances it looked as if one of the three would, by the instinct born of coaching, fall on the oval and the game result in a tie.

Parrisette grasped the situation in the second he had to think. He dove at Kempton, the Yale back, and put him out of the play. It was comparatively easy for Scheerer, the Tiger back, to scoop up the ball and run for a touchdown, which gave Princeton a 13 to 6 victory after the goal had been kicked.

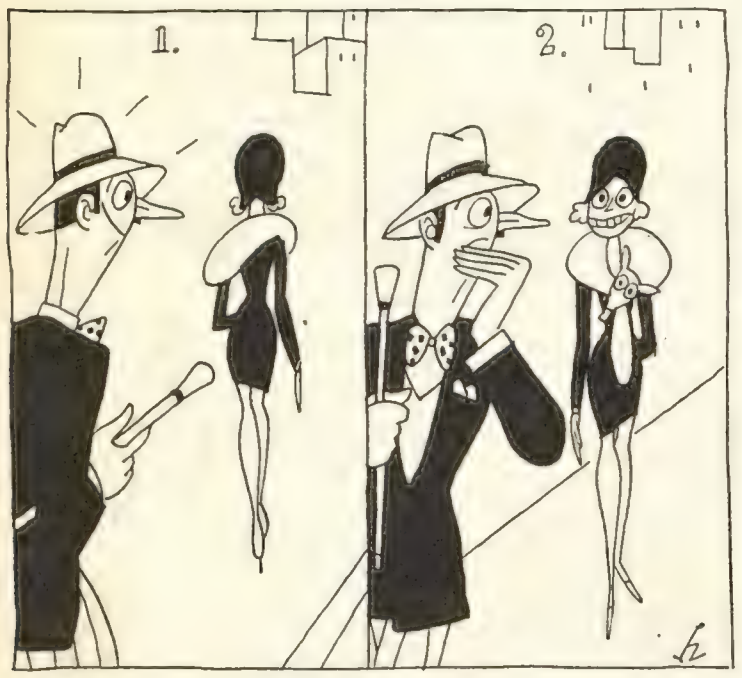
It was a brilliant piece of work on the part of Parrisette, who sacrificed personal glory that his team might achieve victory.

A hairtrigger decision which decided another gridiron classic in one second will be described in next week's Liberty.

Vox

Likes Them Dumb

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After reading that article, "When Shadows Bawl," by Frederick James Smith and J. P. McEvoy, I felt like sitting right down and having a good cry at the prospect of our screen actors



and actresses bursting into speech.

Sometimes, walking on the street, you overhaul a girl from the rear, and draw near her, and say to yourself: "Gosh, judging from her back, she's a winner!" And then you pass her, and look back, and—ouch!

Well, it'll be the same thing with a certain movie actress who happens to be my favorite. As a "shadow" I love her. But I know that if she went vitaphone or movietone and opened her mouth even as much as to say "Boo!" I'd jab both hands over my ears, and run.—*A Lover of Silence.*

As to Catholic Supremacy

WASHINGTON, D. C.—That Vox Popper, Mr. J. D. Lynn of Dayton, Ohio, and his friend seemed to see a terrible threat in the letter from the Catholic priest, expressing a desire for Catholic supremacy, that was discovered in the pile of data a "foot high" which was inadvertently (?) left in the file of a Roman Catholic propaganda bureau.

I would like to set Mr. Lynn straight on this matter. The Catholic Church *does* desire Catholic supremacy in the United States and everywhere else in the world, and priests and people have no desire to conceal it, any more than Protestant ministers and people wish to conceal their desire for the evangelization of the world by Protestant churches.

She, the Catholic Church, conceives it to be her divine mission to bring about the fulfillment of Christ's expressed wish that there be one flock and one shepherd.

This will be accomplished by patient teaching only, and it is the only way the church wishes to bring it about. No non-Catholic may join the Catholic Church except by taking a course of instruction from the parish priest.

After which, if they have grasped the fundamentals of Catholic teaching and still desire to become Catholics, they will be admitted to full membership in the Church of Christ and they are as free as any other Christians to change their minds at any time.

Be it said, however, only an infinitesimally small percentage ever do.—*J. E.*

The Bogey Man

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the office where I work there is a certain very pious Catholic, who, for all that, is a person of venomous tongue, though very young.

She laughingly stated one day how she cowed and cured her five year old nephew of eating candy during Lent by telling him he was a Protestant. In fear, he dropped the candy, and cried, "Oh! Won't I go to heaven?" She kept jeering at him and calling him Protestant, until he promised he would not eat any more candy!

Such ignorance is enough to make anyone's blood boil—and in Protestant homes no prejudice is ever taught to any child against any other creed.—*J. I.*

We Do

DALLAS, TEX.—In a recent issue of your magazine you put the article about Toni, Jr., on the last page. It should have been three pages over—out of the issue, if you get me.—*Jack.*

Don't Tell the Snoopers

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—I was interested in Edward Hope's crisply and effectively written story, "Adventure on a Water-Wagon."

But it's only in fiction that a man can sit triumphantly astride the wagon, week after week, flourishing

a cocktail shaker just to slake his friends' thirst, yet not touching a drop himself. Believe me, I know!

The only way to keep a liquor lover from being a liquor container would be to put a padlock on his mouth.—*F. W.*

For the Narrow Minded

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Please publish the attached poem in your Vox Pop department. It may help to enlighten some of the narrow minded people of this country. Especially the ones that think a Catholic should not be elected President of the United States:

Say, Daddy, won't you tell me
The terrible news I heard?
I scarcely can believe it,
Each cold and cruel word.
They say because I worship Christ
And Catholic doctrines share,
I never can be President
Or hope to fill that chair.

You fought beneath Old Glory
In the late and terrible war,
And the shot and shell
that rose and fell
Some Catholic hearts it
tore.
Both pain and desolation
The Catholic home did
share;
And if I serve my country, Dad,
Why can't I fill that
chair?

You often spoke of
Grandpa
Who fought in sixty-
three;
You have followed in
his footsteps
And expect the same of
me.
I promise to follow Old
Glory
And my country's troubles share,
And serving both God and Nation,
Dad,
Why can't I fill that chair?

And far away in Europe, Dad,
In many a silent grave
There rests the form of a Catholic
boy
So noble, true, and brave;
And they didn't tell him, Daddy,
As he started "over there,"
He was only fit to fight and die
And not to fill the chair.

O Glorious Flag of Freedom,
O Flag of our native land,
Uphold the Constitution
And by its doctrine stand.
Protect your native children,
Let despots not ensnare,
And give to them their birthright—
THE RIGHT TO FILL THAT
CHAIR! —*A Real American.*

Speaking of Popes

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'm more afraid of a Methodist Pope in Washington than a Catholic one in Rome; but I'm sure the American people can take care of both.—*C. D. Waterhouse.*

Ho, ho!

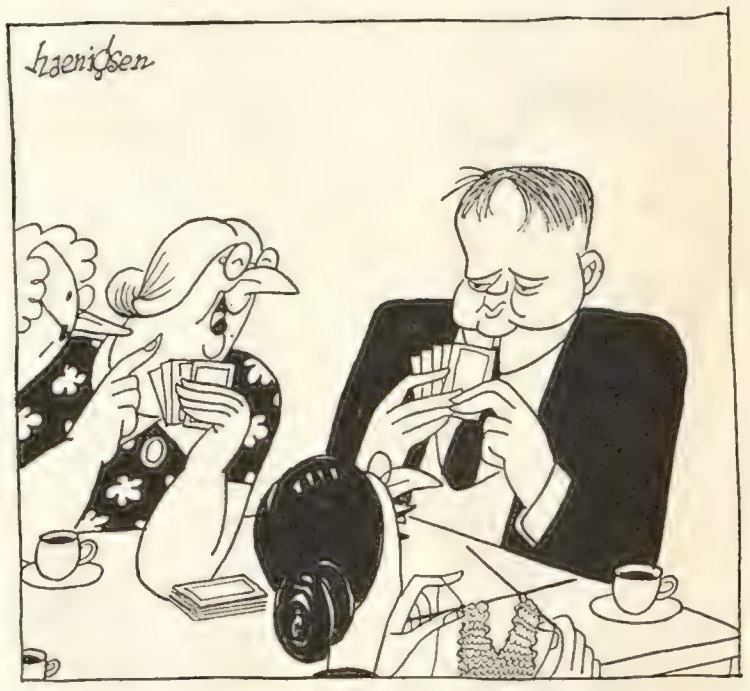
NEW YORK, N. Y.—The only trouble with your LIBERTY is that there are 1,600,000 too many of 'em. —*Bud.*

Stumping for Smith

WELLSBURG, W. VA.—A certain gentleman from Buffalo, styling himself an "American Republican," advised your readers that he could write volumes about Tammany.

After doing so, will the gentleman follow up his work with books on the extreme rottenness of the Thompson machine of Chicago, Vare of Philadelphia, the Magee-Mellon machine of Pittsburgh, and Masche's of Cleveland? All of which are strongly backing Mr. Hoover.—*Reader.*

RAPID CITY, S. D.—Herb is working for the women's vote, and trying so hard to please them that he's wearing lace on his B. V. D.s—becoming real sissified. Right now



he could sit right down and enjoy a game of casino with a woman.

If some kind sister will give him a water wave, I'll send him a brassière, gratis.—*R. W. Krieg.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Hoover is a friend of the workingman—and how! He has a ranch in the northern part of this State, where he employs Mexicans and Japs at $2 a day.

Here on the Pacific coast Al is called the Tammany Tiger. We admit the Tammany Tiger will give the British Bull Pup a run in November.

You shall hear from me again.—*C. J. D.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—If Diogenes were to come to America and go poking around Albany with his lantern, and run into Smith, he'd say his search for an honest man was ended.—*A Convert to the Donkey.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Let me tell you that all the bootleggers and yeggs around here are *uno animo* against Al Smith.

They are getting rich so fast under the present régime that they are harpooning him, fearing, if he's elected, he will make a speedy and complete flop of their business.—*Vera Whitehouse (State House steno).*

Pop

The Hoover Bandwagon

DES MOINES, IA.—'At-a-boy, Frederick Palmer! That article, "How Hoover Happened," was just the thing to show Herb up in his true light: that of an adventurer who has ranged the world, as a prospector, and knows men and nations.

Fact is, Hoover's still prospecting—this time for a new pot of gold at the rainbow's end: the Presidency!

Let's hope he finds it.—*An Elephant Enthusiast.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have been very close to Alcohol Al, at times. Once I was so close that I saw him look at himself in a mirror. Guess what

gazed back at him from the glass. Not a human face at all, but a big stein of beer!

They say looking glasses don't lie. —*F. Williams.*

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Mr. John J. Raskob, Catholic, wet, and a former Republican, changes his party affiliation to manage the campaign of Governor Alfred Smith, Catholic, wet, and a Democrat. Mr. Raskob gives, as his reason, prohibition. This is looked upon as a victory for the Democratic party and anti-Prohibitionists.

Some Southern ministers—Protestant, dry, and Democrats—announce they will support Secretary Hoover, a Protestant, dry, and Republican.

These ministers give prohibition as their reason for changing party affiliations. Then, for some unknown reason, religion enters in.

The Catholic Democratic party immediately attacks these ministers, accuses them of intolerance, bigotry, and lying. They say these ministers are not sincere in their prohibition beliefs.

Catholics seem to think that if a Catholic leaves his party to support another Catholic, it is a very honorable thing, but if a Protestant leaves his party to support another Protestant, it not only is not honorable, but intolerant and bigoted.—*Wet Republican.*

Wonder if This One Is on the Square?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your editorial, "The Multilateral Treaty," was a backhand slap at the candidacy of Mr. Herbert Hoover. Evidently you do not understand that Mr. Hoover, because of his European training and contacts, is far better qualified to give your country standing and respect among the nations than any man ever before offered for the high position as Chief Executive of your United States.

Many, and I might say most, of the United States Presidents have been regarded as comics by cultured Europe. Mr. Hoover's residence abroad has given him polish and vision. You need the man.—*Edmond Prather.*

Slightly Suspicious

HENNESSEY, OKLA.—Have just finished that article, "The Get-Up of the Male," by Irene Kuhn.

If, as the author claims, she has so little interest in, and respect for, the male sex, I cannot understand why she should be so worried regarding the length of our shirt-tails.

And I cannot feel that she has so little concern for the male sex, or surely she would not go so far as to attract our attention to just what garments she wears and how attractive she would look in the nightly inclosure of crêpe de Chine.—*H. G. Welborn.*

But Here's Balm

SPOKANE, WASH.—More power to Irene Kuhn, author of "The Get-Up of the Male"! She sure knows a man's buttons!—*Oscar T. Sapp.*

One for Grace

GREENVILLE, TEX. — Who cares where Grace Robinson stops, where she sleeps, or what she eats? I have been in more States than she has been in grocery stores, but will admit I never had my picture taken with a cow, as she did in "Gasoline Gypsies."—*Betty.*

He'd Enjoy It, Too

FALL RIVER, MASS.—Allow me, in the name of the humor loving people of the United States, to express heartfelt thanks for your department, the Vox of the so called Pop. We want you to continue it until our day is done. It is the best criterion of the average American mind that has been discovered today.

But just remember one thing: Please don't let a copy get to George Bernard Shaw.—*James B. Hussey.*

Yeah?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—When lower grade stories are printed, LIBERTY will print them.—*Y. R.*

Lost—a Friend

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.—While selling LIBERTY, I used to have a regular customer that was a sick man. The latter became critically ill and died. I did not know this until the week after his death and his wife said to me that he died reading a LIBERTY. — *Trowbridge Gail.*

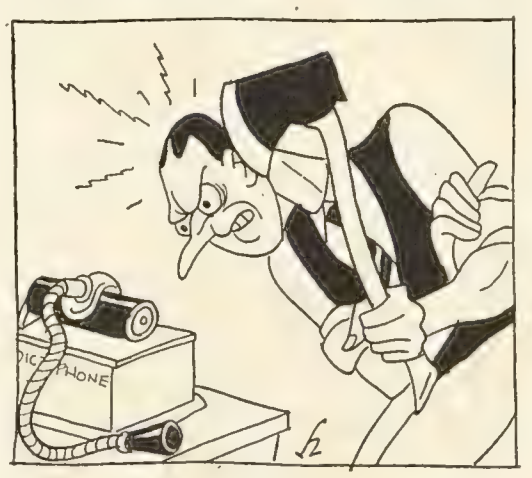
A Bit Bitter

MEDFORD, MASS.—Imbued with a desire to see my words in print and actuated by a deep hatred for whoever buys your stories for you, might I offer the suggestion that this Bert Green is slipping one over on you? He is a better illustrator than he is an author and about the world's punkest illustrator.—*A Vaudevillian.*

Listening in on Himself

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Since reading your stimulating article, "Talk Your Way to Success," by Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins, I've been trying to think of ways in which to make my dialogue scintillate. After groping around, I finally bought a dictaphone, sat down before it, and told it my supposedly funniest stories.

Then I made the contraption repeat to me, word for word, just what I'd dictated. Dull and long drawn



out? Ye gods! I could barely restrain myself from smashing the record with an ax.

I understood why people almost yawned in my face.

But after some weeks' practice in making it short and snappy, I've laboriously and victoriously reached the point where my friends no longer wilt at my opening sentence.—*A Reformed Windbag.*

Cross Word Puzzle

DETROIT, MICH.—For crying out loud in public! Since when are the married men so abused as the Vox Poppers claimed, in their comments on your "Aw, go to h—" cover?

Say—leave a kid with dad every

day for one week and let mother go out to work. Who will be crosser at the end of the day? Try it and see.—*Mrs. C. L. Henrickson.*

About Those Bugs

KITCHENER, ONTARIO, CANADA—So the frog interpreter told the author of "War Bugs" that these wonderful supermen Yanks made the English look like children. Well, seeing that these same English "children" took more prisoners (about three times as many) in the last three months of the war than the boasted Yanks did during the *whole war*, surely we Canucks are entitled to utter a horse laugh.

We congratulate LIBERTY on being extremely broadminded on prohibition, religion, etc., but the official statistics of the war are evidently too much of a burden for friend LIBERTY to stomach—hence the fiction.

The Yanks were so easy the German staff took men away to place opposite the British. Look at the disposition of the enemy forces on an Armistice map. You'd be surprised.—*Ex-Canuck Sergeant.*

COLUMBIA, MO.—Oh, boy! I was there, and "War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, took me back. Ten months they joshed me. War bugs! It's them. And I've been homesick for them for ten years.

Reading this is the nearest thing to passing doughnuts to the line. If it didn't make me laugh so hard, I'd cry for joy because I've found them again.—*Mary Paxton—a dough-girl (Yes, one of the damn Y).*

As for Instance?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Vox Pop—an avenue through which insignificant people belch forth their putrid opinions.—*Pill Roller.*

A Political Meeting In '28

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

WHEEEEEEEE! Pre-Election Day excitement was ruining the digestions of the Jenkinses! Lil served the tariff with eggs at breakfast, creamed up the Constitution with the minced ham at her midday snack, doled out the farm vote with the supper giblets, and treated Sandy to the immigration quota of Albania with milk and crackers at his bedtime feed.

Yes, the god of politics stalked through Lil's peaceful two by four, taking up most of the space! The rest seemed occupied by Great-Uncle Ulysses, still parked out in the little living room. But he'd paid the rent for September and October, so Lil cast no disparaging remarks about his voluminous flannel nightshirt resembling a flapping tent as it aired over the bridge lamp.

"You're a dear to want to visit us," she told him. "I'll keep track of missing buttons on your clothes."

Maybe she could keep track of his missing buttons, but she couldn't always locate his carpet slippers. They slid at random from under couch, desk, sewing machine, and her fringed Oriental rug. His numerous caps draped door knobs; he hoarded dreadful smelling cigars. And Uncle Ulysses had bought a china cuspidor decorated with forget-me-nots. But Lil didn't mind, because he always remembered to be a good shot. She planned to use it for ferns when his visit was over.

"Think how excited Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Smith must feel!" she was telling Sandy on the night of the big countryside radio hookup. "I'd be so thrilled, dear, if you were a nominee. I'd have yellow curtains on the second floor of the White House, and I'd order old fashioned needlepoint bell pulls in every room."

"That'd be O. K. with me," Sandy said. "I'd squeeze the housekeeping budget out of the bilges of my unbuilt battleships."

"I'd ask Mrs. Coolidge about mice," Lil went on, "and set the traps every night. You could have a cheese clause inserted in the Constitution. Every other kind is in it already."

"Keep still!" Uncle Ulysses suddenly yelled, nearly swallowing his stogie. "I think I have New York." And he handled the dials with a harpist's delicate touch. "Oh, no! It's just Flynn's Department Store."

This week's cover picture.

"What time does the old bird spout?" Sandy asked. He'd given up a peppy poker game for this anticipated political spiel.

"I'm a red, red rose with a thorn in my heart," a feminine voice whined from the loudspeaker. "And nobody can pick it out but you—"

"Eight thirty," Lil said. "It's nearly that now. I'll give the baby his water first. I hope he'll listen in. Babies in cribs all over the country are future leaders of the U. S. A."

"Missing since October third at six P. M.," a man now told them. "Herbert Perkins. Age thirty-four. Height six feet. Last seen, wearing a gray tweed suit and a derby, mounting the Route Number Ten street car at City Hall. He carried a canvas bag with—"

"The baby's so sleepy," Lil called from the bedroom. "He's making the funniest faces. I still think he looks just like you, dear, around the mouth." And she sang a soothing political lullaby to the tune of Three Blind Mice.

Little Ulysses fell asleep amid the radio din.

Trumpets. Wild clapping. Shouts.

"Because he was sprung from America's *tut-tut-tut* and knows the pulse beat of our country's citizens from Maine to *tut-tut-tut* and Florida to the State of Washington and its glorious Puget Sound, we take pleasure, and I may add the privilege, of *tut-tut-tut* our foremost candidate, who stands for Democracy's ideals, labor's honor, flood's *tut-tut-tut*, and the farmers' brightest star on a *tut-tut-tut* horizon. He has lived to enjoy his country's *tut-tut-tut*. The Honorable—"

"What a patriotic address!" Lil murmured, picking up the current issue of LIBERTY. "Wake me up when it's over. My vote is willing, but my ears are weak."

"When I was a boy," Uncle Ulysses said, "we had fire flares, soap and chicken crates decorated with flags, tent meetin's—"

"Radio stump speaking's best of all," Sandy grinned. "Just a few glowing words in front of the mike—and in roll the votes like the sand at the bottom of the spinach bowl."

A political meeting in '28!

(Next week's cover adventure: Votes for Women)

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War Bugs

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

In the midst of serving his gun, Karl Nahowski remarked mildly, "Mama has only one pair of hands, lieutenant."

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

By

CHARLES MACARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle and The Front Page

(Reading time: 22 minutes 37 seconds.)

FROM civilian life through training camp, and on overseas to participate as an artilleryman in the war's greatest battles, this is a detailed chronicle of grit and humor in France. In previous installments the writer told of his battery's experiences at Champagne, Château-Thierry, on the Ourcq, at St. Mihiel, and other fronts. In this ninth installment he describes new thrusts in another desperate stand against the Germans.

DRIPPING DEATH IN THE ARGONNE

INTO the Valley of Death charged Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, blond, American, salary thirty dollars a month. The Argonne was a boiler factory. Shells screamed in and out and up and down. Hardly the place for nervous people.

In a red hot blizzard we cut cross lots and took position in a field near Nantillois—an elegant maneuver, executed in broad daylight, right under the enemy guns.

The Katzenjammer Kids saw us coming and made it very, very hard for everybody. The mushy field bubbled like a bowl of porridge as big shells, little shells, and medium sized shells kissed the mud and whistled through our whiskers.

We could see right off that the Argonne wasn't going to be any fun at all.

Some of the shells came from captured French 75s, which seemed a little unfair. There must be a law somewhere about shooting off other people's guns. Moreover, they were tossing a brand new kind of shell that bounced three times before exploding, like a skipping stone.

Several of the boys were knocked cold cracking their chins against the ground at every bounce.

Somehow the guns were lined up. Immediately we flattened out and dug with teeth, fingers, and toes. It wasn't safe to wiggle your ears. Don McGinnis stopped one in the arm, and had to play squat tag all the way back to the first aid station to avoid getting eight more in the neck. He got no help from us. We were too busy digging—next stop, China.

Shovels, behave! The silver lining to this dark cloud was that the field was pocked with large shell craters, convertible to fairly safe flops in which only a direct hit could kill. And nobody ever worried about direct hits. They were too complete.

Captain Stone finished his firing data. We settled down to willful, premeditated murder. The Germans came back with new Niagaras of high explosive. Apparently somebody told them that if they hit us they would get a round of cigars. Under the rain of iron the second gun crew began to sing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," with appropriate (if slightly rude) interpolations.

We had a new lieutenant. We got him at Château-Thierry—like the nosebleed. He was a sensitive man, and when all the pop corn began to come in, he developed galloping symptoms of St. Vitus' dance. A stray shell parted his hair as he dove into an honest private's flop trench, and when he discovered that he was still in one piece, he remembered he had sprained his ankle on the hike from Montfaucon and began to groan loudly. Nobody paid any attention. He spoke as follows:

"Could a couple of you fellows give me a lift over to the first aid station?"

Well, there was nothing to do about that. There is a law about shooting officers. In the midst of serving his gun, Karl Nahowski remarked mildly, "Mama has only one pair of hands, lieutenant."

Mr. Lieutenant took the hint and hobbled painfully off, performing bewildering cartwheels, double somersaults, and sitfalls as the shells hammered at his heels.

We held up the war long enough to send up a barrage of boos, which were resumed when he was handed back to us at Brest some months later. What a boat ride that baby had!

The cannoneers weren't the only heroes of Nantillois. Hell was popping along the roads, and the drivers were living from minute to minute in their saddles.

The parade was in charge of Corporal Bill Youngman, who had an uncanny instinct for outguessing the German guns. Time and again he turned the column at a gallop just as a flock of heavies slapped the road ahead.

Bill was an ardent American and loved his job. Day and night he carried four automatics, three trench knives, a Chauchat or two, and a peck of hand grenades in the hope of some day meeting the Prussian Guard. We called him the Foreign Legion.

For three days and three nights we sweated and swore and dodged and dug and loaded and fired until the hoodlums on the other end of the argument decided to take a runout powder. As always, we hitched and followed after, pulling up in a windy plain near Cierges, a badly chewed ten acres stinking with destruction.

We were winning; yet the war seemed to be going from bad to worse. Again we dug. Again we fired. And fired and dug and fired. No food. No sleep. No fun. Many were the hearts, looking for the right, wishing for the war to cease. Home never seemed so far away and so long ago.

Contrary to the happy proverb, the darkest hour usually is before a catastrophe. The night we landed at Cierges the wind died down and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WAR BUGS
[Continued from page forty-seven]

the guns had to be relaid. Walter Birkland volunteered to lay the second gun—a job for two men; but Walter didn't want to wake anybody up. And a shell got him, of course.

He keeled over the trail and very quietly said he was hit. We had a weakness for Walter. There was an instant cross country run for the first aid station. A half dressed doctor was dragged to the guns. In the time that it took him to get there Walter had figured out his chances and arrived at conclusions.

He grinned and said: "Don't kid me, doc. It's curtains."

The doctor hesitated. He wasn't a bad guy and hated to break the news. Finally he said: "Yes, my boy. You're dying."

Walter thought it over.

"Well," he said, "I'm not afraid. Nobody's ever done my work." — In war, the life of every man is often dependent on the hard work of everybody else.—We tried to carry him back to the first aid station. He wouldn't let us.

"It won't do any good," he said, "and you're bushed as it is. Just help me back in the field a way. I'll be all right."

We carried him back of the guns and laid him down. The pain was unbearable. The doctor did his best with injections. They didn't work. Walter lay and sweated it out. Once he asked us to hurry it up. When we wouldn't he dictated a message to his parents, then asked to be alone.

A barrage was ordered. We sent it over, looking back between shots at the still shape in the moonlight. Now and then Paul Johnson went away and came back. In an hour he signaled that it was over. We worked the guns as fast as they would shoot and hoped hard that we were killing.

WALTER'S death shot our morale to pieces. He was such a swell guy. The next morning we got the supply wagon up and took him back to the echelon for a decent funeral. Jack Walsh made a coffin out of some ammunition boxes and we dug him a grave.

When the earth went in, the little Greek began to bawl, and opened the box to add a can of corn willie and a pinch of coffee. The gesture was so frantic and sincere, we forgave him all his trespasses on the spot.

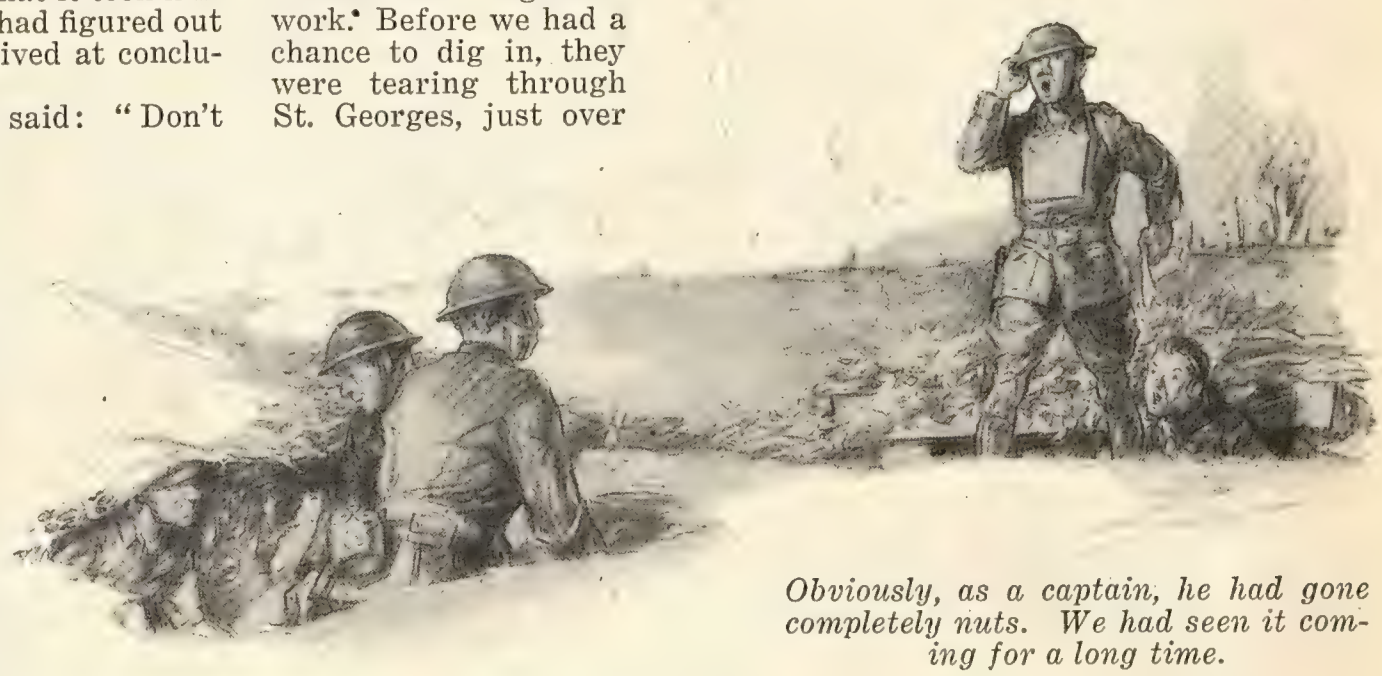
Walter's name was hammered on a mess kit top and nailed to a cross.

A second time we left him, and pushed on to Fléville in pursuit of the Flying Dutchmen.

Thank God, our own infantry finally were ahead of us. That was more like it. Whatever was in the cards from now on could go under the head of Unavoidable Hard Luck.

Positions were picked in a flat valley along the Aire, a deep and narrow river choked with French, American, and miscellaneous dead. Willow trees trailed their pretty fingers in the black rush of water. Here and there a body clung to the branches. Over the river a thousand yawning dead—a great pity, everything considered. Yet there, but for the grace of God, would lie all of us—the grace of God, and New York's rusty bayonets dead ahead.

Those New York babies went right to work. Before we had a chance to dig in, they were tearing through St. Georges, just over the hill. They asked for a barrage and we threw them a honey—up twenty-five and up twenty-five, and run, you lousy Germans! It was like old times. We began to feel sorry for the poor Krauts. They shouldn't have to run like that on top of a heavy breakfast. It's bad for the stomach. Well, they were finally getting a rough idea of what war was like. A lot of them would be ready to quit the army and take in washing before long.



Obviously, as a captain, he had gone completely nuts. We had seen it coming for a long time.

RANGES went up and up. We spun the dials an extra fifty meters to catch the colonels, generals, and society leaders, who naturally would have a head start. What runners! On a mud track, too.

At the limit of our range we ceased fire. Number One men swabbed out the steaming bores and remarked that if President Wilson wanted us to beat up any more Dutch athletes he would have to send us some hairbrushes. When, all of a sudden—

Captain Stone burned out of the telephone central, blowing his tin whistle.

"Seventeen degrees and ten minutes! Snap into it!"

We stood for a second, unable to believe our ears. The last elevation had been nearly 8,000 meters. And there was the skipper bawling a range that meant the Germans were a couple of city blocks away. Obviously, as a captain he had gone completely nuts. We had seen it coming for a long while.

"*Fire!* You so-and-sos!" The captain was jumping up and down like a monkey on a stick. "Colonel Reilly says the doughboys are in desperate need of our help!"

There were just ten shells in each gun pit. Half of them went bye-bye in the first frenzied minute. The range decreased in alarming kangaroo jumps. Only five shells to go. We slung them over, praying that the Germans would die of sunstroke or that God would do something about the ordnance department. He did.

Around the hill in back of the guns, on cue, rattled the first section caisson, hauled by six of the lousiest slobs in the animal kingdom. A more discouraged, seedier set of horses never lived, full of pneumonia germs and black thoughts toward the war, the world, and all mankind. As they plodded around the bend, a Comanche yell went up from the firing battery. The last shell was gone, the ranges were coming down, down. In another ten minutes the Germans would be in our laps.

The drivers somehow got the idea. Standing in their stirrups, they began banging their teams' bony bustles with steel helmets. Ten minutes before the horses would have laughed heartily at such treatment. Chances are that they would have sat down in their traces and made faces at the corporal. Now they seemed to get the idea, too.

While four decreasing ranges were rattled off with no back talk from us, they reared in their harness, shook their heads a couple of times, and began to pound across the field—hoofs flying, mouths open and dripping suds. And they were such bags of bones, any respectable merry-go-round would have turned them down.

THE second caisson made the turn as if it had been banked on two wheels. The third, the fourth appeared—the drivers hanging over their horses' necks, whispering words of love while they socked savagely at skinny rumps. The first section reached the guns. The cannoneers broke the caisson and unloaded on the run. Shells were fused and fired in a beautifully controlled frenzy.

The second caisson galloped up. A bucket brigade was formed and shells were thrown to gunners like basketballs. Miraculously, ranges took a jump. It was time. We were firing at spitting distance, nearly. The last shell went just as the third caisson came up. We jammed the new ammunition into hot bores without waiting to grease.

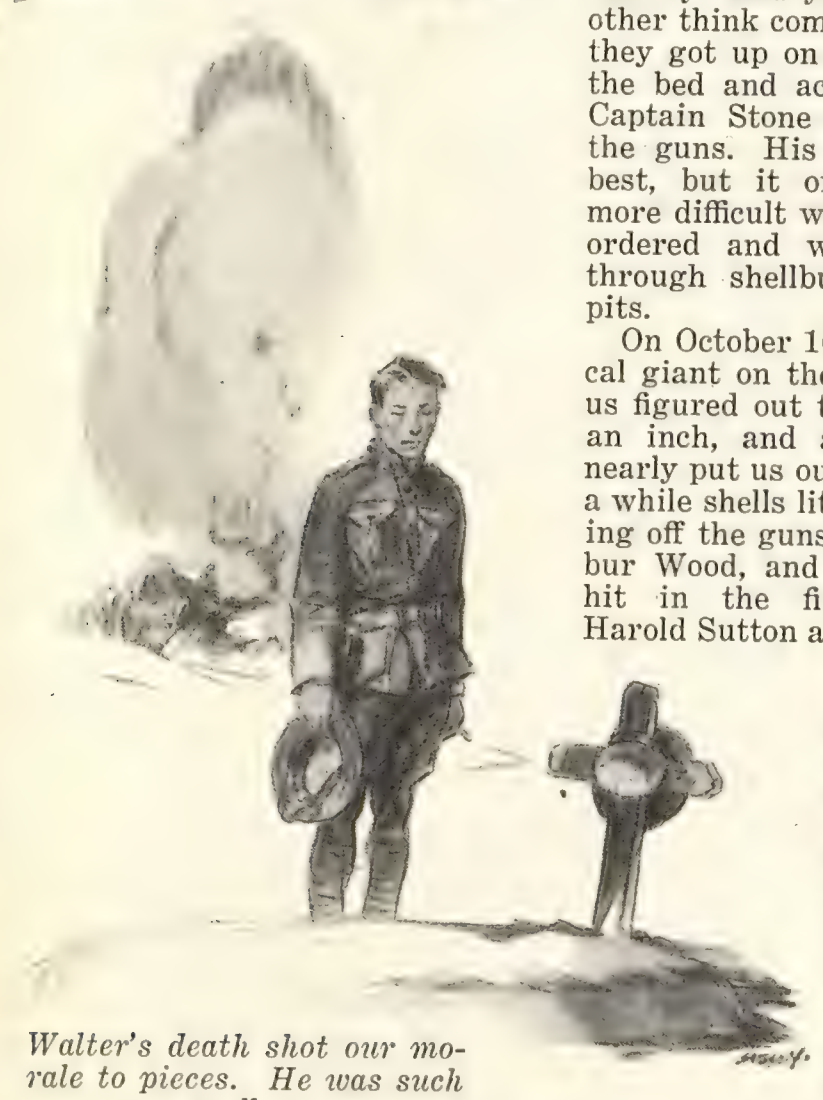
Up twenty-five. Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow! Up fifty. Who said those Dutch dough heads could fight? Up a hundred! Get with 'em, New York! Run them bowlegged. A hundred more. Cut a Rainbow in their pants. Another hundred. The war's over.

The trembling, bowlegged horses sagged away. We slammed some more iron at increasing ranges. At last 7,000, with the guns sweating paint and burning up the air. Cease fire—this time no kidding.

IT was a great day for the doughboys. They had been surprised in front of their objective by forces ten times their strength, and spent a hot hour stabbing and getting stabbed, and winning washtubs full of crosses and Medals of Honor.

Such little parties—as the colonel called them—weren't funny any more, especially for the doughboys. All of them had been sleeping in the rain for weeks, a single soaking blanket between them and the cold October slop. They were less than 60 per cent effective on the morning of St. Georges—full of dysentery, pneumonia, and fight. When this was called to General Summerall's attention by Alabama's scrappy colonel, His Nibs took another chew of tobacco and ordered the doughboys to take the town or come back 100 per cent dead.

General Hindenburg laid off the hand to hand stuff and began fooling around with airplanes and gas, besides the usual shelling. By day a searching, nerve-racking fire—and good-by to all who didn't pull in their ears. Gas galore, drifting across the valley in ugly green



Walter's death shot our morale to pieces. He was such a swell guy.

wisps. One good sniff and *fini guerre.*

By night the bombs. German planes crawled over the dark sky unhindered, like lazy fat lice. Battle of machine guns, bark of anti-aircraft, went for nothing. On they crept, black against dark blue. Beneath them a flash and a roar, a flash and a roar. Nothing is so demoralizing, especially when one's flashes are the targets.

The more bombs they dropped, the deeper we dug, until our positions were as strong as Verdun. Even though our guns stuck out like sore thumbs and the Germans sent handsome Christmas presents into the very pits, we remained safe and sound and extremely hard to kill. One of the men had a six inch shell—about fifty pounds of high explosive—sail between his ankles as he slept. It was a dud and he escaped with a sprained foot, a wise Providence intending that he should survive the war and become known as the greatest liar in America.

With each passing day the Heinies got meaner and meaner. Every time we bundled out to breakfast they gave us everything they had—which was about ten shells apiece. Again and again the camouflage over the guns was torn to shreds. Several times direct hits landed smack in the ammunition, blowing it to hell and gone. Colonel Reilly (God bless him and make him president of the War College) long ago had drilled it into us to keep fuses and shells separate, so these explosions were comparatively harmless. Another apple for Teacher: the uncomfortable tin hats he made us wear day and night saved many lives during this spell, which pretty well cleans up this colonel business.

YOU would think the Germans would get sick of picking on one battery—and you would have another think coming. Several times they got up on the wrong side of the bed and acted so rough that Captain Stone made us abandon the guns. His motives were the best, but it only made matters more difficult when a barrage was ordered and we had to shinny through shellbursts back to the pits.

On October 16 some mathematical giant on the German side got us figured out to the sixteenth of an inch, and a barrage of 77s nearly put us out of business. For a while shells literally were bouncing off the guns. Ross Cline, Wilbur Wood, and Joe Yacullo were hit in the first ten seconds; Harold Sutton a minute after; and Frenchy Monast a few seconds later. It was lucky we weren't firing or the entire battery would have been hash. The gun pits looked like sand forts after somebody had stepped on them.

We wiggled out of the flops and got the wounded to a first aid station. Sutton was cranky and couldn't be handled until he was allowed to crawl back through the barrage and recover certain buttons from his best blouse. He had been shining them ever since we left the States.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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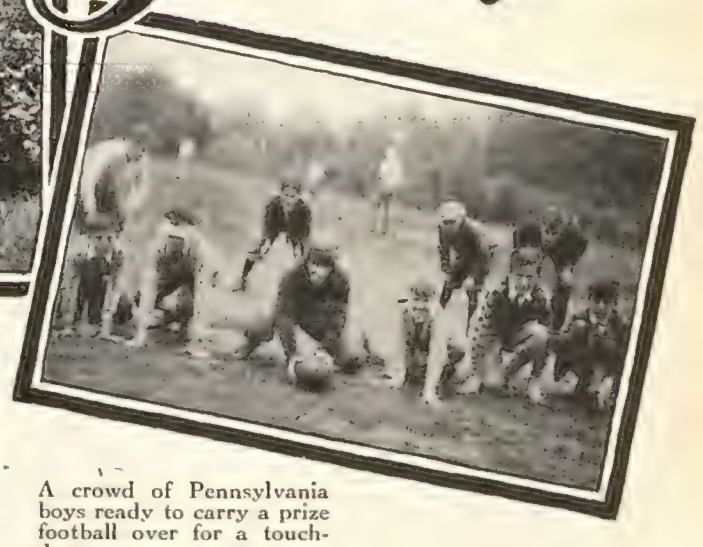

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[WAR BUGS Continued from page forty-nine]

Monast had hardly reached the first aid station before unbecoming guffaws arose from his gun section. The poor guy's arm was nearly torn off and he deserved more sympathy. But cause for rejoicing lay in the fact that, rummaging through Monast's effects, Johnny Foster had uncovered a regular pantry—at least ten cans of jam, several packages of cookies, candy, cigars, and a litter of chewing gum. It became painfully evident that our hero had been holding out on the Y. M. C. A. supplies, of which he was in charge.

A bitter fight, nearly as disastrous as enemy shells, at once developed between the gun crews for possession of these dainties. The third gun crew held that the cache belonged to them by right of discovery, while the other crews demanded a *pro rata* split. Thereafter Frenchy's regrettable injuries seemed slightly retributive. For five days we had been smoking grass, with full four cartons of Camels in that burglar's musette bag.

Having scored on the battery, the Germans went in for some good, clean fun with a forty-two centimeter gun, the kind we had always read about and had never seen—and never want to see again. Every afternoon all the Heinies who had been very good for the previous week were allowed to shoot it off. And every afternoon we prayed fervently that the Germans would fry in hell for their practical jokes.

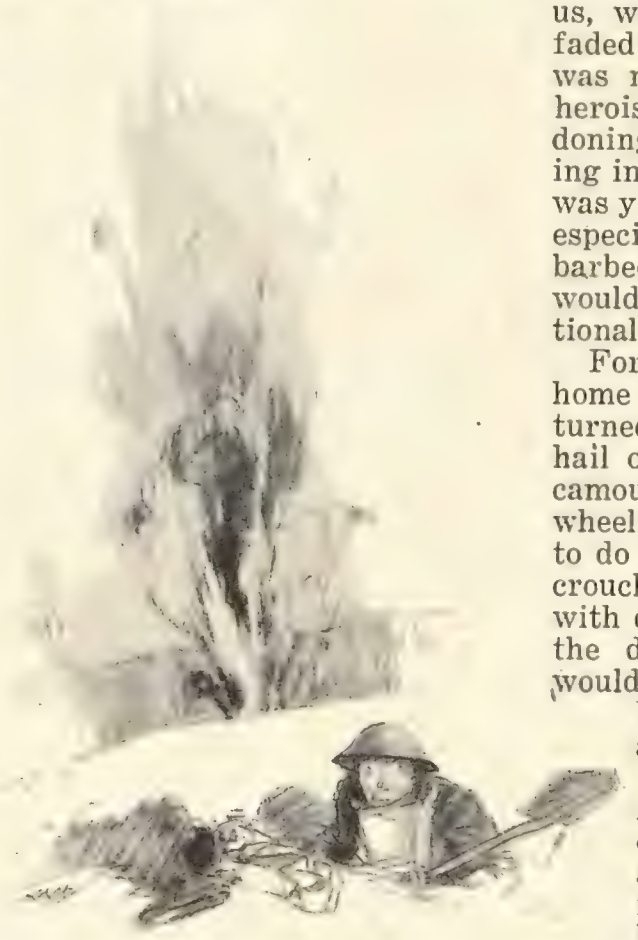
From far away—thirty kilometers at least—came a dull boom, as if a comet had struck the other side of the world. Next the growing rumble of an elevated train, rushing into a roar. Into the flops, boys, and may God have mercy on your souls!

The prospect was no worse than a runaway engine bearing down on an orphan asylum; and yet, as the air split before the shrieking tons of iron and the roar massaged our spines like a nutmeg grater, some instinct sent the shoulder blades together with a bang and the most dauntless heroes rolled up like armadillos.

The first boilerful of death habitually took a final turn with a squeal that unbuttoned every vertebræ on the front. A terrific crash; a great black whirl of earth and iron; a rain of clods and steel. Five hundred meters away the shock was sufficient to knock the guns out of alignment and throw the crews on their faces—if they hadn't been on their faces from the first. Every eardrum caved in from concussion. It was enough to make a fellow as nervous as a witch.

We never got used to the feeling. Just as we thought we were hardened to it, along would come another aërial locomotive on the loose. Once more spines stretched like rubber bands. *Bang!* and a block of black smoke. That was Fléville. Up went the First Baptist church, ever so slowly, and chinned itself twice on nothing. Very impressively it descended, steeple first, a lesson to all good Baptists.

Quite often hits were made a stone's throw from the position. We ducked like loons while an acre of land went up and rattled down on our curly heads. A dozen times a chunk of scrap iron weighing 200 pounds crashed into the gun pits like a live bull.



We were too busy digging—next stop, China. Shovels, behave!

"Well," said Cush Pryor, peeking from the bowels of the earth on one of these occasions, "that's the first time I knew them Germans used battleships for fragments."

There was a definite cadence to this monkey business and a full five minutes after every shot in which to see the damage. Always a smoking crater twenty feet deep, forty feet across. Each new hole was a powerful argument for the Monroe Doctrine. Let Europe mind its own business and we'll mind ours. America for Americans. No Entangling Alliances, and Three Cheers for Bryan.

ONE of our lieutenants (who shall be nameless, because he tried to be a swell guy) heard one of these choochoo trains coming while he was telling funny traveling men's stories and punishing a mess kit full of beans. In the middle of a big laugh the ugly crescendo began.

Incidentally, the most interesting feature about a forty-two centimeter shell is its intimately personal touch. With 9,000 people around, you *know* it's for papa. The lieutenant's face slowly froze.

Automatically he began working backward, crab style, his eyes glaring at the invisible monster in the sky. We yelled that he was heading for the river, but he didn't hear or care. His face was so green, so sorry for everything he had done in this world, so unsure God would forgive him in the next. Still holding his mess kit at alert, he backed right into the Aire, disappearing in a cloud of bubbles and beans. We fished him out with a rammer staff, laughing like fools and keeping the pole away from him until he was half drowned. Before he got it he had to salute twelve times.

A battery of National Army artillery pulled into the field to our left. Immediately we were inspired to show the kids what real soldiers with whiskers could do. The next time the Fritzies shelled us, we stood up in the pits and faded them, shot for shot. There was no reason for this show of heroism; every reason for abandoning position. Shells were raining in like confetti. Captain Stone was yelling to beat it for the river, especially as we were firing at barbed wire and any other time would do. But that damned National Army battery was looking.

For half an hour we kept the home fires burning. The Germans turned two batteries on us and a hail of shells ripped through the camouflage and bounced off the wheels. It got so hot that we had to do belly flops and fire from the crouch. The National Army obliged with cheers, which endeared us to the draft at once. Those boys would be soldiers in time. Anybody could see that with half an eye.

The tough part of being a hero is that you can't quit, once you start. We were about to cease fire and run for it, when Johnny Foster had a rush of courage to the head and yelled: "Step right up, boys! Three shots for a nickel!" Which induced another round of applause and committed us to the worst half hour of the war, proving that Divisional Pride has Love of Country skinned a mile.

Lieutenant Wegner, recovered from his wounds, rejoined the battery and decided to make the position God's Little Garden and the neatest little spot on the front. Every morning he wandered among the gun pits, declaring National Cleanup Week. Old socks were to be burned; cigarette butts pulverized; blankets brushed; nasturtiums planted. The theory seemed to be that the Germans would peek through field glasses and set us down as innocent suburbanites.

All this was woman's work and we told the lieutenant so. We also told him to go away and not do that any more. At first we were very polite, and it wasn't until Wegner got cross and bad tempered that we were in the least bit severe with him. Lieutenants are like children that way. They begin by talking back. The next thing you know they are out of hand and have to be sent to military school.

Rumors, rumors, rumors. The front was a *Kaffeeklatsch*. Every soldier in the division had his own hot tip. Two American aviators had captured the Kaiser and cut his ears off. Mr. Edison had invented a poison gas that would destroy every living thing within a radius of twenty miles. Hereafter we could fight the war with bean blowers.

Not all these popeyed rumors were so reassuring. For instance, the Kaiser was about to celebrate his birthday by destroying the entire American army with a new gas, better than Edison's. And so on and on.

The front settled down to periodic pot shots and bloodletting while both sides gathered strength. A lady came up from the Salvation Army and opened a bakery under fire. We examined a former sauerkraut factory and found a tub suitable for bathing. All of us were as lousy as goats and the leaky wooden barrel looked like a Turkish bath. Even this simple pleasure was resented by the Germans, who blew the place off the map, scattering sauerkraut for miles. The cranks!

So were we. Brick Bristol caught a Y. M. C. A. traveling man trading priceless chocolate to German prisoners for buttons and iron crosses. We hadn't had any chocolate since Monast bit the dust, and Brick knocked the secretary loose from his triangle and returned with his wares.

WE also got mad at the aviators —on both sides. Every day and night the Germans would skim over and unload a flock of bombs. It was a bit unnerving to watch the black eggs leave the plane, grow bigger than piano boxes, and blow our little valley into the conformations of the Grand Cañon of Arizona—especially as the American planes seemed to do nothing about it.

Every morning our bully boys sailed over the line, fifty at a time, saw the sights, and came back. Often we saw two German planes running four or five Americans ragged. At this distance of months, we know that they were observation planes and were not supposed to fight. Then it seemed that five Americans were running from two Germans, and many a Chauchat and borrowed rifle went into the Americans' wings—we hoped.

Try our best, we never brought an American down; so we got back at them with a parody on Homeward Bound, as follows:

Often overhead, when you've gone to bed,
Fritzie comes flying right over the place,
His tail gate let down, and a smile on his face;
But when he turns his old steering wheel
Then you feel a joy that's real.

Because he's homeward bound
It's great to hear that fading sound;
For while overhead he's humming
All the officers are running
(By way of getting ninety-five birds with one brick).

And though the skies are black
He somehow sees your little shack.
But when he drops his bombs and turns right around
And leaves hig holes all over the ground,
He's homeward bound.
It's a wonderful, wonderful sound.

That cleans up the German end of the matter. Now for the dirty part:

Way back in the rear, where no guns they hear,
Our aviators tune up their planes,
Then they go out and flirt with the janes.
But when danger's hovering around
You bet your elbow they're never found.

Because they're homeward bound,
They're flying fast and near the ground.
And while the shot and shell are flying,
For the S. O. S. they're sighing.
It's good they get high pay

To buy champagne most every day.
(There's a hot shot.)
But if you want to hear our aëroplanes sound
Don't come near when Fritzie's around.
Because they're homeward bound.
It's a hell of a—hell of a sound.

AVIATORS may retort that the composers of such lousy verse ought to be shot for their rotten rhymes, aside from the injustice involved. But the boys felt deeply at the time. Besides, it is always the thought that counts.

After the Armistice we got to know several aviators and they seemed nice fellows. Most of us were very sorry we shot at them.

It was getting late in October. Meanwhile new divisions crept in under cover of night, big naval guns were hauled up, and soldiers were packed in every shell hole and valley like sardines. The last great battle of the war was impending.

How Yankee bulldog courage outgamed the Germans and forced them to start a steady retreat is told in Liberty's next installment of War Bugs.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 42

1—The opal.
2—New Jersey.
3—Twenty-four.
4—On Mare Island, San Pablo Bay, California, near San Francisco.
5—Paul von Hindenburg.
6—A volume equal to that of a board one foot by one foot by one inch.
7—The Battle of Austerlitz (1805), at which Napoleon of France, Alexander of Russia, and Francis of Austria were present on the field.
8—Santiago.
9—Bats.
10—The Pyrenees.
11—Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
12—Paper money which is made legal tender by *fiat* or law, is not based upon specie, and contains no promise of redemption.
13—Oslo, formerly called Christiania.
14—Sitting Bull.
15—Cheops.
16—The Kilkenny cats.
17—The President of the United States.
18—One of the two terms into which the school year is divided in many institutions of learning.
19—An animal that crawls or moves on its belly, as snakes, or on small, short legs, as lizards and the like.
20—A bird of the cuckoo family, noted for running with great speed. It ranges from California to Mexico and eastward to Texas.

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THE REFEREE blows his whistle.... One minute to play! Fourth down and 10 to go!... The sun has dropped behind the stands.... Cheer leaders go mad.... The great crowd is on its feet, roaring, moaning, pleading for a touchdown.... The teams line-up.... In that split-second, a helmeted, padded youth, whose mud-spattered numerals mark him as the offensive captain, is called upon to assume a responsibility that would unnerve men of twice his years! ... Is he equal to the occasion? ... Does his young brain function with the cool logic of the born leader?

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will tell you!... Eckersall has written for LIBERTY a series of dramatic articles, vividly recalling the crucial moments of important football games of recent years.... These articles are written as only Eckersall, himself three times All-American, and one of the greatest players the game has known, can write them.

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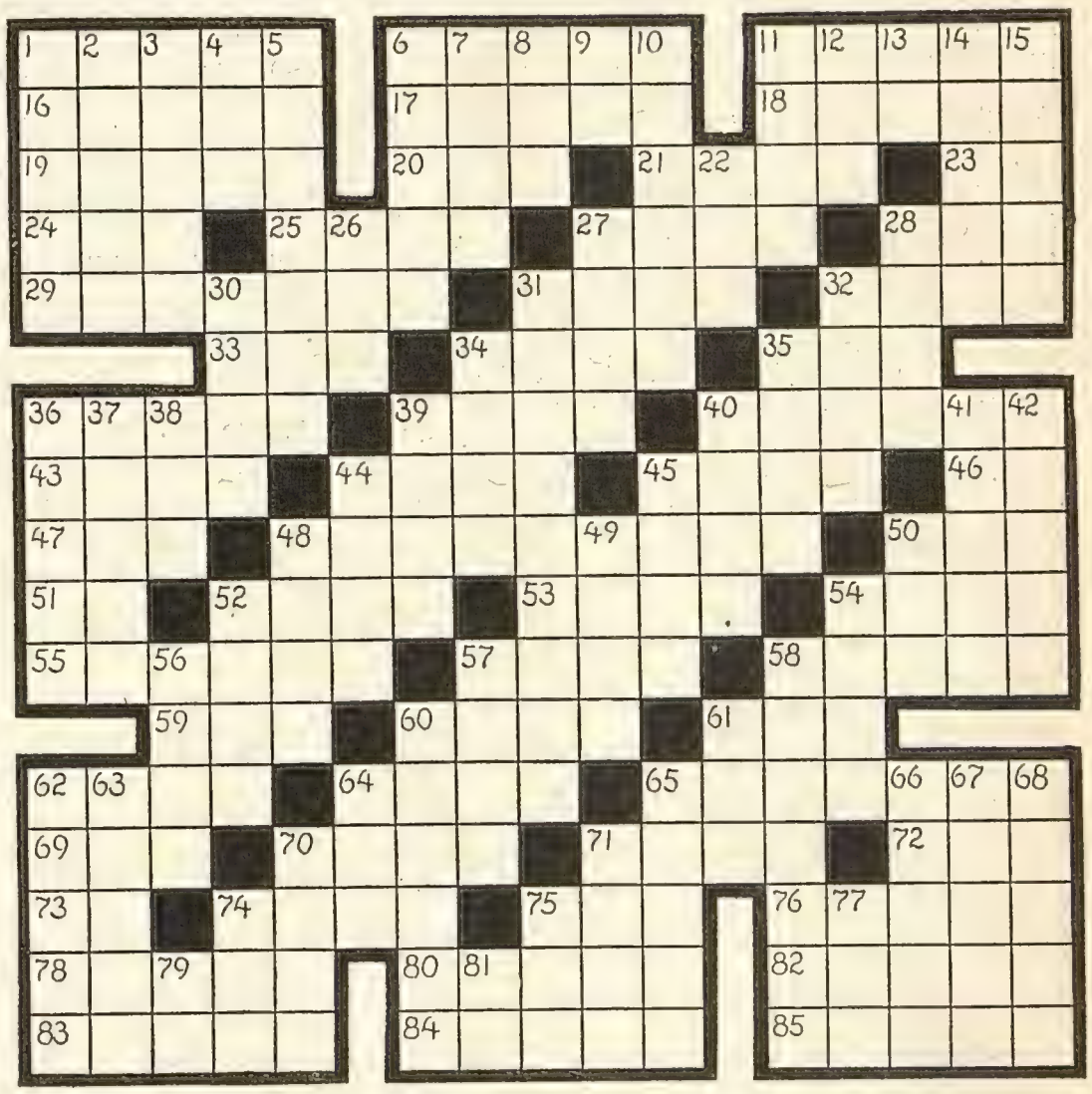
An *Easy* Puzzle—

MANY of our readers have written to us complaining that our cross word puzzles are too hard to solve. Others have complained that they are too easy. Therefore, this week we are offering two puzzles. On this page is an easy one and on the opposite page a hard one.

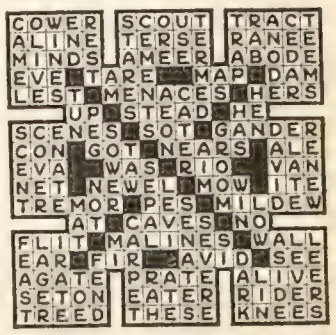


HORIZONTAL

1 Grinding tooth
6 Confines
11 Portion
16 Woman's name
17 Agreeable odor
18 Directed the intention or purpose
19 Split
20 Accomplished
21 Solemn promises
23 A note of the scale
24 Evening
25 Expired
27 Marbles used as shooters
28 Part of a bridle
29 Large snake
31 Wise man
32 Complete collections of articles belonging together
33 Eagle
34 Anxiety
35 Pronoun
36 Clubs
39 Rent
40 Exhausts
43 Metal
44 Seat of ancient Irish kings
45 Pretense
46 Note of the scale
47 Atmospheric moisture
48 Lustful
50 Insect
51 One indefinitely
52 Stagger
53 Ireland
54 Fruit
55 Book of the Old Testament
57 Indigo
58 Pacifies
59 Tree
60 Genus which includes domestic sheep
61 Vehicle
62 Peel
64 Epos
65 A Mohammedan
69 Period of time
70 Wheelless vehicle
71 Creeping or climbing plant
72 Past
73 Note of the scale
74 Edible seed of certain plants
75 Pronounced success
76 Birds of prey
78 Stalk of grain
80 Expunge
82 Loop with running knot
83 Periods of time
84 Silver coins
85 Restores (printing)

VERTICAL

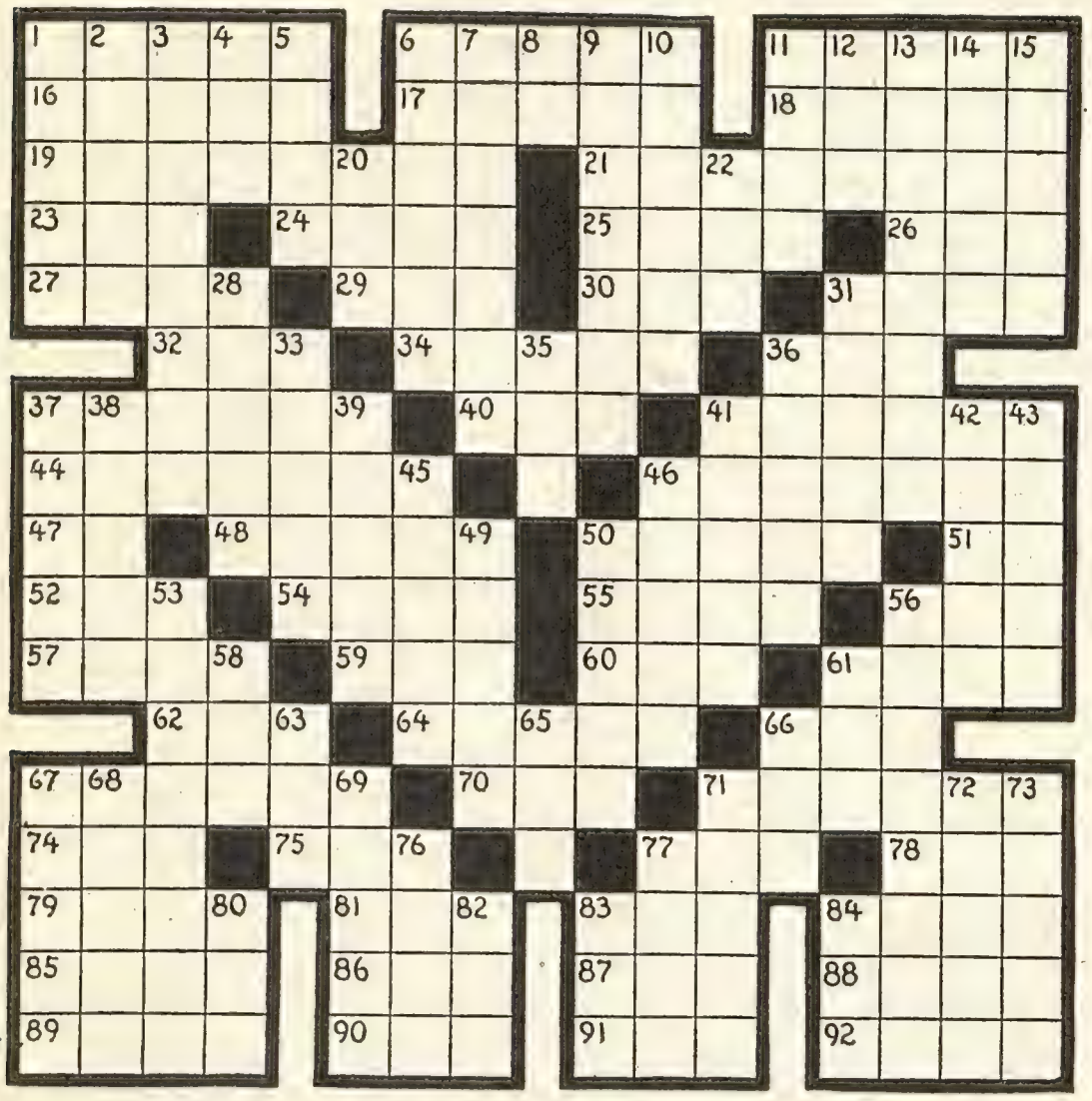
1 Certain equine quadrupeds
2 Fruit bearing tree
3 Largest gland in the human body
4 Playing card
5 Translates
6 Military student
7 Barren
8 A deity
9 Printer's measure
10 Uncivilized
11 Carpenter's tools
12 Pronoun
13 Exist
14 Forgive
15 Arranges for publication
22 To be in debt
26 Tavern
27 Small mountain lake
28 A form of to be
30 Part of a metal-worker's hammer
31 Pertaining to Horizontal 65
32 Eldest son of Noah
34 Woman's name
35 Mineral springs
36 King of Phrygia (Greek mythology)
37 Part of an amphitheater
38 Domestic animal
39 High
40 Avoid
41 Reverie
42 Prophets
44 Chinese weight
45 Begrime
48 Appear
49 Part of the eye
50 Babylonian god of the earth
52 Authoritative enactment
54 A State in Brazil
56 Such and no more
57 Greedy
58 Heels over, as a ship
60 Disclosed to view
61 Metal container
62 Form of paralysis
63 A variety of quartz
64 Note of Guido's scale
65 Locations
66 Light boat
67 Cast or throw out
68 Part of the head (plural)
70 Stitches
71 Device for holding work
74 Rod
75 Brother of Shem
77 Disease of sheep
79 Sun god
81 Japanese measure of distance



Answer to last week's puzzle

—and a *Hard* One

THIS puzzle is designed to tax the ability of the most accomplished cross word fan. In it are some difficult words and many familiar ones with unusual but legitimate definitions. If it proves too hard a nut to crack try the one on the opposite page.



HORIZONTAL

1 Vitiated appetite (plural)
6 Distinguishing feature
11 Leaf of the calyx
16 Sultan's decree
17 Egyptian privet
18 Make satisfaction for
19 Melodious
21 The entire compass of tones
23 Woman's name
24 Encompass
25 Calamities
26 Scripture canticle
27 Ground
29 Long narrow inlet
30 Light collation
31 Alcoholic beverage (plural)
32 Revolutionary general
34 Rent asunder
36 Past
37 Athwart
40 Land east of Eden (Gen. iv. 16)
41 Python
44 Female salmon after spawning
46 Recharacterize
47 River in Europe
48 Ex-Sultan of Turkey
50 Calumniate
51 Unit of measure in the Netherlands
52 Unit of the C. G. S. system
54 To checker
55 Dactylic hexameter in Latin prosody
56 Pertaining to the Siamese
57 Harvest
59 Prefix meaning since
60 A fuel
61 Metallic element
62 Word of assent
64 Inquisitive (colloq.)
66 Hydraulic pump
67 Suave
70 No
71 People of an ancient Germanic race
74 Monetary unit of Roumania (plural)
75 In leather manufacture, a vat or leach
77 Scrape with the forefoot
78 Groove
79 A coin of Canada
81 Alburnum
83 Hock
84 Sled for hauling logs
85 To lay smooth
86 Forty-five inches
87 God of war (Babylonian mythology)
88 Enormous
89 A support
90 Governor of Algiers
91 Russian village
92 A river in Europe

VERTICAL

1 Ancient Italian god of agriculture
2 Combining form for Persian
3 The rabble
4 Commotion
5 One of a former European country
6 Class of bards in ancient Norway
7 Recolor
8 One indefinitely
9 Composed
10 Joined at the end of
11 Subverts by digging
12 Letter of the Greek alphabet
13 Science of doses
14 Terminal of an electric source
15 Unaspirated consonants
20 Over
22 Recess in a room
28 Thin strips of type metal
31 Variety of quartz
33 Came to the ultimate point
35 Asseverate
36 In music: unaccented part of a measure
37 Turkish money of account
38 Prop
39 Denoting the final end or purpose (grammar)
41 Island of the Cyclades group
42 City in New York
43 Containing nephelite or leucite (petrography)
45 Poisonous protein in the castor oil bean
46 Requite
49 The mesial plane
50 Generate
53 Ornamental vine (plural)
56 Afraid
58 Edible seed
61 Tool for trimming roofing slates
63 Pismire
65 Siamese measure
66 Unrefined
67 Sore
68 Fasten by passing through a hole
69 Disburdened
71 One of the Philippine Islands
72 Gentle poke
73 Young animal of the ox kind
76 Colorless
77 Combining form meaning equal
80 Trinitrotoluene
82 To be in steady action
83 Pronoun
84 Your

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The Florsheim SHOE
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There is no shoe like a Florsheim and no better time to find it out than now. The quality that goes into every pair gives you endurance, dependability, comfort . . . your money's worth and more.

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Makes Life Sweeter

Because of the way we live today, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet, take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Does a hearty meal give you an uncomfortable sense of fullness? Do rich foods disagree, or bring on sour stomach? Don't suffer, and don't diet. Try this universal sweetener that every physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acrid skin tells you the system needs sweetening.

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"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

He said boys had better punches than girls. He had his baseball mitt on when he showed me.

Pictures by
DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

Black and a Little BLUE

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 54 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I don't know what Safe-etty Week is 'xactly. But I was tole that last week was NOT Safe-etty Week for me. Which I guess it wasn't all right.

Not for me. Nor for my three fingers. Nor for my knee. Nor for the part of me that fell out of the swing first. I mean the part that reached the ground first, which was a lot of me, also which is sore yet and black yet and a little blue.

My three fingers are tied up. They don't hurt any more. But I like them tied up. Because everybody says What did you do to your fingers? And I say I didn't do it. It was the auto-mo-bile. I don't want my leg tied up nor the rest of me that flew out of the swing quick. Because if they were asked about I'd have to say I did it myself.

My hand was in the door of the auto-mo-bile when it slammed shut. It caught my three fingers in there. It hurted something AWFUL. It hurted everybody around here. We all looked scared. There were a lot of tears. They weren't all mine. Mary didn't try to hide hers like the others did. She screamed. She was white. And she was shaking. Also, she was holding on to her three fingers and jumping up and down with pain.

The door didn't shut on Mary's hand. Nothing did. But if I fall down or out of the swing or anything Mary acts as if she was hurt as bad as me. Only she is more fright-en-ed. She even had to have her fingers tied up like mine after the ask-i-dent.

When the doctor came he said no there weren't any bones broken. Only a bad bruise. A bad bruise is blue. When you have one you're all swollened up. My fingers were.

Well, after I flew out of the swing on Monday and off the steps on Wednesday and got filled up with scratches and miss skeety bites on Tuesday and Thursday, and Friday got my fingers all swollened up, it was decided that maybe a day indoors might be free from miz-haps and Mary and I should try one and see.

When I asked what miz-haps is, I was tole I ought to know; I was full of them. And please try not to have any more, for goonness sake.

I tried and Mary tried. But I guess every day's got a miz-hap in it some where. Even the day you're told'll maybe be free from one. Least, that was the way it turned out with us.

'Member I tole you before about Teddy. Teddy was the boy that his mother left with us one day. He was the boy with curls that had to go into the movies but didn't want to. Only his mother said he had to.

His father ub-jekt-ed. And his mother and father had a quarrel about it and Teddy was brought to our house till the quarrel was through.

When I asked what miz-haps is, I was tole I ought to know; I was full of them.

When he tole us he didn't like his curls and he didn't want to go in the movies and his father didn't, too, we cut them off so he wouldn't have to go away anywhere, especially from his father.

Then his father, you 'member, sent me a letter thanking me for making a man of his son, and telling me he would bring Teddy over the next Saturday so we could put some finish-ing touches on his boy.

Well, he brought him. But we didn't put any finish-ing touches on him. His father said he would when he got him back home.

TEDDY didn't look anything like he did the first time he came to stay the day at our house. My Mom didn't say, when she opened the door to him, like she did before, "A reg'lar little Lord Fontle Roy." No; she said, "My, what a great big man!"

He didn't have his pretty white blouse on with the frills on it, nor the velvet panties. He had on a baseball suit. Also, he had on a mitt in his hand.

At least, he had the mitt on his hand until Mary called him Do-Do. That's what his mother called him in his velvet pants and his white blouse and his curls.

"You call me that again," he tole Mary, "and I'll smash you one."

She called him it again and he did what he promised her.

His father made him take off his mitt and say he was sorry after he got a spanking for hitting a girl.

He said he was sorry after he got the spanking, but if Mary didn't call him Bo-zo she couldn't play ball with him and he didn't like her anyway.

He said he liked me, though, because my hair is short and Mary's is long like his was and that's why he didn't like her. But he said I couldn't play ball either because I had my fingers ban-dajed. So I took the ban-daje off and showed him they were all better.

We played ball. We had to have somebody run after the ball when it ran far out in the field. So he said Mary could come in the game, then.

He had the bat and I was pitch-ing. So we didn't have time to go get the ball.

Well, Mary didn't stay in the game very long. Because when she caught the ball he hit she didn't catch it with her hands like you're sposed to. She had her mouth opened. Teddy tole her you don't keep your mouth open when you play ball. Only your eyes.

But we had to stop playing ball after Mary had a miz-hap. Her miz-hap hurt worse'n any of mine. It was ter-rible to see blood coming from her mouth.

I tole Teddy he was a tough boy. He said he was glad he was and he bet his Dad would be glad, too.

His Daddy wasn't though. I don't know what he said to his son what was made a man of. He took him over behind the tool house.

When he came back we just sat on the steps.

Teddy said his house had better steps. I said I bet his yard wasn't better. He said it was and the trees were and everything he had was. Everything boys had, he said, was better'n what girls have. I said No they wasn't. He said they WUZ.

Boys had better punches than girls, he said. I said I never seen a punch. Would he show me his?

He had the baseball mitt on when he showed me. My chin isn't swollened up yet, but it feels like it ought to be. I don't want to see any more punches.

Next week Toni will tell you how she and Mary tried to reduce by dieting.

This DIAMOND MARKS the SPOT WHERE • • HEALTH IS FOUND

SOME BOYS and girls discovered it—the wealth of health that's hidden in Borden's Malted Milk.

They found—in this foamy, creamy-smooth drink—rich energy. The kind you need to go the modern pace. Snap and dash, sparkle and glow. To lift you up and out of the doldrums. Put you on top of the world. Radiant with health.

They marked this treasure-trove with a bright red Diamond. The unmistakable sign that here's where they serve Borden's Malted Milk.

But the younger generation has no monopoly on Borden's. *You*, too, whatever your age, can enjoy this healthful drink. With its full-cream clover-sweet country milk, its precious vitamins, its energizing wheat, its piquant malt.

But make sure there's a red Diamond somewhere on the fountain. Then step up, order your Borden's. Stake then and there your claim to health. And come back again to the Diamond Sign!

◆ ◆ ◆

DIAMONDS FOR DEALERS:

Let people know *you* serve Borden's. Get our complete new Diamond Sign outfit and dress up your fountain and window with it. Order a set today. Free. The Borden Company, 510 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., or The Borden Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

If you enjoy Borden's Malted Milk at the fountain, buy it for home use, too. Natural flavor or Sweet Chocolate flavor. Convenient sized packages.

Look for this Diamond Sign. It identifies fountains serving Borden's Malted Milk.

Consistency counts in printing too . . .

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

Whether it's 8 million Coca-Colas a day, or 1,550,000 reproductions of this two-color advertisement whirling through the high-speed presses, *consistency of quality counts.* ❀ ❀ From 8 a day to 8 million a day within two-score and two years! Coca-Cola not only "had to be good to get where it is" but it had to be *consistently* good. And so are the merits of printing judged. Scrutiny of a color run in LIBERTY discloses the uniformity of printing whether the thousandth, millionth, or last proof is examined. ❀ ❀ *Color* consistency is the reward of painstaking care in the press room plus paper of constant texture especially adapted to LIBERTY printing. This combination has been a contributing factor in the selection of LIBERTY by Coca-Cola and other critical color users.

The advertiser's original plates, used in a recent Coca-Cola advertisement, have been used again for this reproduction. Coca-Cola advertising is prepared by the D'Arcy Advertising Company. It appears regularly in

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

The Inside Story of the Nobile Tragedy

Being the Viewpoint of a Swedish Journalist

By

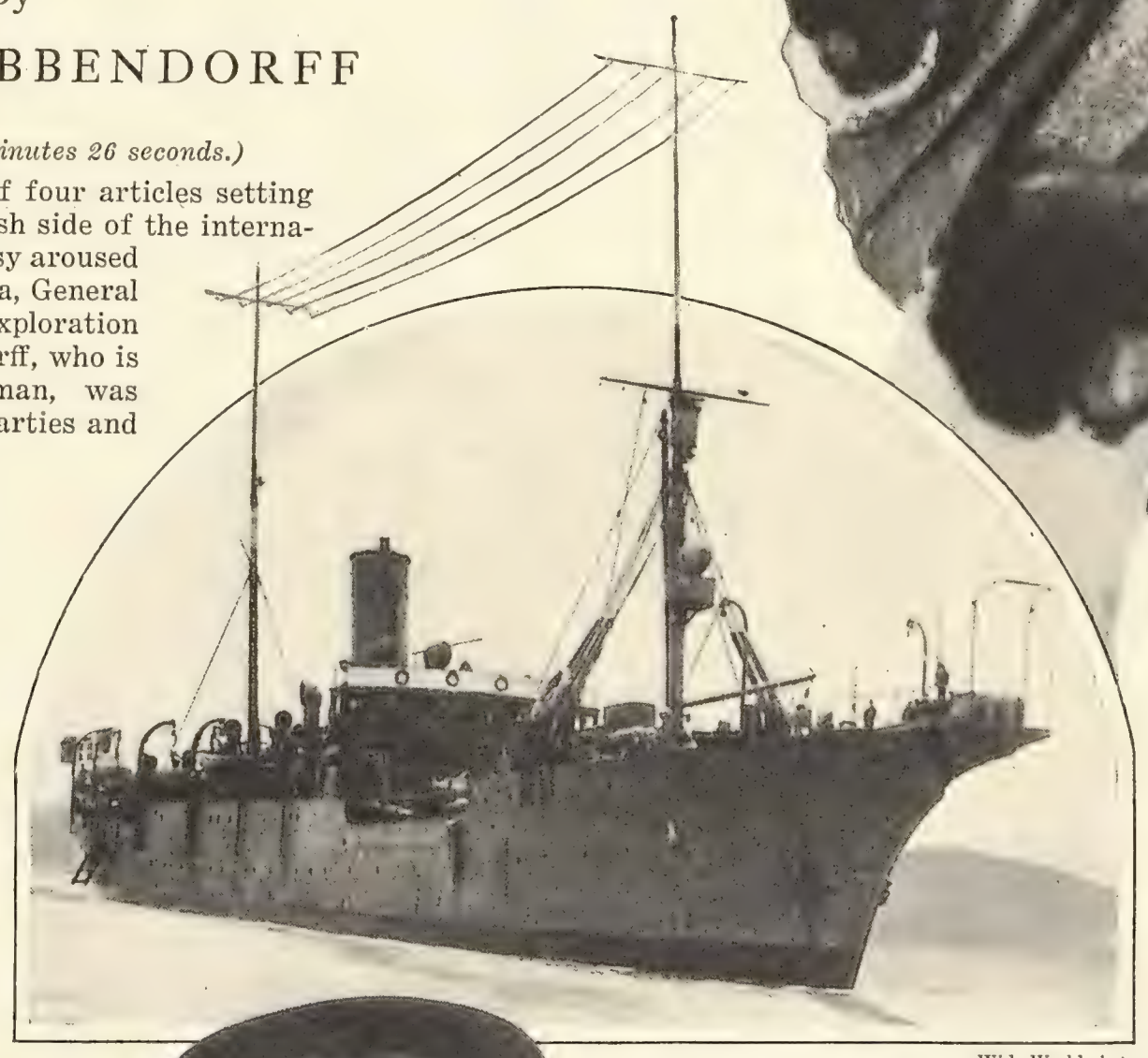
KNUT STUBBENDORFF

P. & A. photo

General Nobile feeding his dog, the mascot of the Italia, after he had been rescued from the arctic ice and taken to Hinlopen Strait, Spitzbergen.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 26 seconds.)

THIS is the last of four articles setting forth the Swedish side of the international controversy aroused by the wreck of the Italia, General Umberto Nobile's polar exploration airship. Mr. Stubbendorff, who is a Swedish newspaperman, was with one of the rescue parties and was the first to interview General Nobile after the disaster. He has told of the events preceding and following the disaster, and now tells of his interview with Nobile after he had been rescued and taken aboard the Italian naval vessel, the Citta di Milano.



Wide World photo

The Citta di Milano, Nobile's base ship, in Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, where the author interviewed the general.

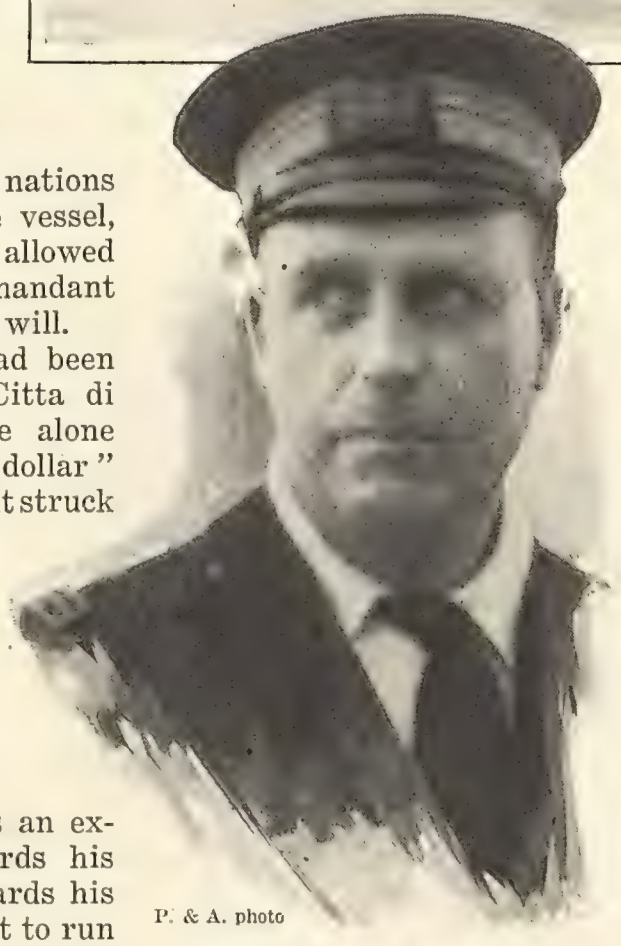
PART FOUR

AN ARCTIC INTERVIEW

IT really was difficult to get on board the Citta di Milano, but I was going to. Eight or nine journalists of different nations had been alongside the vessel, but they had not been allowed to set foot on deck. Commandant Romagna knew his own will.

Only one reporter had been allowed to enter the Citta di Milano before me, one alone who had "the almighty dollar" in so high a degree that it struck the Fascisti with awe—he was an American. He filmed Nobile because it was Romagna's will—Nobile lying in bed in his cabin, sunk deep in melancholy and despair.

That cameraman was an example to me—as regards his success, but not as regards his methods. I did not want to run up against Romagna; I intended to get to General Nobile without coming to any agreement with his guard. That was my little game.



P. & A. photo

Commandant Romagna of the Citta di Milano.

I stood thinking of this while we were being conveyed across the water between the flying machine in which I had come from the rescue ship Quest to Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, and the bluish gray, sooty, yachtlike hull of the Citta di Milano. Her wireless antennæ, so notorious and so renowned, stretched between her masts—the only connection between the group on the ice and civilization, and consequently to a certain extent commanding the situation—by means of censorship!

I also thought of the two German journalists who had traveled from Berlin in order to interview Nobile and to do the great reporting stunt from Spitzbergen. They hired an arctic smack at Tromsö, Norway, for 10,000 kroner ($3,000); they fitted up a wireless receiver on board in order to be in contact with the transmissions from the Citta; and they went across the Arctic Ocean. The Citta was then lying in Virgo harbor, Spitzbergen.

On the way there the wireless apparatus broke down and nobody on board could mend it. The German journalists couldn't get a word from the ether. When they arrived at Virgo, Commandant Romagna refused them admission to the ship.

They used threats. They offered the remains of the contents of their pocketbooks. They again used threats. They tried negotiations. They begged. They prayed in tears. But they got nothing.

Finally the skipper of the smack became impatient—he had received his money—and he simply removed them down to Kings Bay and put them ashore there.

Both the adventurers marched away up the stony shore, among the small wooden houses, looked around, took courage, and decided to inspire the poor people who lived there with awe. But it is not so easy to inspire with awe Norwegians up on the eightieth line of latitude as one may perchance inspire the owner of a café in Behrensstrasse in Berlin.

They put forward demands for rooms, food, and conveniences in the tiny, overpopulated mining colony. Mr. Sherdal, the manager, a man with a sense of humor, but strict, said:

"You must put up in the sick quarters. We have no other accommodation for you. You may have your food at the mess like everybody else."

The Germans went away most embittered. Their indignant outbursts were soon heard echoing between the wooden walls of the houses in the little colony at the foot of the gigantic heaps of coal lying beneath the glaciers and black edged, jagged, snow covered mountains. Mr. Sherdal then called them to him once more.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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LUCKY TIGER

[THE INSIDE STORY OF THE NOBILE TRAGEDY
Continued from page fifty-seven]

"You are going back to the mainland by the next boat, gentlemen," he said.

So the two journalists went back to their fatherland by the next boat, very perturbed regarding their future destinies.

I thought of their story; but then I looked at Captain Sora, who, in return for certain favors, had promised to take me to Nobile.

There was a guard of officers as we climbed the side rope to the ship of the Italia expedition. And a little farther away on the roomy deck was another group of higher rank. The foremost waved their hands to Sora and Van Dongen, and Sora and Van Dongen waved back. Sora shone like a bearded sun, and Van Dongen neighed that laugh of his which every jolly dog among the men of the Swedish expedition had learned to imitate.

AND now there were handshakes and embraces—a chorus of shouts, southern rejoicing, a confusion of praise. I kept my eye on Sora, and he winked at me. We passed along the deck to the second group.

They were not so effusive. One clapped Sora on the shoulder, another shook him by both hands. Three or four of them surrounded us. I shook hands with them and muttered my name so that it could not be snapped up—until there I stood in front of the dictator on board, Commandant Romagna!

I met his clear, sharp glance. But just at that moment the Swedish and Finnish airmen, Lieutenant Carlsson from Stockholm and Lieutenant Sarko from Helsingfors, reached us. They were already well known to Romagna, who at that moment thought I was a new member of the Swedish expedition.

While they exchanged greetings and Romagna expressed his thanks, Sora stole away from the group and waved to me to come into a dark corridor. And then, wasn't that General Nobile himself, *sound of wind and limb,* in full uniform, as healthy as a boy, coming toward us?

I was perplexed, for I did not think at the moment that the general had his nephew there—as like him as a twin brother, except younger, with the same beautiful eyes. He followed us, and we hastened on before I got over my surprise.

A row of Italian officers came after us, and they spoke a great deal. A door was opened to the left of the passage. Light poured out from within, the clear light of day from the cabin window through which shone the evening sun.

There I was!

Sora stood inside the room in front of a sitting person I could not see, someone who was on the sofa beneath the window. To the right, in the very middle of the room, was a young woman, just inclined to be stout, who looked at me with inquisitive girlish eyes and jolly suspicion. Farther to the right was a table in front of still another sofa, and on the table a cover.

Bookshelves along the walls, carved cases, comfortable chairs; on the left wall a chest of drawers with the flap down; flowers in the window. A clubroom interior, or a small boudoir—the study of an amateur. Something refined, something effeminate—so foreign to the milieu on board a man-of-war, which the Citta di Milano really is.

Sora stepped aside, and I walked over to the person sitting, while some of those who followed us stepped farther into the room, together with the Swedish scientist from the auxiliary expedition.

The handsome young woman was Miss Behounek from Prague, a sister of one of the men saved by the Russian ice breaker Krassin the previous day. It was the message of this rescue that had caused her rejoicing, this gleam of sisterly, girlish happiness encircling her fair head, this roguish irony about her eyes and mouth.

I was unshaved, unwashed, dressed in peculiar clothes, with the want of sleep for two days and nights in my eyes, and my nerves at full cock—having arrived direct from the Quest, where we had to take our sleep in turn!

An oval face, that of a dreamer, with traces of melancholia about his eyes and mouth, with a touch of bitter ignominy for having been brought back to life from horrors, with something like the incapacity of one dazed with sleep to find his proper place among those with absolutely clear brains and strong wills—men who saw their honor grow in size as his became less: such was Umberto Nobile's appearance the first time I saw him.

His face was in shadow, but his big, dark, ringed eyes were shining. Suffering was hardly anything to him any longer: he had become resigned. But now and again fragments of those memories arose within him—the details of this unfortunate fiasco, a thousandfold more dreadful because he was responsible for the death of human beings!

Wide World photo

Nobile (left), safe aboard the Citta di Milano, with a friend and his mascot.

This was the hero of the Norge's voyage in 1926 between Spitzbergen and Alaska across the North Pole—the theatrical hero who stepped forth to the reception in Seattle in full uniform on behalf of Mussolini, while the real hero and his companions came in their simple polar outfits.

This was the man about whom Amundsen had refused to say anything bad, because he, wise from many previous opportunities, was afraid he might say too much!

This was the engineer constructor who had become a colonel because there was greater honor in military rank in modern Italy, and who had become a general after having undertaken the voyage with the Norge in 1926 and having given rise to numerous malicious anecdotes among Amundsen's fellow countrymen.

This was the man whom the Norwegian Riiser-Larsen threw to the floor with a violent movement of his hand when he was in the act of steering the Norge to destruction and the Norwegian was able to save everybody only at the last moment.

THIS was Nobile, who had received a greeting—and an order—from the dictator in Italy, through Mussolini's own brother, just when he was about to start from Milan on the 17th of April.

This was Nobile, who awakened astonishment and ridicule after his orgies of navigation in Silesia and over Finland on his way up to Vadsö, and who gave such evidence of his obvious failings as a leader of a polar expedition that the Swede Finn Malmgren lost confidence in him.

This was Nobile, who defied all reason and all knowledge when he started on the Italia's last voyage, contrary to Finn Malmgren's decided warning regarding weather conditions, against the counsel of wise men not to set out with a broken down, badly repaired balloon—started so that he might be able to reach the North Pole and throw down the Italian flag on the anniversary of Italy's entry into the Great War.

This was Nobile, the tool that was no good and that had been exchanged for another—Romagna.

But, nevertheless, this was the Nobile whom my fellow countrymen, his rescuers, consider a man of courage and self control.

Umberto Nobile raised himself from the sofa after Captain Sora had muttered some words which introduced me to him. He stood upright with difficulty, crouching and supporting himself on the back of the sofa. He was dressed in a gray sporting suit, one foot bandaged, his hair, gray and thin on the crown of his head, carefully brushed. He looked toward me and made a gesture of amiability, good breeding, and warmth.

"A Swede I can deny nothing! You may question me about anything you like." There lay more than politeness in this greeting.

I had not come officially, because official permits from the commander of the vessel were not given. I had come, thanks to Sora, as a kind of liberator for Nobile,

because I had not pledged myself by such a reservation as being grateful to Romagna.

In Umberto Nobile's greeting there lay something akin to satisfaction because Romagna had been outwitted.

Romagna was engaged with the official visit that was being paid to him outside by the Swedish and Finnish airmen. Some young officers looked in at the door, but on the general's order this was closed by an orderly. We were alone: General Nobile, Miss Behounek, the Swedish scientist Sandström, from Stockholm, young Nobile the nephew, and myself. The youth sat quietly most of the time, watching with gleaming eyes from a chair at the farther end of the sofa where the general and I had taken our seats.

"You may ask me whatever you like," the general had said. And I asked.

It is possible that he lied to me. But I believe he was as open toward me as he could be. The real fact is that he captivated me during the hour of our conversation, and I left him not with respect and admiration for General Umberto Nobile, but enraptured by the charm of a person who, in spite of everything, possesses culture.

He is no good as a sportsman, no good as an organizer, no good as an apostle of modern Italy in the northerly parts of the globe, where men have to meet the violent forces of nature with a hardiness that has its roots in the very wildness of nature itself.

He is no good in making projects for the use of semirigid airships without ballast for polar expeditions—but he is a man who has penetrated the depths of his own self and who needs rest in order to think over his own limitations.

He is no good for what is artificial in the Italy of Mussolini—for that are needed hard men, unsensitive men—but he belongs properly to the stillness of a study, with books and drawings, far away from politics and agitation.

A JOURNALIST'S task often forces him to be cruel. I asked him at one moment:

"It is said that you are planning a new expedition—eventually to the South Pole. An expedition financed by American men of money."

He replied quietly and wisely, without irony:

"I will not express my opinion about such plans."

"Be good enough to tell me about the catastrophe," I said.

He buried his face in his hands for a moment; then raised his head and replied, as from far away:

"It was a terrible incident. I cannot give any details. Everything disappeared in frightfulness."

"But the balloon group," I continued. "You first stated that they might still be alive. Then you made known to the world that they had perished a few minutes later as the result of a terrific explosion. Where is the connection between those contradictory statements?"

"I have never made more than one," he replied. "*I do not know what has happened to the unfortunate people who went away with the balloon* when it broke away from the gondola and sailed away in the storm, made lighter, as it was, without its burden. *I saw nothing.*"

P. & A. photo

The general (left), injured and unkempt, with Professor Behounek before they were rescued from the ice floes.

"But the statements that have been issued and have been put in your mouth?"

HE looked at me, and in the melancholy lines about his mouth I discovered the first trace of irony over his own fate—to be a prisoner on the vessel which was at one time intended to follow his proud voyaging merely as a modest satellite.

"All that I know," he then said, "is that some of my men have seen the balloon disappear in the distance while we lay on the ice stupefied by the terribleness of the catastrophe. Some of them have told me that they discovered smoke in the direction in which it sailed away through the air. But nobody has said anything to me of an explosion, or that anybody has seen flames, as if the balloon had caught fire."

"It was in full daylight?"

"It was in full daylight, but stormy and misty."

My interview with General Nobile was not the kind that gives sensational news, sensational facts. The subject was virtually finished. What little might be called facts had been diluted into verbose telegrams which had been sent all round the world—from Italy via the Citta di Milano.

My interview was a confrontation so that I might personally study this unhappy, world renowned man, the unsuccessful apostle of that new, artificial Italy. I asked him:

"Why did you send out the Swede Finn Malmgren?"

"It was the only solution of the problem of getting into touch with the outer world," he replied. "Everything else that is being said is not true. Biagi had set up our wireless mast from pieces of aluminum tubes from the smashed gondola, and we had tried to repair a wireless transmitter that had fallen on the ice when the catastrophe took place.

"We signaled for four days without getting any answer from land. We did not know how long the ice would bear us with relative security. Ceccioni was hurt. I was hurt. Malmgren was hurt. We could not march toward land."

"But Malmgren could!"

"He suggested it himself. It was our only chance of getting into touch with land and getting assistance. He took Zappi and Mariano with him. They were sent out as a patrol. Malmgren was an admirable man!"

"He is dead now."

"I am full of admiration over his heroism," said Nobile, "over his brilliant desire to sacrifice himself, over his nobleness. He has done what Captain Oates did in Scott's South Pole expedition. For Mariano and Zappi it was a question of getting there. One of them must get there. Malmgren gave both of his companions orders to go ahead. And they did so."

The general looked at me with eyes that unveiled all the uncertainty he felt and had felt in the terrible situation when all responsibility had been laid upon him. He had not been the man to bear it, and he admitted this by a look. He admitted by a look that it was unworthy of a leader to send out a badly injured man on the ice, where, as the men of the Sora party told us, *it may take thirty-one hours to cover six kilometers under the greatest hardships.*

"And you believe that the balloon group is alive?" I asked.

"I hope so," the general replied.

He hoped so. He knew nothing definite. He couldn't know anything definite; he could only hope!

BUT I do not believe he was cowardly. My fellow countrymen, his rescuers, have told me that he was master of himself in a wonderful manner during the trying journey from the tent to Lundborg's machine in the ice. And Lundborg himself assures me that *if he had not persisted General Nobile would have stayed on to be taken away as the last man*—as befits the master of a wrecked vessel.

We spoke about all possible kinds of things regarding the Italia, the catastrophe, and those who had disappeared. The general was quite frank. He showed his incapacity for judging the various phases of a dangerous situation with something that might be called naïveté, if I were not convinced that instead it implied his entire surrender of a pose that he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE INSIDE STORY OF THE NOBILE TRAGEDY
Continued from page fifty-nine]

had dreamed himself capable of carrying.

The balloon was badly repaired when the Italia went out on her last voyage. She was navigated with an uncertainty that made even the philosophically calm Finn Malmgren nervous. The taking of her position often was not approximately correct.

Thus did Finn Malmgren reveal the incompetence of his chief after the voyage out to Nicolai II Land in the following words: "If I am not quoted in the press when you write it, we have never been above the spot where Nicolai the Second's Land should lie."

Nevertheless, the official reports issued through the Citta di Milano contained the proud statement that the Nobile expedition had made it clear that Nicolai II Land was a myth.

HAS Nobile ever been across the North Pole with the Italia? Well, it may perhaps be made clear if the logbooks of the airship are published—the general had at least a few when he was saved by the Swedish airman Lundborg. But do those logbooks tally with the real position?

Nobile himself thinks gas escaping from the balloon caused it to fall to the ground. He says in his subsequent reports that everything was done to raise the airship on its dangerous approach toward the rough surface of the sea ice. I know, as told to my friend Captain Lundborg by Viglieri, an officer on the Italia, that nobody on board had the slightest idea of any impending danger until just before the catastrophe. They did not realize that the Italia was falling.

The Italia went out from Kings Bay with a badly repaired tear in her balloon: a couple of days' journey away toward the pole, or across the pole, a return journey in storm and fog, and sudden cold which froze the moisture of the air into ice on the balloon cover while the propellers were dashing pieces of ice in a steady bombardment against the balloon.

This apparently damaged the balloon again, and it fell to the ground, owing to the double effect of escaping gas and downward currents of air.

And some minutes prior to the collision which killed the man in the hindmost gondola, Pomella, Captain Mariano had said:

"Everything is going all right, we have nothing to fear."

Then suddenly the first bang, and next those on board saw jagged contours of the ice round about them rising up out of the fog.

Imagine the panic that arose among the crew as the Italia fell. And before they could realize what was happening they felt the scraping knock along the bottom of the gondola that tore up its timber, broke away the swaying balloon, threw the men all over each other across the ice, and scattered instruments, provisions, pieces of the wreck, and everything else all over the place for a distance of half a kilometer.

Could they have had presence of mind to do other than shout like people condemned to death? I hardly think so.

They were quite unprepared, because they had never imagined that the proud Italia would meet with this degrading incident, and their precious lives became of less value than husks before the polar wind.

"I hope to find my other companions," the general said.

He hoped because the recovery of the Sora group, the Malmgren group, and the rescue of the Viglieri group gave him new hope. Can anything in this world more clearly prove his total unfitness as a polar traveler, as a leader of an expedition fraught with dangers, as a reliable ambassador of imperialistic Italy?

We can only feel sorry for him. He is deserving of our compassion, because he is a poor mortal who believed himself capable of great things; because he was blinded by dreams of glory, and because he had been blinded by the artificial brilliance around the great name in his native country, and believed that its magic also stretched to the wild areas round about the North Pole.

We can only have compassion for Umberto Nobile as a man.

I got out my camera and begged to be allowed to photograph the general. He looked at me in terror. No, it wouldn't do; I certainly must not photograph him.

But after a moment's consideration, and after Miss Behounek heard what the question was about and spoke a few words to prevail upon him, he said quietly:

"You will understand that here on board I have no authority to decide anything. Commandant Romagna—it is he who is in command. You see, the Citta di Milano is a warship, and photographs may not be taken on board."

I had got my camera ready. The general, who sat on my left on the sofa, with his injured foot bandaged and stretched out on the floor, gave in to my and Miss Behounek's united pleas. He put some questions to his nephew, and the latter seemed to calm him and then went out. Was it a question of watching so that the dreaded commander on board should not step in?

General Nobile with Premier Mussolini of Italy before the Italia's arctic flight.

Miss Behounek and I helped each other in raising the general, an orderly came in with a couple of crutches, and we supported him on his arduous wandering out to the foredeck. I took two pictures of him in a secluded corner, said good-by to him, and departed from the most memorable interview I have ever had.

It was the tragedy of a man I had witnessed during our conversation: the tragedy of a dreamer's discovery that he was not the hero he had imagined he was, his discovery of the meaning of the terrible words, *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*—the handwriting on the wall.

But of that hour on board the Citta di Milano I have kept a little souvenir which gives a touch of something amusing, playful, and cheering. It was my meeting with little Titina, Umberto Nobile's world famed terrier, that participated in the Norge expedition and the Italia's, and with feminine self complacency had survived the catastrophe.

Lundborg relates how Titina was the first of the group on the ice to be lifted up into his plane on that notorious night between midsummer eve and midsummer day of this year. She was also the first to jump out on to terra firma when the airplane reached the Swedish temporary auxiliary base at Hinlopen Strait.

And here she came rushing along from the poop, a little whirlwind of joyful, doggy grace, engaged in a make believe fight with one of the young officers. He caught her and took her up into his arms just as the Swedish scientist and I reached the ladder. And Titina had no objection to having her photo taken. She put on her happiest expression, licked her officer friend on the chin, and allowed it to be done.

AND now, just some two or three words before I finish this article. It is an anecdote, but a true one.

Captain Lundborg—he was promoted from lieutenant to captain while out on the ice—had just been saved. He had slept some hours, but was so tormented by unrest that he, together with the chief of the Swedish expedition, Captain Tornberg, went off in the latter's hydroplane from Hinlopen Strait to Virgo, where the Citta di Milano lay. They both intended to open a thorough conference with the Italians and to discuss everything that could be done—and they both knew exactly what was to be done.

Light machines would be organized as a landing squadron, while the big Italian airplanes would maintain the connection with the distress party by air.

Lundborg had hardly got on board the Citta and shaken hands with Romagna when the latter took him aside and said to him in a vehement tone of voice:

"How could you be so foolish as to save that Nobile? He is only a cause of trouble!"

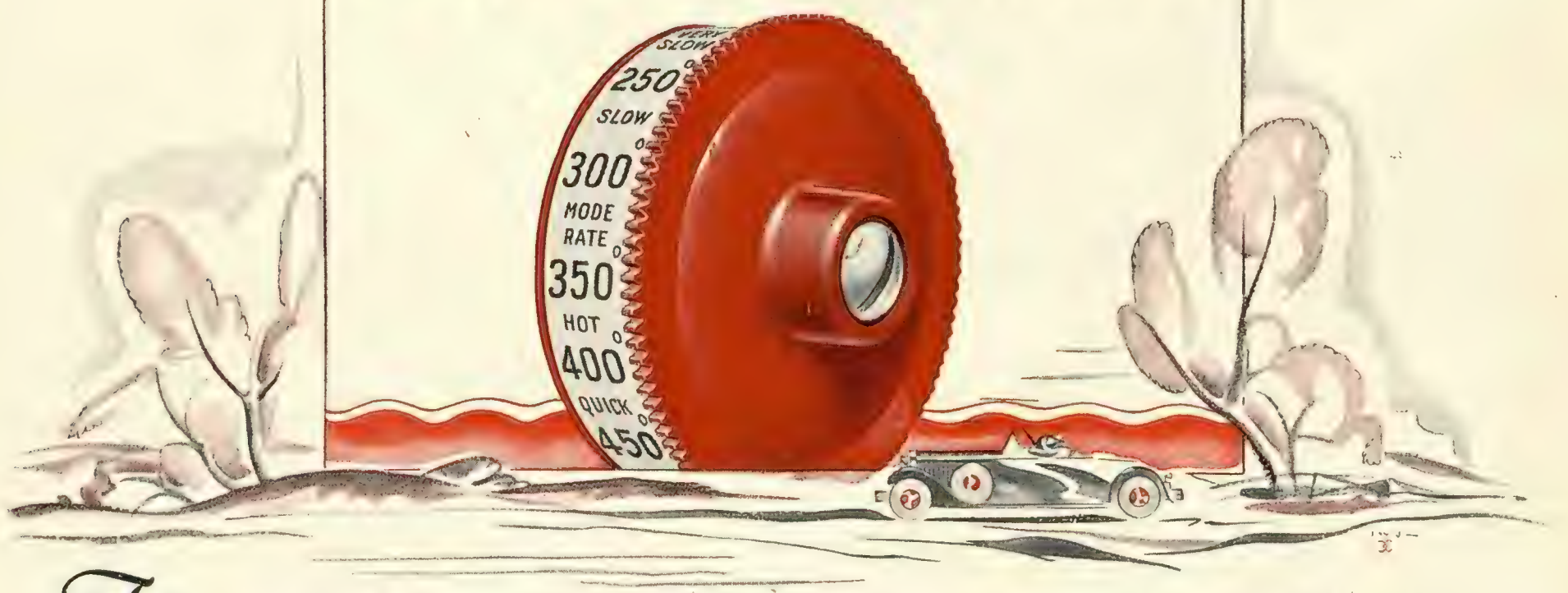
The Swedish captain was quite dumb.

This anecdote says more than long comments that poor Umberto Nobile, incapable as a polar explorer and leader, is more than pitiable.

THE END

Old Signs Do Not Deceive

look for the Red Wheel



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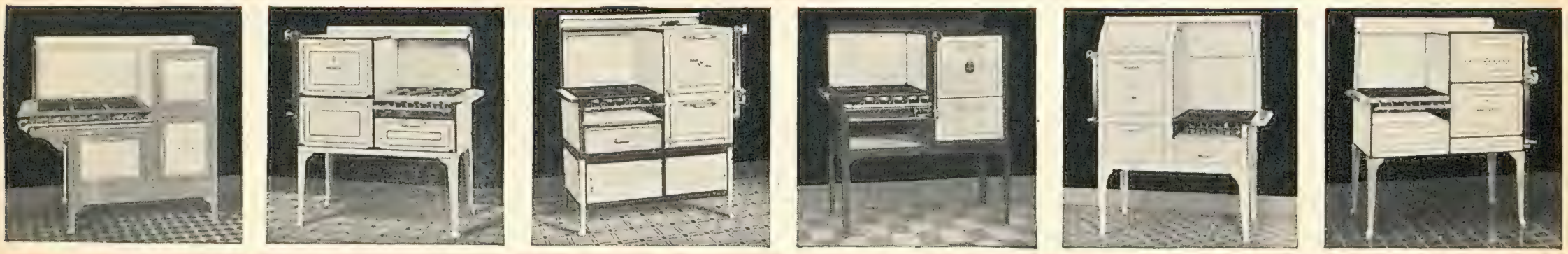

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COLOR *Aids the Party* Menu

By ETHEL SOMERS

AUTUMN entertaining is in full swing, and festive little touches for dressing up the table for dinner and party occasions are in order. The popular hostess seeks to enhance the entertainment of her guests by means of pleasant food surprises. Whether the menu is planned to honor a bride or to please a special gathering of friends, a unique food service is always highly complimentary.

Set with a colored cloth and colorful dishes, the table is all the more effective when graced with a novel food presentation.

The accompanying menu is most artistic when laid on a background of green linens.

The decorative orange, green, and white viands served on handsome plates and lighted with orange candles, complete a picture of loveliness and provide a feast for the epicure.

PARTY MENU

Decorated Sandwich or Cake Loaf
Orange Juice with Mint Spray
Molded Ice

DINNER MENU

Orange Juice with Mint Spray
Broiled or Baked Chicken French Fried Shoestring Potatoes
Green Peas on Rosettes or in Timbales
Endive and Apricot Salad
Molded Ice Decorated Cake Loaf

White Loaf Cake

½ cup butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
½ cup egg whites (4 medium sized eggs)
1 teaspoon lemon extract
½ teaspoon almond extract
1¾ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
or 1 teaspoon vanilla

LINE the loaf cake pan with lightweight waxed paper and oil both the paper and the sides of the pan. First assemble all the ingredients. Add the extract to the milk. Cream the fat with a spatula or lightweight wooden spoon until it is plastic. Add the sugar very gradually, beating the mixture until it looks fluffy after each addition. The important point in the mixing is to work up a smooth, creamy mixture from the start and not to let the cake dough lose this texture throughout the process. When all of the sugar is added, the result should be a light, fluffy mixture of thoroughly blended fat and sugar. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, adding these alternately with the milk—about ¼ cup of flour and 1½ tablespoons of milk at a time. Stir until the added flour is moistened and then beat for ½ minute. The milk should be mixed in slightly with a few gentle strokes, but not beaten in, as is the flour, or the once smooth butter and sugar mixture will curdle and separate. When all the flour has been added, beat the mixture ½ to 1 minute, and then gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into the oiled pan and bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes and then at 375° F. for 20 minutes longer. When done, the cake should be shrunken from the edge of the pan, well browned, and thoroughly cooked, so that a toothpick inserted in the center will come out clean. Remove from the oven, and invert on a cake rack to cool after removing both the pan and the waxed paper.

Butter Forms

MANY tools for molding butter are in the modern market. The pair of wooden paddles pictured perhaps aid in producing the greatest variety of forms and are among the cheaper utensils used for this purpose. The paddles will shape roses, calla lilies, balls, rolls, and other attractive shapes.

Directions come with every utensil. The tools must be perfectly scalded and then chilled to get good results. The butter likewise must be ice cold and solidly packed. A bowl of ice water must be at hand to drop the forms into as they are shaped. They are most attractive served with parsley on cracked ice.

By following the directions furnished with these paddles, the butter for gala occasions may be molded in attractive forms such as are here illustrated.

Baked or Broiled Chicken

¾ to 1¼ pounds chicken to each person to be served
½ teaspoon salt for each pound of chicken
Lemon juice if yellow skinned chicken is used
1½ tablespoons butter for every pound of chicken used (part to be rubbed on the chicken and the remainder to be used for basting)
¼ cup water, or cream, if desired

FOR quantity service, broiling in the upper oven is most convenient because it permits the use of both shelves. Just as frying may be done in the upper oven, so chicken may be browned as for broiling. The resulting product is neither baked nor broiled, and hence the title given to this recipe.

Broilers are in season from May through October. Individual broilers weigh from ¾ to 1¼ pounds, while those to be carved for serving weigh 2¼ to 2½ pounds. The skin should be clear and preferably white, which indicates milk feeding, and the body plump even though small boned.

Singe the plucked chicken and remove all remnants of feathers. Wash and wipe with a damp cloth until perfectly clean. Dry carefully. Split the chicken down the back with a very sharp knife. Spread the chicken open after carefully removing the entrails. Lay the opened chickens on racks in shallow flat pans—the broiler pan will suffice unless a very large quantity is to be cooked. If the chicken is yellow skinned, rub with lemon juice.

Sprinkle with salt and dot with shavings of butter. Place in a very hot oven (550° F. to 600° F.) for 15 minutes or until mediumly browned. Then melt the remaining butter, add the water or cream, baste the chicken, and cover steamtight. If necessary in order to seal in the steam remove the wire rack, although the meat is better if left on the rack, as in such case the chickens are cooked tender in steam rather than in a stewing liquor. Continue to cook covered for 15 minutes for individual broilers or 30 to 45 minutes for the larger broilers. The larger the broiler, the longer should be the time of steaming. Before serving, try lifting the drumstick, and if the flesh is not perfectly tender, continue to steam until it is.

(Some persons prefer to carry out the steaming process first—cooking the meat tender in steam and then buttering and browning. This last method is recommended if the chicken is old and liable to be tough, as it is easier for the steam to penetrate the raw chicken. Otherwise the method of browning the chicken first should be followed, as it gives more flavor.)

ENTERTAINING is one of the housewife's delights, especially when guests express their pleasure over some course served them or remark with appreciation about the arrangements. The few suggestions Ethel Somers gives on this page should bring compliments to any hostess. In the three cookbooks Miss Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers there are many more suggestions that can be used to advantage by those who are anxious to please their guests. Each cookbook is 10 cents, but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. And use the coupon, please.

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Endive and Apricot Salad

½ pound endive
6 lettuce cups
6 whole or 12 halves of canned or fresh apricots
Mayonnaise or French dressing
Cream cheese
Pecans

PURCHASE ½ pound of endive for every six persons to be served. After removing the outer leaves, wash the firm little yellow white stocks and cut into very narrow lengthwise strips. Place in ice water and keep in the refrigerator several hours until very curly and crinkly. Mix with French dressing (used sparingly) and pile in the lettuce cups. Top with the apricots, which preferably have been marinated one hour in French dressing. Fill the cavities of the apricots with a mixture of cream cheese softened with mayonnaise or French dressing and seasoned with chopped pecan meats.

The LAZY LASS

In Which Love Falters as Pirates Come Aboard

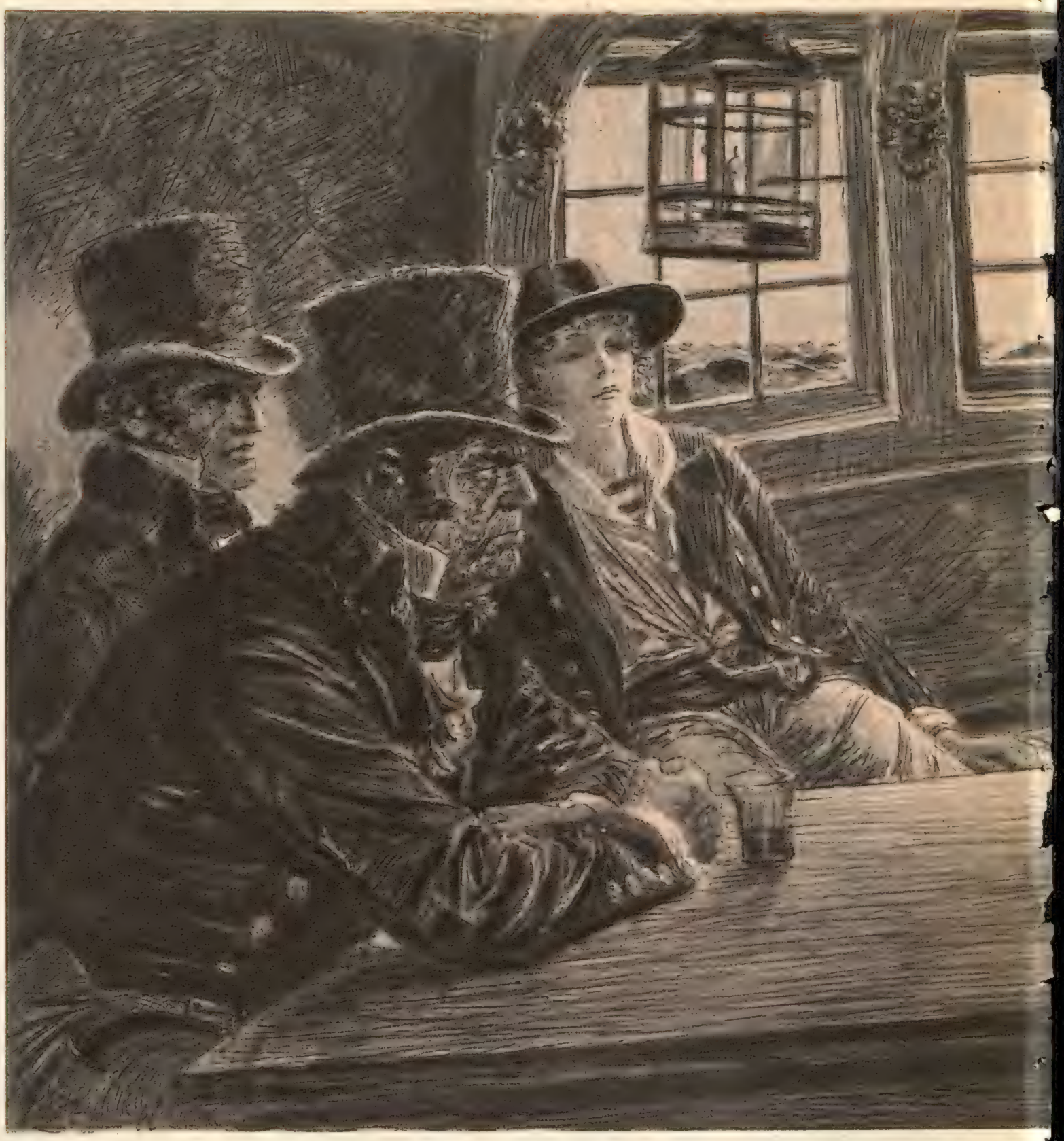
The Third Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE



"Yankee rum! That's what niggers like. Oh, yuss; I know. I was in the Calabar tra

(Reading time: 35 minutes 46 seconds.)

NEVER had I laid eyes on the man until he swung his iron fist against my ear. And right then, in his own parlor, ensued a fight which drenched his Turkey carpet in blood. We were well matched, but I got him down. And that victory transformed my life. My assailant was Captain Quinn, slave trader, when traffic in Black Ivory was forbidden by law. As for me, onetime gentleman, onetime ship's officer, I was then next to nothing.

England's and France's ugly embargoes had throttled American commerce. I had, perforce, turned waterman and starved at it. Trying to earn an honest penny with my rowboat, I had addressed Cintra Quinn, the captain's niece, as she sat on a bench at the Battery in New York.

She saw the savage hunger in my eyes and, fearing neither man nor devil, bade me lend her my arm and escort her home, where she dined me, wined me, and was singing to me when her uncle burst in upon us.

Quinn so warmed to my fighting blood that he offered me the berth of captain on his ship, The Happy Parrot. I had little stomach for Black Ivory, but less for starvation—and so no choice.

Cintra announced her intention of becoming our passenger, seeking adventure; but her uncle bawled her into silence. We slipped away at night and were rushing through the blackness without lights when a sudden misfortune overtook us. A sheet of flame burst upward from the forecastle. The galley stove had exploded. This attracted two of His Majesty's spying frigates, from which we barely escaped.

The new cook was called to account—a youngster in flapping pants.

"Damnation!" bellowed Quinn. The cook was Cintra! She had mistaken gunpowder for sugar!

NOW, when we realized that the owner's niece, wantonly disguised as a boy, had come so impudently aboard The Happy Parrot—slaver, smuggler, and half pirate—our consternation and anxiety knew no bounds.

The girl already was on most unfriendly terms with her uncle, Captain Quinn. And as soon as she discovered what business we were on she would hate him, and every man aboard.

What might be the consequences if she voiced that dislike and gossiped when she returned to New York, we could easily surmise. It would end the Gold Coast trade of Quinn & Maltby, spice merchants.

Little did Cintra Quinn guess what this thoughtless prank of hers might entail. Her stubborn, restless, unruly spirit had incited her to this mischievous masquerade. She had been heedless of consequences.

She had supposed, of course, that she was sailing for pleasure on an honest coastwise trading trip to Florida, and entirely within the law. She would learn, now, that she was aboard an outlawed and execrated vessel bound to the Gold Coast upon lawless business.

She would learn that to be taken meant imprisonment and perhaps death. She would learn that every law abiding man's hand was against The Happy Parrot and her crew; that we must either run from, or fight, both the British and United States flags; that France, also, would take or sink us; that we even were regarded as prey by any other lawless slaver, by privateers of any nation, and, of course, by all sea wolves and pirates.

THE immediate consequence of the girl's mad escapade had already turned out both humiliating and painful for her. For as soon as Mr. Wild had discovered her and dragged her out of the galley to the quarterdeck, Captain Quinn, with a roar of ungovernable fury, hustled her back there again; and there in the forecastle he laid her across his knees in her boys' clothes, and he spanked her with all his might and main until he could spank no longer.

She had made no outcry. I heard the spanks. I was sorry for her, but I hoped she'd howl. However, that was not the way of Cintra Quinn. She was of the kind that endures in silence until cut to pieces.

yself—till I took to religion—and apeddling of hymn books—"

At sunrise we were running under reefed topsails, more than a topsail gale blowing, and everything clewed up and tight as a fiddle string.

Mr. Wild had the wheel. I was leaning on the long gun, scanning the rose and gold sunburst on the horizon through my sea glass, when Captain Quinn came tramping toward me from the galley.

"SHE'S a stubborn hellcat," said he, "and defies me to break her spirit."

"Where will you stow her?" I asked. And offered to bunk in with Mr. Wild.

"Captain Strake," said he grimly, "I'll have every soul aboard The Happy Parrot to know that I'm nobody's uncle aboard this schooner. I'm merely owner of The Happy Parrot. *You* are captain; Mr. Wild is mate. And Cintra is *cook!* Not my niece. No damned relation. *Cook,* by God! Slops the cook! She abused my confidence; used my credentials; she deceived Warren Maltby; she thought she was playing me a smart monkey trick when she smuggled aboard with her tongue in her cheek. Now she can bite it and reflect."

"But—"

"She shipped as cook!" he shouted. "By God, she *is* cook! And she'll cook for us all aboard The Happy Parrot! And she'll cook for us like any other ship's cook until we anchor off Amelia Island!

"I'm going to break her spirit, and it's now or never! She's so sore that it hurts her to sit down. But she won't admit it. She says it's worth it. She's busy with her pots and pans and she's getting breakfast for us now."

I am not vindictive. I had, at first acquaintance, been inclined to become very sentimental over Cintra Quinn. But now, somehow, I took a secret satisfaction in what was happening to her.

I hoped that the heavy corrective hand of Captain Quinn, chastising the seat of her tight breeches, had knocked out of her some of that mockery, heartless impudence, and unfeeling levity.

Let her be thoroughly punished for her effrontery. And for her insensibility to tenderer emotions. I was glad of it.

So when Captain Quinn and I sat down to a piping hot breakfast in my cabin, I almost grinned as I drank my coffee.

Quinn and I conversed about the brief action of the night before with the British frigates. We had not been hulled; grapeshot had carried away some of our bulwarks and splintered part of the taffrail, and our shrouds had suffered a little. But Chips was cheerily busy with the shattered poop, and our men were knotting our fore and main shrouds in a dozen places and setting them up.

Quinn told me that the shell which had exploded under our bows had damaged our parrot figurehead. Which seemed to cause him much grief.

"And to think," said he with a string of oaths, "that that graceless wench of mine was the cursed cause of it—because she was hungry and wanted a waffle! Oh, my God, did you ever hear the like? A *waffle!* And we trying to run a most dangerous blockade and get free of British frigates! And strict orders from the quarterdeck that no fires were to be started in the galley! But *she* wanted a *waffle!!* And mistook a powder flask for a cinnamon sugar shaker and nigh blew us all to glory!"

"Was she scorched?" I asked.

"Do fools ever suffer any damage? No; she was a trifle scared when the stove blew up. That's all."

"WHAT do you mean to do with Cintra?"

"Take her ashore with me at Amelia Island. What else? I ought to lock her up in the barracoon while she's there. She's a pest. She's suddenly turned unruly, wild, mutinous, crazy. She ought to get married. There's good blood in her—as blood goes in France. . . . And my brother was a gentleman. . . . I'm not," he sneered; "I've been too busy. . . . What do you think of my niece, Mr. Strake?"

"She's beautiful. And—spirited."

"You think she's inclined to light conduct?"

"No, I don't. . . . She's animated, but—seems to lack feminine instincts—sensibility—"

"And modesty," he grunted.

"She seems to lack heart more than anything," I said.

"She's a heartless package, Mr. Strake. I've done all I could to get her married and off my hands. There was young De Lancy wanted her, and the Livingston lad; others, too—the Bleecker lad and young Osgood. All she does is to pull monkey faces at them and play monkey tricks! . . . What can I do? . . . I'm never home; I can't keep an eye on her. Mrs. Hunt—a capable and determined lady who was Betsy Lockwood, you know—has looked after Cintra—taken her about with her little niece, the Osborn child. That's the only way Cintra sees polite society—" He added with a shrug that polite society and he were on cool terms.

"I never could sit around and simper," he sneered. "Besides, I'm too well hated because I don't tie up my ships and let 'em rot legally. And I guess I'm suspected, too. So society rolls pious eyes."

"I think you may have known my father," said I; "Aylward Strake of Cherry Street."

"I did; Major Strake, Fourth Continental Light Dragoons; Stephen Moylan's regiment. Died of fever, I believe."

I nodded.

"Yes," said he carelessly, "when I learned your name I cared nothing about Cintra's indiscretion. She could have done worse even if she had misbehaved with you."

I felt myself getting red.

"Why don't *you* marry her?" he demanded. "—I don't mean on that score. But maybe she'd have you."

"I am poor," said I.

"Take her all the same, if she'll have you, Mr. Strake."

"I'm rather afraid of such a wife," said I seriously.

"Knock her about," he returned, scowling, "unless you're too squeamish."

"I would scarcely care to pay my addresses to any woman with that design in view," said I.

"She'll have one hundred thousand pounds when I die."

That astounded me. But when I thought of that handful, Cintra Quinn—of her insensible heart, her lovely, soulless face and body, and her lively, mocking mind—I had no inclination to tempt her to further raillery at my expense; for I did not entertain the slightest hope that she ever would care a farthing for me.

I DID not see Cintra that day, nor the next, nor the next. Her uncle would not hear of her coming aft; would not suffer her on quarterdeck or in cabin.

"Dammy," said he savagely, "she's only Slops the cook, I tell you, and no niece of mine! I mean to break her spirit this time."

Meanwhile she cooked for us and for the crew; and I do not believe any ship ever sailed that served such savoury food. She made pork taste like partridge and horse beans like asparagus. It softened my heart; but Quinn never did care what he ate, and it didn't soften him. However, the crew idolized her—thirty men, counting officers—and they were a hard, godless crowd of oldtimers in the Black Ivory trade, but beaten and tempered to iron discipline under Captain Quinn's inflexible determination.

"Kindness and justice first," he used to say, "and then hell!"

On the third morning, about 3, it being Mr. Wild's watch, he came to report to me our masthead had lifted a strange ship with lights to leeward.

So I came on deck and saw the lights; and so ordered hammocks up, tomkins out, and men to quarters.

About 9 o'clock the stranger, a brig-o'-war, stood toward us, being then about three-quarters of a mile off our lee bow.

It had been clear, but now the wind was blow-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAZY LASS
Continued from page sixty-five]

ing very hard, and it was thick, dirty weather, and making fast.

The brig showed no colours; and when near enough for hailing I saw a man with a trumpet climb up her main shrouds and set it to his lips.

I hailed him, also, with my trumpet, but the wind blew so hard we could not hear each other—at least I could not hear him.

We then showed our colours and he hoisted a French flag and got off his half ports just as I reached my quarterdeck.

"I'm not afraid of that fellow!" shouted Quinn in my ear. "But his business is fighting and ours is trading. So each to his own affairs. Show him our heels, Mr. Strake."

Bang! went the Frenchman's bow gun. Quinn snatched the trumpet and swore at him most horridly.

"If I had leisure," he yelled, "I'd teach you to fire at my figurehead, you little shrimp!"

I clapped the helm aweather and we sheered off east northeast and then northeast, flying like a frightened tern under staysails and jib, gaff foresail, and boom main.

Came the dulled crash of the Frenchman's broadside, and faint rattle of musketry, and Quinn thumbed his nose at them in fury.

"Tell Bonaparte he can kiss my foot!" he bawled.

PRESENTLY he strode forward to inspect his beloved figurehead, which, he seemed to believe, all flags had conspired to damage.

By noon it was blowing a wild storm, and we had long lost sight of the brig.

About an hour later I shortened sail, and by 2 o'clock, fearing the coast, brought to. We were then running under bare poles about five miles an hour, but later hoisted the boom mainsail and staysails to keep the ship to, and her head to the seas, she labouring very wildly, and almost out o' hand like a wild thoroughbred in a panic.

I furled everything except the fore staysail, to keep her to; and later set the main boom, and lay under them till dawn, which righted us. And so spent that day and night; and no damage to amount to anything to be discovered when daylight came, only that we had to knot and set up our main shrouds again, which had loosened very slack, and mend our running rigging here and there—not that the damned Frenchman hit us, either.

Chips was busy putting up bulkheads in the hold—I mean those ominous partitions which characterize vessels in the Black Ivory trade—and I was standing just abaft the fore hatch, peering down, when I saw Cintra come out and stand by the galley door—not the forlorn, dishevelled little figure I had been picturing, but she looked like a neatly dressed and indolent lad ataking of his ease there, nose in the air, and nothing on his mind.

"Well, Cintra," said I in a guarded voice, "have your feelings been sufficiently hurt to teach you a wholesome lesson?"

She gave me a brief insolent look. "Probably you mean my posterior," she said with a little swagger like an unrepentant school lad.

"You have learned," said I, "what stubbornness and levity cost, and that life is not a monkeyshine."

"I have learned what brutality can do to the weak and helpless," said she. "A fine thing for *you* to stand there preaching at *me!*"

"Through you," said I, "I became known to your uncle who gave me this berth; and I am very grateful to you—"

"And you stood and let my uncle beat me to death!"

"Not quite to death—" I turned my head to conceal a grin.

She had a cruller; she bit into it; but over it her dark blue eyes were intent on me, level, dangerous, beautiful as the sea off Trinidad.

"One day," said she tranquilly, "I shall find it convenient to do my uncle a filthy turn. . . . And you, also. . . . And I serve notice on you both that I am done with you, and mean to go my own way when opportunity permits."

"You will rue it, Cintra."

"Nevertheless," said she, calmly finishing her cruller.

Then she sauntered into the forecastle without a glance at me.

II

WE sighted a few sail nearly every day, but were careful to speak none of them; and from anything resembling a man-o'-war we fled.

Skies were fair and sunshine attended us. We ran fast before a topsail gale which sometimes became gentler, yet remained persistent and never grew pettish and fitful or spitting, nor sulked to sullen calms.

All went peacefully aboard The Happy Parrot. When Chips had finished his bulkheads he patched the beak of our red and gold figurehead, and the solicitude of Captain Quinn was allayed.

Every day in the warm sunshine of windy but cloudless skies, sitting with me on the quarterdeck or abaft our long tom, he imparted information based on personal experience; and thus I came to know his views concerning the Black Ivory trade.

The slave trade and slavery, he loudly maintained, were natural, necessary, good for the blacks, and good for the world.

"You must know," said he, "that since time began there have been bondsmen and masters; and there always will be masters and slaves.

"As for Africa, from time immemorial, nigger kings have waged war with one another, and have either made slaves of their captives or knocked 'em in the head. Usually the latter, and by thousands.

"Now we white folk come along and buy from some victorious nigger king all those captives otherwise destined for death. So we save useful lives. That's one point to our credit, Mr. Strake," said he, charging his long clay pipe. "Here's another. Wild niggers live better on our plantations than ever they lived in their African jungle swamps. We treat 'em kindly. They're valuable property, so their masters take good care of them. Let Quakers and abolitionists yell. The benefits of slavery excel all its alleged mischiefs and inconveniences. Through it incredible advantages have accrued to the nation. Without slaves we'd have neither sugar, cotton, indigo, nor tobacco. Do you agree with me?"

"As we are speaking candidly," said I, "I am free to say that I think there are evils in slavery, too."

"Everything on earth is a mixture of good and evil," said he. "The slave trade is the result of the law of economics. The pious may shriek in their frenzy; they can't alter that. No slaves, no cotton, no sugar.

"Those damned abolitionists sicken me with their lies. Slaves are not badly treated aboard a slaver. They're valuable, and they are well cared for, well fed, humoured, and made happy.

"Yes, and those very bigots who roll up their eyes when Black Ivory is mentioned are often those same shipowners whose abominable treatment of poor passengers on emigrant ships results in the death of half the wretches intrusted to their mercies. Yes, sometimes three out of four poor Irish and Scotch and Palatine emigrants die of foul air and food and water—or of sheer starvation! Did you know that?"

Something hit me and knocked me into the scuppers, blinded with blood.

I HAD heard as much, and I nodded.

"We don't treat niggers that way," he said with an oath. "Slavers, usually, are the cleanest craft that swim. We've *got* to be clean. If the niggers develop ophthalmia, or smallpox, or fever, or flux, *we* take these pretty maladies from them. If they die, *we* die. Outside o' that, every slave is so much money. Are we likely to throw money out the window? Cruelty doesn't pay; it beggars us.

"The average nigger is sensitive, easily depressed, sickens swiftly, and can die in a few hours, leaving you looking at his corpse like a fool! With kindness, good food and plenty of it, exercise, and opportunities to make music and do a little caterwauling, you save eighty to ninety-five per cent—and even more—of your cargo. And that's how you make money.

"So burn tar and don't spare vinegar, and give 'em slop buckets on deck and a banjer to strum on, and a prize for dancing. That makes a healthy cargo; and a healthy cargo makes money.

"But if you're a drunken brute, and if you don't care whether you lose money, just pack your niggers between three-foot decks, spoon fashion, or sitting between knees. Just economize on your vinegar and tar. Just turn a yellow overseer among 'em to keep order. Just feed 'em horse beans and no palm oil, no saffron, no fish and ham scraps in their rice. And the first you know they'll begin to go blind on you, and die on you and rot and stink.

"I tell you, you can't conceive such terrible misery—stench, fumes, vapours, vomitings, fever, scurvy, mouth rot, yaws—and them packed like decayed herrings—

"And the first you know *you'll* go blind, too; or die and turn green and rot and stink! I'm telling you that Christian kindness pays. You better do unto niggers as you'd have 'em do unto you if you were a nigger and they were white! I don't mean you should ever let any niggers think you're soft or pious. No; for then they'll get together—the Senegalese especially—and some day they'll knock your brains out with their shackles and take your ship!

"Or, if they're Eboes or Mocoes, they'll jump overboard and drown just to spite you!

"Well, you've got to learn about Africans and how Coromantines rebel against ill usage while the Ebo commits suicide, and the Paw Paw takes what comes with patience. And how Mandingos steal and easily tire of work; how there are no cowards among Coromantis; and that all Gaboons are sickly; and that one Whydah or one Nago is worth fifty of 'em. So you'll learn to steer clear o' Calabar, and look sideways at Angola, and hang about the Slave Coast and the Gold Coast.

"Every dirty trick will be played on you by white factor and black king to make you buy old niggers, sick niggers, worthless niggers. There's only one sure test for age—that's teeth. And a nigger must be gone over patiently inch by inch or you'll find you've a case of yaws or worse."

"How do you expect me to know all that?" I demanded.

"I don't. Your second mate, Gene Weems, knows every nigger language, and can tell where any black comes from, and discover his age and what ails him, if anything. And after you've inspected a few kaffles—or coffles, as some call 'em—you'll begin to learn about good niggers and bad ones."

He called a cabin lad to fetch a coal from the forecastle, and when he had lighted his pipe he sprawled at ease, whiffing and scanning sky and sea with narrow eyes that glittered like aquamarines.

About an hour before, our lookout had sighted a topsail schooner to windward, hull down; and from time to time Quinn and I looked at her through our glasses, but she did not come over the horizon.

Now, however, her hull stood clear on the world's rim; but we could make nothing of her, and she did not seem to notice us, although sailing our course and holding it always just abeam of us.

"Do you think," growled Quinn, "that yonder fellow is hedging in on us?"

After a long inspection through my glass I answered that it was beginning to look that way. So I went aloft to observe the stranger, and pretty soon I became satisfied that he really was hedging in.

"What do you make of her?" demanded Quinn when I returned to the deck beside him.

"Nothing, except she's Yankee built. She has the weather of us and seems inclined to use it. What do you make her out to be?"

After a silence: "We're not so far from Cumberland Sound," remarked Quinn grimly.

"You think she might be a United States revenue cutter, or cruiser?" I asked.

"She might. And then, again, she might be a dirty privateer . . . or worse."

"You mean Captain Nanfan in The Love Dove?"

"No; The Love Dove is a brigantine. But Buke Gooly's Lazy Lass resembles yonder craft."

"You think she might be the pirate Buke Gooly?"

"Why not? He's been reported off Florida. And we're not far out from Cumberland Sound."

He paced the deck for a few moments, growling to himself, then came and stood beside me again.

"I chartered a vessel called Les Deux Amis," he said. "She was burned to the water's edge. I always have believed Buke Gooly did it."

He laid her across his knees and spanked her. I was sorry for her, but I hoped she'd howl.

IT was Gene Weems' trick at the wheel. I took another look at the distant schooner, then I called to Mr. Wild.

"Send the men to quarters," I said quietly. "Up hammocks, break out ammunition, clear for action, Mr. Wild." And, turning to Quinn, "Does that meet your views, sir?"

"It does," said he with an oath. "I'm not going to run from Buke Gooly, or from any slinking letter of marque, either. But if she proves to be a government cruiser it's safer to run."

I called up to masthead, "What do you make her out to be?"

"I can't make her out, sir."

"Can you see her guns?"

"Not yet, sir. But she's always hedging in on us."

We were carrying what sail was convenient, but I hoisted the main gaff topsail, and on the sprit and jibboom I bent staysails.

"If we're going to fight I want the weather of him," said I to Quinn. "The same holds true if I want to run."

"We can run all round her and cut pigeon wings," remarked Quinn. "You can see what sail she carries and it's all clapt on. All the same, we'll not change our course. Let that fellow hedge in and overhaul us and speak us, and get rid of what's on his mind."

When we were cleared for action, all trim and snug, and the men at quarters, I sent Mr. Wild forward to fetch Cintra aft to the captain's cabin.

"What are you about?" growled Quinn.

"If we fight," said I, "she's no cook, but a woman, and your niece."

Cintra came sullenly sauntering from the galley, perfectly ignorant of what was taking place on deck. Her wide duck pants flapped like skirts about her shapely legs.

"We may exchange shots with another schooner," said I. "Go into my cabin until this affair is over."

"Shots?" says she, with sudden animation. "Is there to be another sea fight? Well, then, I shall not sit in a dark corner and miss this one—"

"Go to the cabin," roared Quinn, "and obey orders!" And he picked up a rope's end and glared at her. Which troubled her.

A cabin lad who had finished serving out muskets and cutlasses politely showed her the way. At the door she appealed again to me, asking permission to remain on deck; but Quinn twirled the rope's end and strode toward her, and she hastily vanished. Quinn turned and joined me on the poop; Wild went forward; Weems stood the wheel.

"Show her your flag," grunted Quinn.

So I showed her the United States flag and fired a gun to leeward; and presently the stranger hoisted the same flag and a jack.

Now, as she closed in, some of her forward guns became visible—a long chaser abaft her main and swivels on the forecastle roof.

When she was running along within pistol range she hailed us.

"The Happy Parrot, Captain Strake, from New York to St. Augustine with rum!" I answered. "What ship are you?"

"The Lazy Lass, Captain Gooly, with a cargo of Bibles and hymnbooks for old Calabar!" came the derisive reply.

SO it was Buke Gooly, after all. I looked at Quinn, who stood on the poop with grim jaws set and eyes ablaze. Then again I hailed The Lazy Lass:

"What do you want with us, Captain Gooly?"

"Can you spare us a little tobacco?"

It was a mild request and made me laugh.

"Tell the misbegotten son of a slut to come aboard," said Quinn. "I'd like to have a close look at him."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WELDONA
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[THE LAZY LASS
Continued from page sixty-seven]

So I invited Captain Gooly aboard us, cautioning him pleasantly concerning the number and armament of his boat's crew; and as the two schooners fell astern we saw a boat leave The Lazy Lass and pull for us.

Our armed crew, lining the bulwarks, looked down curiously as the boat carrying this notorious ruffian neared us. When he came aboard us I was astonished to see a little skinny old man in snuff coloured smallclothes and a red wig.

He wore a flimsy gilded dress sword and a pistol was hung around his neck by a cord. It had no flint in it, and in the butt was set a gold watch that ticked very loudly.

One of his humpy shoulders seemed to be higher than the other; and he was hollow chested and had a weak, husky voice.

Into my cabin he followed Quinn and me in a kind of scrabbling, crablike shuffle; and when he caught sight of Cintra he opened an enormous and toothless mouth admiringly.

"You go forward!" I said sharply to Cintra, but she paid me no attention, but stared at Gooly and kept the table between herself and me defiantly.

LORD above! I never saw rum swallowed as this little wretch Buke Gooly swallowed it when the boy fetched two bottles; for he opened that vast, toothless, toadlike slit which served him as a mouth, and the raw New England rum fairly rushed down his gullet.

"Hah! That's what heartens!" he squeaked, wiping his wet face on a snuffy sleeve. "That's good because it's bad! Bad, new, raw Yankee rum! Plenty of cayenne, too. That's what niggers like. They want it to bite, they do. Oh, yuss; I know. I was in the Calabar trade myself—till I took to religion—and apeddling of hymn books—"

He laughed a toothless, windy laugh and taking hold not of his glass, but of the rum bottle, thrust it into his maw and held it tipped up until emptied.

"Just so," he said huskily; "just so. Yuss. That's how they learned me to swaller when I was young and pious. Allus look up to heaven when you drink and try to swaller all God sends you. Yuss."

He gave me a sly look out of watery old eyes. "I guess you thought I wanted to fight you, Captain Strake. You did, now, didn't you? And if you'd been on the Middle Passage with niggers between decks, mebbe I would. Yuss."

"What's all that about niggers?" broke in Captain Quinn. "Rum's our cargo."

"Yuss. Wortered rum. That's what the Yankee deacons do to it in New England. Worter it and splice it with cayenne."

"Maybe," snarled Quinn, "but what was that you said about niggers and the Middle Passage?"

"D'yeh think I don't know a slaver when I see her?" retorted Gooly huskily. "Yuss; and I know The Happy Parrot, too; and I know you, Captain Quinn. And I know the smell o' vinegar."

"If you call us slavers, you're a liar," said Quinn, white with passion, but not even glancing at Cintra. "And now I'll tell you what *you* are," he added. "You're a goddam pirate! And if you ever stick the snoot of your rotten old scow athwart my bows I'll kick her planks out with my sea boots! And for the price of a rattail file I'd do it now!"

"Hoitytoity, here's an angry sailorman!" wheezed Gooly. "If you ain't a slaver, tell it to the government and they'll believe you. Yuss. You tell it to the revenue cutters and gunboats and United States cruisers. Yuss. When you see The President, 44, or The Essex, 32, or The Hornet, 18, or the like o' them on the high seas, just you bear down on 'em and hail 'em and tell 'em you ain't no slaver nor fancy blackbird. Yuss. And maybe they'll believe you, Captain Quinn!"

"Throw a tierce of tobacco into his yawl, and throw him after it," said Quinn, scarcely able to speak for rising passion.

Another bottle of rum had been opened; Gooly emptied half of it down his throat, and paused to wheeze, still keeping hold of the bottle.

"Cap'n Quinn," he gasped, "you're acting very high and mighty with an old mate. Yuss. Ain't a gentleman who sails On The Account twin brother to a Middle Passage nigger smuggler? What's the difference between the Red Sea Trade and the Black Ivory? Hey?"

QUINN got to his feet and drew a pistol, but I shoved him back into his chair—twice, before he remained there, panting.

"You'd better take your leave of us, Captain Gooly," I began; but Quinn interrupted in a strangled voice:

"Yes, damn you, take your leave before we take your ship! And if it were my deck I'd take you anyway, Buke Gooly! Not that your dirty scow is worth taking, either!" he shouted. "And I tell you this: I hear you're loafing on and off Cumberland Sound; and if you try to tamper with my factor or any of my affairs I'll take the sea myself and I'll run you into hell!"

"He's been an' drank too much wortered rum," said Gooly; "his head can't stand it."

"No, nor it can't stand what you did to Les Deux Amis!" roared Quinn, struggling to rise. But I restrained him.

A slow, toothless snarl began to twitch at Gooly's features.

"Has someone told you I took Les Deux Amis?" he demanded in a lungless whisper.

"And so you did!" roared Quinn. "Those were my niggers! You took them and you ran them

over the border and mixed 'em with Georgia tame ones, and sold 'em in Charleston. Yes, you did! And you clapt the captain and crew of Les Deux Amis under hatches and set her afire!"

"That was Captain Nanfan in The Love Dove," barked Gooly. "As God listens to me I was cruising off Rio—"

"With Bibles! Yes, like hell!" yelled Quinn. "And you're a liar! That villainy smells of your work a thousand miles! That's the way you do! And when they found that burned hulk beached, full of charred skulls, I'd stake my head to a penny that it was Buke Gooly's trademark! And, oh, my God, if I was sure of it at this minute, I'd settle accounts with you and your crew and your Lazy Slut—"

"Lass," wheezed Gooly, getting up from his chair. "Lass, not Slut. Lazy Lass is her name, Captain Quinn. . . . And I'm much obliged for the tobacco . . . and the wortered rum. . . . And so will bid you a very kind farewell—"

He took off his wide hat, and his red wig came with it, being sewed to the lining.

SO, bowing, scraping, with his wide, toothless smirk, he backed out and on deck.

I attended him to the side. Quinn followed, blue eyes flaming.

"Captain Gooly," said he, "the seas number seven and the seas are wide. Cruise where you choose except off Cumberland Island. For, as God hears me in this instant, if ever I run across you there, either you or I will be sinking when t'other sails for his destination."

Gooly was in his yawl now. His toad's mouth split into an abysmal laugh.

"Hoitytoity," said he. "The nigger smuggler is angry. Yuss. Well, when you're back from the Gold Coast we'll talk it over, Captain Quinn. Yuss, we'll look over your niggers and talk about it. So fare you well, my passionate friend. I'm not offended. No. And I'm going to give you a gun and a flag at parting—I am. Yuss!"

We had already made sail, the crew at quarters and Mr. Wild at the helm.

Quinn, white as a sheet, stood beside me all aquiver.

"The filthy pirate!" he choked. "It was he and no other who burned my brigantine and stole my niggers. Only nobody aboard Les Deux Amis lived to say so . . . but it's nigger talk in the markets. . . . And it's like Gooly's work—that clapping the crew under hatches and roasting them to death."

Our long tom and larboard battery of carronades were trained on The Lazy Lass. We saw her yawl hoisted in. We saw Gooly on deck among a swarm of half naked fellows in their striped drawers.

One of them, an impudent mulatto with a cast in one eye, leered at us, indicating us with a jerk of his black thumb.

"Give him the bowels of our broadside," whispered Quinn. "I can't stand this—"

"Very well, sir," said I; "but if we fire on him, let us finish the job and take him by the board."

Quinn's eyes glittered; then, with a mighty sigh of self denial, he controlled his fury.

"No," said he; "I'm crazy. Our business is trading. I can wait."

We were drawing very swiftly ahead now, and I could have easily laid The Happy Parrot across the bows of The Lazy Lass and raked her, and gained the weather gage of her, and so fought her as I pleased.

Quinn understood what was passing through my mind, and I felt him shivering beside me like a fierce but restrained hound.

Suddenly, bang! went a gun aboard The Lazy Lass, to salute us. And then, with an effrontery passing all bounds, she broke out a vast black flag at her main, which blew wide and wildly, revealing on the dark field a skull and two thigh bones crossed.

And, as though this jeering insult were not enough, bang! went another gun, and up went a bloody flag to confirm it, followed by a spitting swivel from the poop and a jack which was black and on which we could see a bleeding human heart pierced by a sword.

A yelling, mocking cheer came to us across the water as The Lazy Lass made sail and stood toward us again.

"Pay no attention," said I to the frantic Quinn; and I went aft to stand the wheel, sending Mr. Wild forward. Then, under a weather helm, I stood straight in for Cumberland Sound.

The Lazy Lass followed us.

III

LATE in the afternoon, The Lazy Lass still following us, we raised the Florida coast, and, in the red eye of the sinking sun, saw a brigantine, hove to, as though awaiting us.

After a little while Quinn told me that the brigantine and The Lazy Lass were exchanging signals by flag and jack. Our lookout so reported, and Mr. Wild and I also observed it.

"Well," said I, "there seem to be two of them. Shall we run or fight?"

"We stand in for Amelia Island. I don't know what else is going to happen."

After a brief silence, studying the brigantine through his glass:

"Skunk smells skunk," said he; "yonder's The Love Dove, Captain Nanfan. I'd know that fat hagboat a thousand leagues."

"Sir," said I, "will you stand a trick for me?"

He took the helm. I ran forward, ignoring Mr. Wild, and discovered Cintra in the galley.

"Go to my cabin," I said sharply.

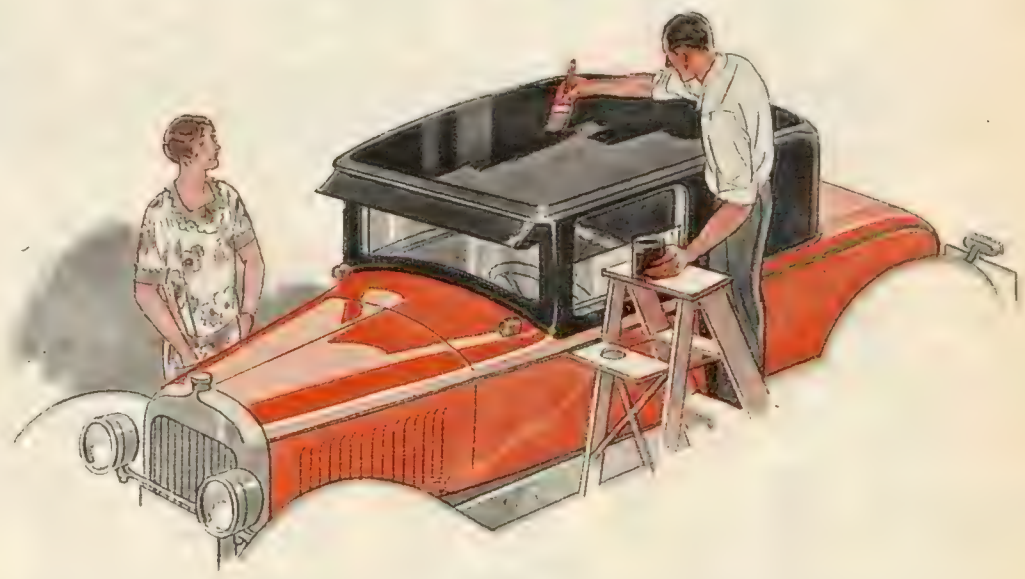
"What!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Is there to be a real fight? Then I wish to see it on deck—"

But I wasted no words and, taking her by the arm, jerked her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

Bring back the lustre of your top

with a finish that really waterproofs



DAY in and day out, all through the summer, the top of your car has suffered an unmerciful attack from the blazing, burning rays of the sun, the driving rains, the constant vibrations of the wind and road. And now, with winter coming on, your auto top needs attention.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco and the world's leading manufacturers of auto top fabrics. It is made to waterproof and protect auto tops and to restore their original lustre.

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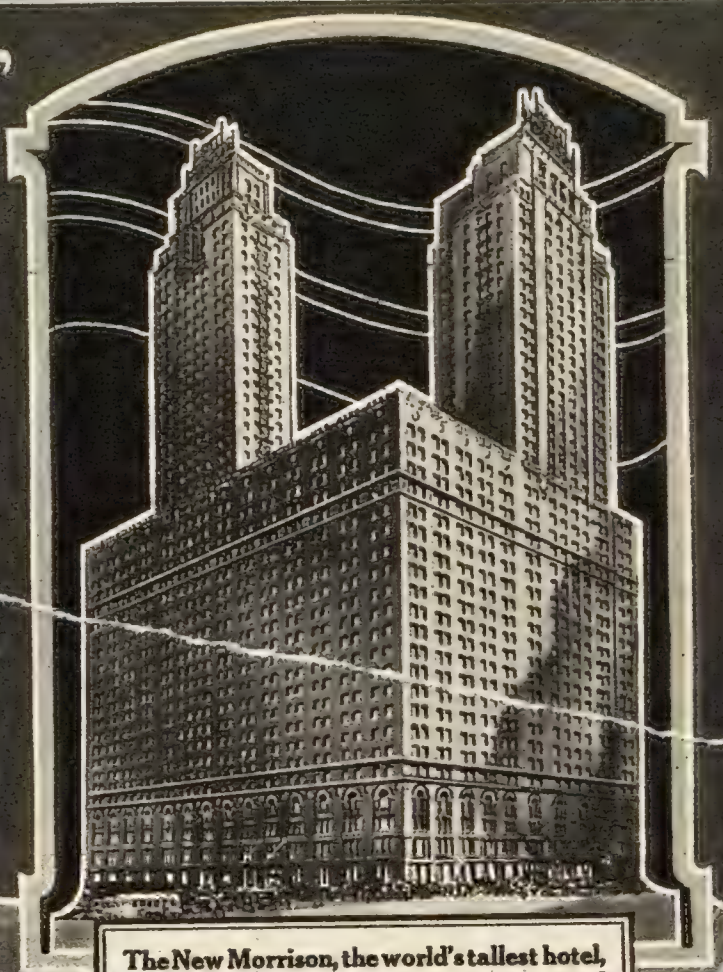

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

A View in the Boston Oyster House

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

THE first oysters that ever appeared on a Chicago table were served in the Boston Oyster House, the predecessor of the famous restaurant now occupying the same site in the Morrison Hotel, at the Madison and Clark intersection.

A Landmark for Fifty Years

During the half-century that followed, a continuous succession of eminent figures in the business and political life of the city and nation were attracted here by the reputation of the menus. Yet the same moderate price-range has always been maintained.

Where Epicures Save Money

An example of these economies is the scale for fixed price meals: Breakfast, 35c to $1; luncheon, 80c; dinner, $1.25. A corresponding moderation in charges prevails in the beautiful Terrace Garden, and is reflected notably in the room rates.

Room With Bath, $2.50 Up

The location, at Chicago's very center, has established sub-rentals that pay all the ground rent, and the saving is passed on to the guests. Even at minimum cost, every patron has an outside room with bath, running ice-water, telephone, bed-head reading-lamp and Servidor. A housekeeper is stationed on each floor, and all guests enjoy garage privileges.

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202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
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480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

along with me, she protesting at every step.

When I got her into my cabin she was furious.

"Why do you do me violence?" she cried. "Why do you spoil all? What if I come to a harm on deck? My uncle cares nothing for me. Nor do you!"

"I could have loved you, Cintra—"

"Do you think I'd love a slaver?" she retorted. "Pirate, slaver, nigger smuggler! I'm done with you! And with my uncle, too! I'll do as I please, go where I choose! And now I choose to watch the fighting from the deck of The Happy Parrot—"

"Do you want to be dashed to fragments by a round shot, or torn by bullets and splinters?"

"What about *you?* If you're not afraid, *I'm* not—"

"You mind your business," said I, "and if you leave this cabin I'll carry you back and lash you fast to the table!"

WHILE I threatened and scolded her I was buckling on a hanger and a pair of loaded pistols. From the deck and poop came the thud and scurry of bare feet as the crew ran to quarters; and I heard the rattle of gun truck, lanyard, and squeak of swivels through the mellow thunder of our sails.

As I turned to leave the cabin I saw Cintra, and suddenly the lovely youth and innocence of her smote me and aroused me to an alarm and concern that I had not felt before.

For the first time I began to realize what must happen to her if matters went amiss with us—and the thought of Buke Gooly and his toothless leer, and of that mulatto with a cast in one eye, sickened and scared me. A kind of senseless anger born of fear seized me.

"What you have done to come aboard this vessel," I said, "is the most damnable thing ever done by woman!"

"One might suppose," said she calmly, "that your heart is involved in my safety."

"You have done a wicked thing," said I, "and as for hearts, being heartless yourself you had best keep a decent silence concerning them. And the least you can do is to remain below and await what happens."

From the after cabin port I could see The Lazy Lass crowding on all sail. I looked at her a moment, wishing we had destroyed her.

Then I wheeled on Cintra and threw a loaded pistol upon the table between us.

"If matters go wrong," said I hastily, "and if I am not alive to stand between you and Buke Gooly, use that on yourself and thank God for His mercy to you!"

The girl went dead white. Then she nodded.

So I ran on deck and saw The Love Dove now within cannon shot on our starboard bow, and her crew at quarters; but she showed us no flag.

However, as I sprang upon the quarterdeck, her after chaser went off with a prodigious noise, and a round shot skipped the waves across our bows.

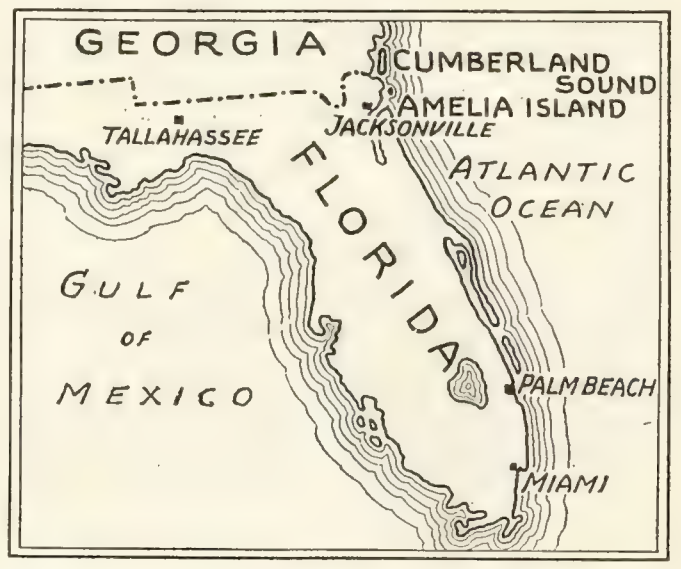
"She's after my figurehead again!" roared Quinn, fairly dancing with apprehension.

"Hail her, Mr. Wild!" I said; and Wild hailed her; but her only reply was to show us a black ensign with a white dove on it, and to let go another gun at us.

"Let her have it, lads!" I cried; and the planking fairly leaped under us as our starboard carronades crashed out, shrouding The Love Dove in their smoke. Through it bellowed our long tom, lancing the powder gloom with a streak of fire; and every swivel and musket aboard us banged and rattled out an iron hail.

We had the weather of her and, running in alongside, we gave her the very entrails of our starboard battery again, and our long gun vomited flame at pistol range, and every firelock and swivel stormed iron upon her. I heard our shot hull her; and heard the crash of bulwark and spar aboard her.

Then, in the awful glare of her answering broadside, I saw her mainmast bending aft and to starboard, leaning like a giant pine, falling, falling, till over it crashed in a chaos of stays and sails and running rigging.



The map shows Cumberland Sound and Amelia Island, off the Florida coast, The Happy Parrot's first port of call.

Like a giant helm jammed to weather, the wreckage swept her afterdeck abeam of us as though she were hove to; and our guns raked her as we ran past, and swept on under every inch of sail we could set.

Captain Quinn went into the main rigging with his trumpet; and I saw a young man in top boots and a blue coat in the fore rigging of the brigantine.

"Is that you, Captain Nanfan?" bawled Quinn.

"It is. Come aboard, Captain Quinn," replied the young man in a calm, affected voice.

"You dirty macaroni!" yelled Quinn. "Look what a pickle you're in now. I guess that'll have every scrap of iron in our after guns, Mr. Wild."

The shock o' guns seemed to sway me into a kind of swoon.

I heard Quinn order Wild to cease firing as The Love Dove was drifted out o' range.

"Is Captain Strake badly hurt?" he added, looking down from the rigging at me.

"A splinter, sir. His scalp is part torn loose."

"Bind it on," said I deafly. "Where's Buke Gooly?"

"Three miles astern and making for his waddling consort," said Quinn with infinite contempt. "Mr. Wild, we'll stand in for Cumberland Sound. Hold her so. . . . By God, I guess those two cheap sea wolves have learned not to meddle with me and my affairs. . . . I guess so."

He sprang to the deck. "Captain Strake, you'd better go to your cabin. We've no pill roller aboard us yet; we'll ship one at Amelia Island; but I know how to sew you up and I'll get what's necessary from your locker—"

"Take the wheel, Mr. Wild," said I—scarcely able to hear my own voice, what with the blood deluging me and a deafened roaring inside my battered skull.

A cabin lad helped me to find my way aft. When I entered the cabin I was streaming with blood; and when I got inside all went dark around me.

I remember dreaming of young leaves and of lilac bloom and tulips, and that a woman in a pink gown and thin, rosy shoes kept akissing me.

But that it was a dream became sufficiently apparent when I recovered my tortured senses, for somebody was sewing my scalp on to my skull, which seemed to be on fire.

In my violent anguish I swore, striving to rise; and I heard Cintra tell her uncle and Mr. Wild to hold my head so I could not stir a muscle, else her needle might slip.

"Stop your wriggling and your cursing," said she calmly, "or somebody else can sew up your silly head!"

And even in all my agony I wondered how any woman could be so wickedly heartless and insensible to tenderness and pity.

Later—I know not how long afterward—I awoke with a clearing mind, and tasted laudanum in my mouth, and spat out bitter brown stuff. Then a narrow, capable hand wiped my lips with a napkin. I did not open my eyes, feeling dull, weary, yet free of pain.

Came the dulled crash of the Frenchman's broadside, and faint rattle of musketry.

LATER still, drowsily awaking, I heard our anchor go and smelled shore mud.

Lying there in my bunk, scarce conscious, through the watery glimmer of partly closed eyelids I saw Cintra reading by the cabin lamp.

Once or twice she laid aside her book, yawning. Finally she closed it, leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms behind her head, and gazed at me.

And if she caught the glimmer of my eyes between scarce parted lids I know not, but a faint, slow smile touched her own. And after a little while she began to hum to herself, her lazy, level gaze on me:

"Ah, what is Love? It is a cruel thing,
As cruel for a shepherd as a king,
And crueller, too!
For kings forget and revel, drinking deep,
But shepherds sigh and suck their thumbs and weep!"

And the last I remember was the deep sea blue of her lazy, level eyes on mine.

A cargo of blacks, a hurricane, and a heartless girl give Strake adventure aplenty in next week's lively episode, The Middle Passage.

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Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc., also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

Wrinkles

About Eye Wrinkles

By Eileen Bourne

PUFFY semicircles under the lower eyelids afflict the woman who carries them about. She not only thinks them disfiguring—she believes they make her look self indulgent, if not actually dissipated. Yet they often are inherited along with coloring and feature. Take out the daguerreotype of your Puritan great-grandmother, whose wildest flights were represented by croquet and buttermilk, and you'll probably find the same convex circles.

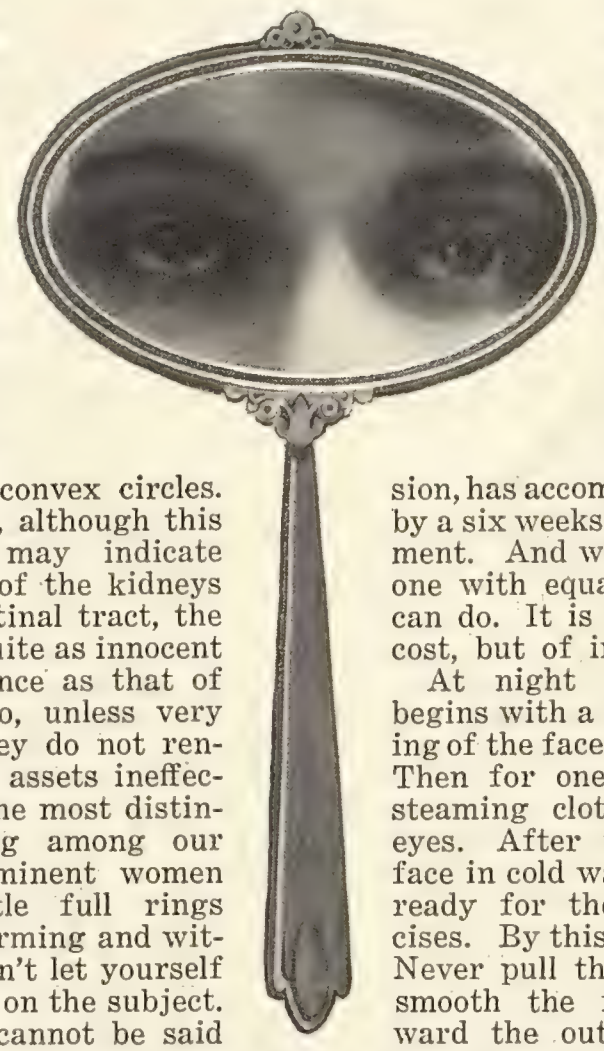
Furthermore, although this manifestation may indicate some disorder of the kidneys or of the intestinal tract, the cause may be quite as innocent of self indulgence as that of backache. Also, unless very pronounced, they do not render your other assets ineffective. One of the most distinguished looking among our nationally prominent women has these little full rings around her charming and witty eyes. So don't let yourself become morbid on the subject.

And yet, it cannot be said that any face is really improved by the rising of these half moons. Therefore it is very fortunate that so much can be done to obliterate them, or at least to render them almost unnoticeable.

The very first step is to rule out the bad influence exerted by poor elimination of body wastes. Expand your drink allowance to ten glasses of water daily and reduce your consumption of sugar and cooked starches. There are certain aids, such as agar-agar or bran, that may assist you, but even more important are special exercises to improve the tone of the abdominal muscles. One of the best is to rest the body in an even horizontal upon the hands and toes, and then so twist it as to bring first the right and then the left side down almost to the floor. This exercise is strenuous enough to remove superfluous fat from the abdomen, also.

Second, you must increase your allowance of rest. After a series of late parties eye puffiness increases. Try getting to bed by half past 10 for a week and see if the rings have not very decidedly shrunk.

Such basic reform makes local treatment twice as effective. And it is surprisingly effective when undertaken in the right way and as a supplement to a revision in your living habits. One of my friends, who was greatly troubled by the affliction under discussion, has accomplished wonders by a six weeks' course of treatment. And what she did anyone with equal determination can do. It is not a matter of cost, but of intelligent effort.



At night local treatment begins with a thorough cleansing of the face with cold cream. Then for one minute hold a steaming cloth against your eyes. After this rinse your face in cold water and you are ready for the tapping exercises. By this I mean *tapping*. Never pull the tissue. Never smooth the flabby flesh toward the outer edge of the cheek. Never use a rotary massage. Light and rapid tapping with the fingers hammers down the inflated surface and brings up new blood to stimulate and nourish the inactive tissue.

MORNING treatment begins with the application of a cold cloth. This is really better than ice. But if you prefer the latter, wrap the ice in a cloth and keep it in constant motion over the surface. After such application repeat the tapping for five minutes.

Remember that this friction gives to the face what exercise gives to the muscles. What lotion or cream you use is of less importance—provided it has astringent qualities. Only a little of it can be absorbed. And yet, that little helps, and if it has a bleaching property it will aid in reducing the discoloration due to the stagnation in these areas.

You see, it isn't at all a complicated procedure.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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If You Could Have Only One Dress

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

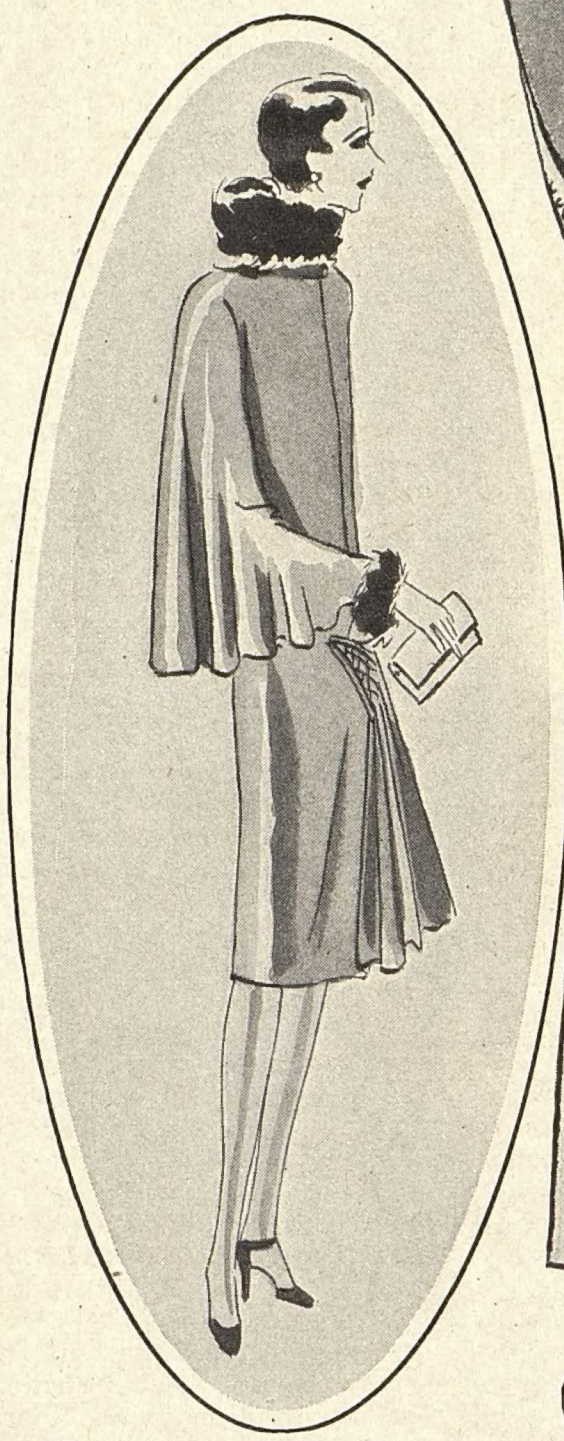
IF you could have only one dress to your name, what kind would it be? We were playing a sort of game the other night in which that was one of the questions, and somebody answered, "A dinner gown." But that was a flippant reply, the correct one being a coat dress.

Given a well cut light woolen coat dress, the resourceful woman, by cleverly changing her accessories, can make herself smart for any occasion. There is no other garment in the well dressed woman's wardrobe that so completely meets all requirements of modern life. For a few weeks in the spring and in the autumn it is almost indispensable. Dressed in the third model with oxfords, a cloche hat, and a tailored hand bag, one may dash out to any morning occasion with the consciousness of being more than adequately dressed.

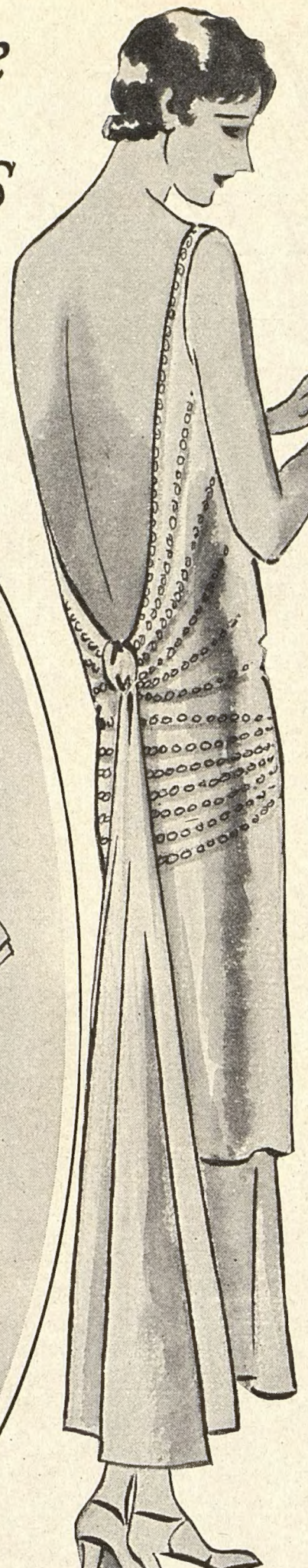
A jeweled pin, a bracelet or two, a turban, and a fur piece transform this same frock into a suitable afternoon costume. It is equally appropriate to someone pursuing either a business or a social life. For the really smart business woman on her way to her office, and the prominent social leader on her way to a charity committee meeting, are dressed very much alike. Provided, of course, that both women have the inborn feeling for dress that is supposed to be the heritage of her sex.

In the sketch we have a cocoa brown cashmere coat dress cut along the lines of a wraparound model, and belted. The waist length collar is of velveteen, the same color. The extreme simplicity of the lines of this frock makes it possible to use the velveteen without detracting from its tailored air.

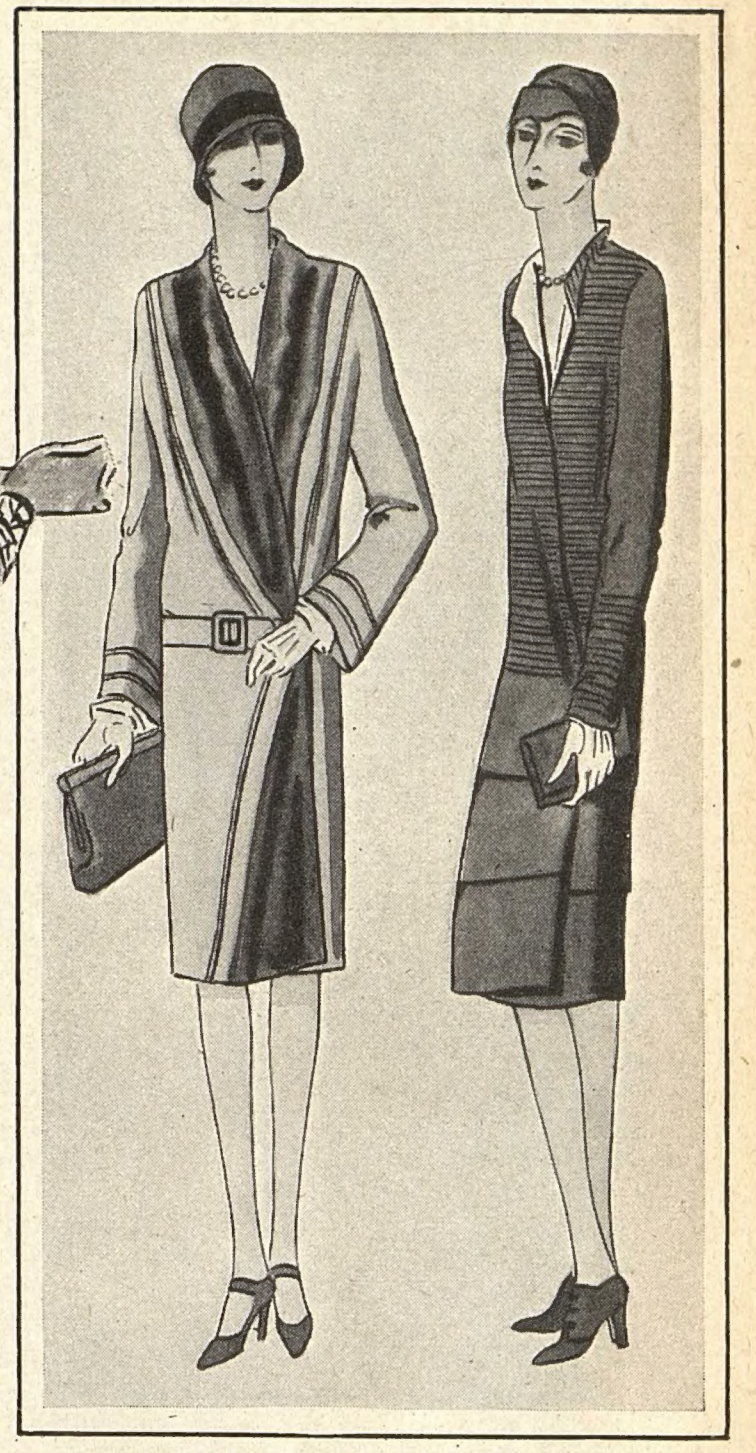
The model beside it is in henna colored rep, tucked and tiered and, like its companion, made in the wraparound fashion. It has a very smart collar, narrow and straight, which is really no more than a slash at the neck, faced becomingly with pale beige crêpe.



Silver lamé and black fox collar and bands make this very up to date evening wrap.



This dress is of cream satin and rhinestones. The tiered skirt carries a full triangular panel.



Above, at left: A coat dress of cocoa brown cashmere and velveteen. At right: A coat dress made in henna rep, with a tiered skirt and tucked bodice.

Such frocks, when they can no longer be worn *toute seule*, are excellent with fur coats for any everyday occasion and likewise for outdoor events, such as football games. Many other smart frocks along these lines are made in tweeds and various kinds of kashas.

Velveteen also is charming, being not too formal and yet with all of the appeal that the rich velvet surfaces invariably have. The new velveteens come in such a very lovely range of colors. The most beautiful copper and bright browns, tomato red, and brilliant dark blues are all exceedingly smart shadings.

The new evening frocks at first glance seem quite like those of the past few seasons. Slim silhouettes and uneven hemlines characterize both. But to the experienced eye there are now several subtle differences from previous years. Panels draped, and all of those other flowing devices that nimble wits have thought up for achieving the well known uneven hemline, are used profusely.

Sharing popularity with the down in the back tail effect, we find a tendency toward at least creating the illusion that things are longer all the way around than for some time past. Perfectly square panels, placed front and back or at the sides, or at all four places, give a fuller, more important feeling to this season's models.

The evening frock on this page is of a pale creamy beige satin, with discreet embroidery in rhinestones. The lines of the embroidery simulate the swathed hip treatment so essential to any new frock. A very full triangular panel falls from the point of the very low décolletage in back, and in the front from the point at which the lines of embroidery are concentrated.

The color range of this chic new evening thing is rather unusual. It is made in every shade from eggshell beige to deep brown, from pale gray to black.

But grays and browns need not be as unflattering under artificial light as one would at first think, if only these shades are chosen with a nice feeling for one's own coloring. Golden beige is lovely with red hair.

To describe the woman who can successfully wear gray is almost impossible. It looks lovely on the most unexpected of types. You might say that a certain vitality, a living quality in one's personality, is essential to enable one to avoid the flat drabness that results if gray is worn unbecomingly.

Tulle is a very happy choice for this color. It is the material with a lovely cloudy weightless feeling that is really ethereal on a slim figure, and surprisingly helpful to the not so slim.

THE evening wrap selected is of silver lamé, which is an excellent accompaniment for gray frocks. Black fox is used for the collar and cuffs. But the interesting feature of the model is the cape sleeve and the way in which fullness is smocked in a triangle on the left hip. With a gray frock and this silver coat, a very smart woman the other day wore brilliant green crêpe de Chine slippers and emeralds.

A new evening bag for use with one's tulle dress is of crêpe de Chine, with numerous tulle ruffles going along either side of it.

Black with gray accessories is a new idea in color schemes. Gun metal pearls, for instance, go with a gray bag and gloves.

All of the little animal pins that we have seen here on hats and done in imitation stones are now being made by the best jewelers in precious gems. They are popular in diamonds and emeralds. One of the Rue de la Paix shops displays antelope purses, with animals in marcasite taking the place of the usual monogram.

Scattering Tiers of Fashion

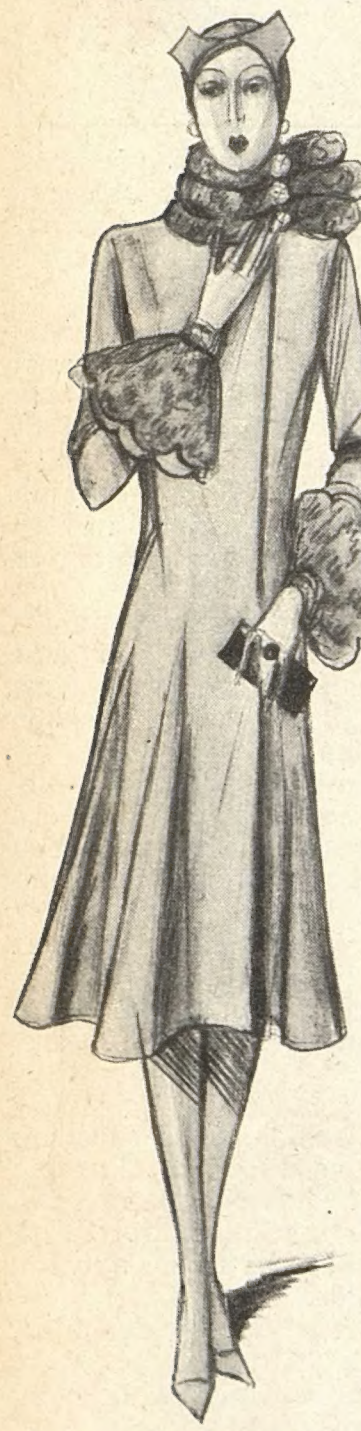
By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, September 10.

GETTING personal is—they say—a feminine prerogative. It's true in one sense. Letters and quarrels are always cited, but that isn't what I mean at all. We're getting most specially personal about our clothes this fall.

Sweaters and skirts and straightline coats, ground out by the thousands, are as impersonal as the law of gravitation, and something tells me that these ubiquitous garments are going to be as unsatisfactory this winter as bread without butter. Paris thinks so.

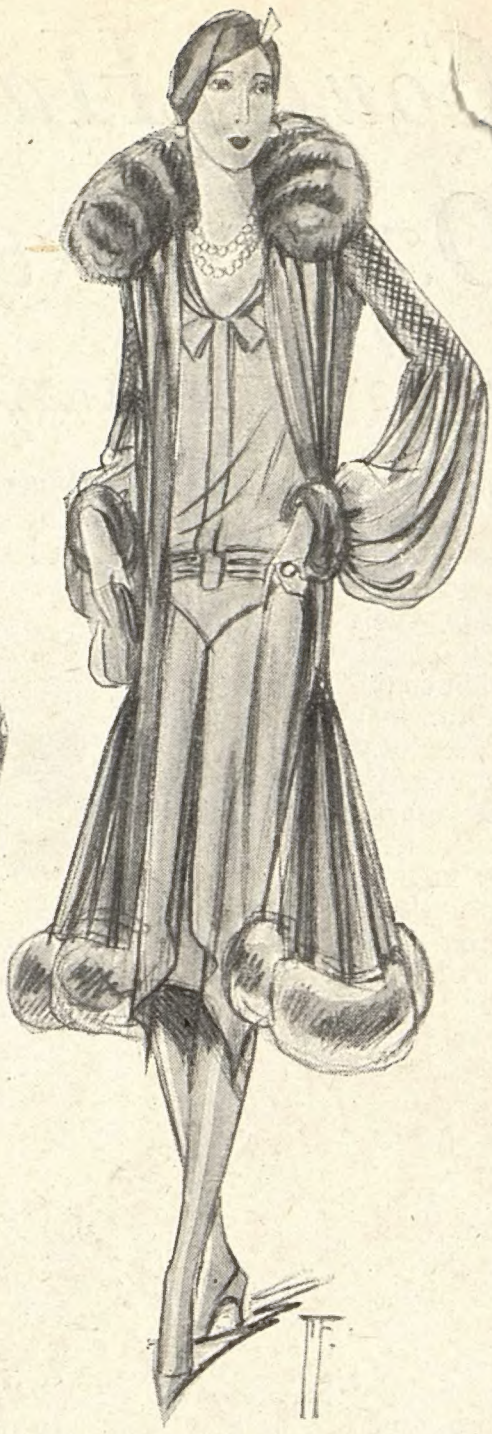
Paris isn't objecting to style standardization. She is ignoring it, and the fifty-odd varieties of Paris dressmakers are making a personal issue out of styles for fall and winter. Not since the Armistice have Paris fashions been so different one from the other, nor so designed to fit the varying personalities of ladies from all lands. Poiret is going to be sorry that he went into retirement. Or—he'll come back, likely.



Lanvin revives the princesse line for this coat of beige diagonal woolen and karakul.

Molyneux gives a new and beautiful silhouette to an evening gown of very stiff black velvet.

Patou augments this lovely slate blue velvet coat with a high collar and bands of fox.



A beige velvet ensemble from Patou, with collar and bands of mink trimming the coat.

Here's an example. The mode will have very good backing this winter and you will see a good many frocks and coats that are most interesting when the back is turned. But fashion is also putting up an excellent front, and just as many styles look forward as backward. Then there is the idea of the side lines, and these also are fostered and promoted by Paris.

There is no one grand particular style that leads all others, except the style of dressing yourself so that your own personality is best expressed.

A great many women who have the figure to carry them off will wear the backward moving 1880-90 princesse and other clothes this season. Others will wear the forward *à la Egyptienne* line, and still others will pay attention to their side lines.

One quality will be shared in common, and that is the long and successful silhouette line, whether you place the fullness at the back, at the sides, or in front.

Every woman must know her own good points in order to choose her own line this season. Where the lady is tall, whether she be slender or ample, she will wear the streamline princesse frock and coat with much success. And if she is little and slender she also can wear it.

The kind of silhouette I mention is shown in our first sketch, which is a new winter coat from Jeanne Lanvin. The coat is made ample below the hipline by the introduction of small pie piece gores at the side front and sides. The choker collar is made of the beige diagonal weave woolen that makes the coat, and three bands of beige karakul with long petal tab ends are attached to the cloth and fastened with three fancy buttons at the left side. The double flaring cuffs are scalloped, the outer being beige karakul and the inner of cloth.

Our third sketch shows the newest of winter coats from Jean Patou, which, as you can see, pays special attention to the back. This coat is made of velvet in Patou's beautiful new color, a live slate blue. The collar of fox is the new Medici shawl collar that is as high as the top of the ears at the sides and back, and that dips in a V at the back of the neckline. The hemline also dips in a point at the back, and is made slightly flaring by the flared band of fox fur.

To suggest his 1880 silhouette preference Patou places a flat draped girdle of self material at the back of the coat, ending in one long loop at the left side just off center. The sleeves end in deep fox fur cuffs.

ANOTHER altogether charming line from Jean Patou is shown in our fourth sketch, representing an afternoon ensemble in beige velvet. Everything moves forward in this ensemble, but in a very personal way. The frock has obeyed that very last Paris order to the hemline, which is "Down in front," for the panels of the skirt dip long points in front only.

The blouse also dips in a V in front and is shirred vertically at the sides of the narrow band that descends from the tie at the neckline.

And the coat of beige velvet! This is another Patou idea of the successful winter coat, with its sleeves that are smocked to the elbows and very full below, and its two smocked flaring side front godets in the skirt. The round, padded collar of mink is another of the newest winter coat collars, and the sleeves and hem are also banded in mink.

You have already been cautioned not to shed your tiers this winter, but tiers of fashion will be scattered. They will, actually, be but parts of tiers, as shown in our second sketch. Captain Molyneux tells me that this evening frock of black *stiff* velvet is the great success of his very successful winter collection of clothes. There are on the left side and left side back of the skirt of this frock three quarter tiers, cut circular, the lowest one descending to the heels. On the right side, almost at the knees, is another quarter size tier extending several inches below the hemline. The bloused bodice dips in back and has a narrow transparent yoke.

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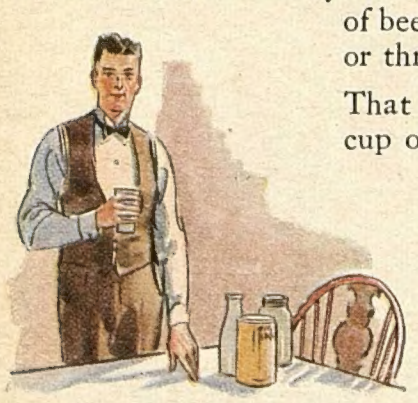
And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or three eggs.)



That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.

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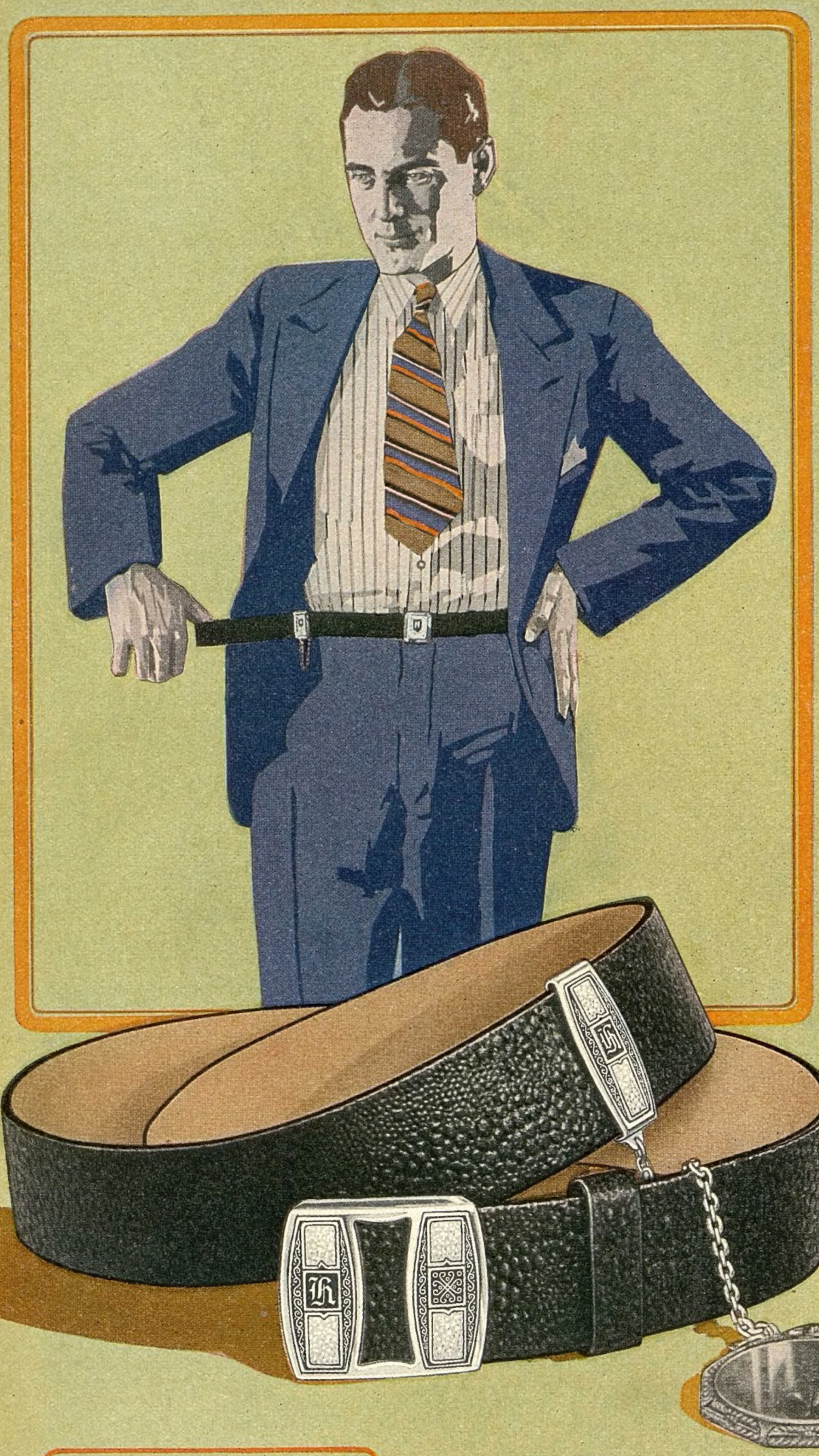
(One package to a person)



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